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Women's Weekly

November 27, 1968

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Women's Weekly

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NOVEMBER 27, 1968

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OUR COVER

● Glamor sweater in glitter yarn has a small (and easy) Fair Isle pattern on the yoke. It's one of our bright and shining Christmas knits to make, and the knitting instructions are on page 66.

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Where are the "helpless, fluffy females"?



DR. JEAN BATTERSBY

SHE was a very distinguished young woman, and a very pretty one.

She was Dr. Jean Battersby, chief executive officer of the newly formed Australian Council for the Arts, addressing a whole hall full of distinguished women on the theme of "Women in Australia."

"I first began thinking objectively about this subject," said she, "five or six years ago, when I heard two announcements on the same news bulletin.

"One was that the first Russian woman astronaut had gone into space. The other was that the first Sydney woman had received her licence to become a lift driver in a city building."

The hall full of women broke into laughter. Even the lone male (the microphone technician) grinned.

"About the only consolation you can derive from that story," said Jean Battersby, smiling, "is that both women were moving, however differently in pace, and that they were at least going in the same direction."

The scene was the 16th conference of the Australian Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, held this year at the beautiful N.S.W. city of Albury.

Among the delegates were doctors and lawyers and architects and veterinary surgeons and chartered accountants and nurses and librarians and what-you-will.

Rethinking role

There were heads of their own businesses, many fabulously successful.

And there was speaker Jean Battersby.

With much irony and humor, she tackled attitudes toward women in Australia which militate against their free participation in national and economic life:

"One is a general attitude about women themselves, that they are some kind of homogeneous body who think the same, react the

same, feel the same in any given situation.

"The other is the attitude toward woman's role as solely the homemaker, which surely needs rethinking now that a third of the world's total labor force is made up of women."

(The 1966 Commonwealth census showed that 26.6 per cent of Australian married women work. Nearly 30 per cent of the workforce are women, and the proportion is rising steeply.)

Herself a married woman and a mother, Dr. Battersby touched on the guilt engendered in working mothers from every side, even when they are perforce the breadwinner.

"I remember reading a case in — I think it was Western Australia — when a magistrate said that there is a straight connection between working mothers and delinquent children.

"I interviewed at this time on my television program

often forces women to work, demand rethinking of the female role at the highest levels.

"I don't think," said Dr. Battersby drily, "one can ever expect people to inquire into social problems out of sheer enlightenment, but only for reasons of economic necessity or national defence or emergency or something like this.

"And so in World War II it became quite acceptable for helpless, fluffy little things to drive ten-ton trucks. And now the needs of the national economy in Australia are making the politicians and researchers look very closely into the situation of women.

"I think many more Australian women would enter the workforce if the work-force pattern were tailored to meet what it is possible for women to offer.

"Many women, often highly qualified professionals, would return to work after a

up in all sorts of circumstances by group effort, by a larger family unit, comprising grandmothers, grandfathers, aunts, uncles, and so on.

"The upper classes have never brought their own children up. They have always had nurses and governesses. The reason we in Australia feel so differently is that in our origins we were fundamentally a working-class community who could not afford help.

"Most of the people who lead the world today were not brought up by their mothers full-time. So that we needn't, I think, be too smug that our way of life is the only conceivable one and that any change in it is necessarily bad."

Ideas passed on

Ironically, women themselves pass on attitudes about women from one generation to another, as evidenced by the different ways in which mothers "condition" their little boys and their little girls.

But things are changing, because they must. "I'm certain that for my daughter's generation things are going to be very different. All her girlfriends intend to get the sort of qualifications that will secure them a good job before they are married and in the early part of their marriage, and which they can return to after the child-rearing period.

"And I think that the sort of boys they are moving around with and who are involved in this generation won't have quite the same inbuilt resistance.

"For our generation, I realise that it's very cold comfort when you've only one life to live to be told that you're part of a historical perspective. But on the other hand I think life is basically unjust, and to that extent we just have to suffer it."

She sat down, a successful young woman, to the applause of a hall full of successful women, full of a cautious hope for the future women of Australia.

By KAY KEAVNEY

Baroness Wootton from Great Britain, a leading children's magistrate. She denied that statement outright.

"She went on to say, and I'm sure we would all agree, that the community didn't pay nearly enough attention to the needs of working mothers with young children, who were unable to get them properly cared for."

Dr. Battersby pointed up the contrast between our great-grandmothers, who were virtually heads of little factories, and the modern woman, in a modern home, with modern gadgets and modern, small families.

"They have much wider horizons and expectations than their grandmothers ever had. They also have more self-confidence on the whole as a result of their education. By the time they are 40 they can look forward in normal circumstances to a fair swag of their lives left to fill in."

All these factors, and many more, including the high cost of living, which

ten- to 15-year break for child-rearing, if it were possible to retrain to bridge the gap. Many others refrain because of social attitudes.

"You have in one family situation, very likely, a man still moving up, or right at the top, and a woman maybe with some sort of inner feelings that she's on the downhill run — that maybe she'll be a good baby-minder and so on, but that the sphere in which she has reigned supreme since her early 20s — the house — is slipping away from her.

"Now, a lot of women this doesn't worry at all, but some women it does, and I'm all for avoiding sources of tensions of that kind. Human life is too short and too precious."

And once again Dr. Battersby touched on another source of tension, the Australian disapproval of working wives, and their resultant sense of guilt.

"If you look at other countries you'll find that children are very often not brought up full-time by their mothers. They're brought

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968



SWIMMING STAR John Konrads and his bride, Marijke Dunder — nicknamed Mickey — at their wedding in France. She is from Holland and he was born in Latvia and came to Australia with his parents in 1949.



THE RECEPTION, a cocktail party for a hundred guests at an international club at Chantilly where John Konrads is director of swimming. Marijke was a guest at the club when they met.

JOHN KONRADS' LOVELY DUTCH WIFE

By JACQUELINE LEE LEWES

AT the 17-century Church of Notre Dame, at Chantilly, 25 miles from Paris, former Australian Olympic swimmer John Konrads married his Dutch fiancée, Marijke Dunder, in a bilingual ceremony.

To make things easier for John and Marijke's non-French-speaking friends, best man Mr. Philippe Chaprier and bridesmaid Joos Dunder — Marijke's sister — translated parts of it into English and Dutch.

A cocktail party for 100 guests was held afterward at the luxurious international Club de Lys at nearby Lamorlaye, where John has been director of swimming during the summer months and at weekends for nearly two years. Mr. Chaprier is president of the club.

Marijke, a brown-eyed blonde who speaks English, French, and German as well as her native Dutch, is nicknamed Mickey.

"Like in Mickey Mouse,"

said John. "It's easier to pronounce."

She comes from a family of five sisters and two brothers—and at 22 she is the fourth eldest. Her parents live in Amsterdam, where her father, Mr. Joseph Dunder, has a business dealing in publicity.

Mickey and John met last summer when she was staying with friends at the millionaires' club, which was started by a group of Frenchmen and styled along the lines of a South American club.

John was asked to become the swimming instructor after Australian tennis star Lew Hoad suggested he could be the ideal person to teach members and their children to swim.

John jumped at the chance and later described the club as "Utopia."

During the winter months he is export director of a sportswear manufacturing company in Paris.

Unlike the weddings of many sportsmen and sportswomen, John and Mickey's

guest-list was strictly non-athletic — apart from Lew Hoad, who travelled from his home in Fuengirola, in Spain, for the occasion.

"Most of my friends aren't involved in sport," said John.

"They are interested, but only as spectators. They are friends I have made while living in France."

His mother, Mrs. Elza Konrads, who lives in Bondi Junction, Sydney, and his younger sister, Ilse, also a swimming champion, were in France for the wedding.

His elder sister, Mrs. Eve (Alex) Harman, of Melbourne, visited the couple recently but was unable to stay for the wedding.

John's and Mickey's honeymoon was a few days at a friend's country house near Orleans, in the South of France. "The reason for the short honeymoon is that we are saving to go to Australia for a visit," said John.

"We hope to go next April. Nothing is definite yet, though."

They plan to make their

home in Paris. "We are looking for something in the western Paris area," said John.

In the summer they will spend a couple of days a week in the flat above the clubhouse where John stayed during his bachelor days.

While he admits there is always the possibility he will eventually return to Australia, he feels at home in

France. He is "fairly fluent" in French and has become popular with club members.

"I feel I can work in France," said John. "Being an Olympic champion here is very different from being one in Australia. Not that I don't appreciate the chances I had in Australia, but here I can exploit my knowledge of swimming and find satisfactory work."

TENNIS STAR Lew Hoad, an old friend of John's, travelled from his home in Spain to attend the wedding. The Konrads expect to make their home in France.



NEXT WEEK

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PRETTY CHRISTMAS TREES TO MAKE FROM CREPE PAPER



★ A sentimental journey to a riverbank on the Gulf of Carpentaria.

From grocer boy to star doctor

By MAISIE FOOK



DR. AND MRS. HON

WHAT happened to Peter could have happened to your son or my son — it could have happened to you or me.

Peter was being born, and this could well have been the most dangerous experience of his life, for the umbilical cord, which carried his oxygen supply from his mother, was being severely compressed between his head and his mother's pelvis.

The flow of oxygen was extremely low, and if this had been prolonged Peter would have suffered brain damage which could have resulted in mental retardation, early childhood death, or he may have even been stillborn.

His mother's only other child was stillborn.

But Peter was fortunate. His distress was being recorded by a new electronic device which showed that his heart rate dropped to the dangerously low level of 60 beats per minute. (It should have been between 120 and 160.)

Other signs transmitted by the machine indicated the hazardous condition already described, and doctors immediately rectified this by placing the mother in an inclined head-down position.

Peter's heart rate returned to normal, and four hours later he was delivered in good condition.

In the past doctors had to rely on stethoscopes to warn them of impending danger, and they got less than five percent of the information now available by use of the Hon heart machine.

A small silver electrode is inserted through the neck of the womb and attached to the unborn baby's head, and a catheter is passed into the womb itself.

Graph

Attached to the machine, these instruments supply an accurate, continuous record by way of graph of the baby's heart beat in relation to the contractions of the womb, and can tell a doctor many things.

Dr. Hon, who designed the machine, has discovered that 90 percent of distress in the unborn child can be altered by changing the mother's position, which also changes the position of the baby.

Previously, in many cases, doctors had ordered caesarean section, with its extra hazards to mother and child. In fact in the Yale

New Haven Hospital in the U.S., where Dr. Hon conducts his research unit, caesarean section has now been reduced by 75 percent, and the rate of stillborn and damaged babies has also been reduced.

Just who is Dr. Hon, and how is it that a skilled medical man can devise an intricate electronic machine?

Dr. Hon was born in 1917, of Chinese parents, during a brief sojourn in China. His seven sisters and three brothers were born in northern N.S.W., where Dr. Hon spent his childhood and young adulthood.

The Tenterfield District Rural School educated him to primary standard, and, winning a bursary in sixth class, he was sent to the

A sturdy dining-room table still serves the remaining members of the family in Tenterfield, and a piano still flaunts the beautiful wood grain Ted discovered after removing inferior polish.

The beauty of the many and varied brightly colored birds in the Tenterfield bushland intrigued him. To capture them challenged him, and soon he had many confined in the summerhouse.

But he released them soon afterward. His compassion, too, was developing.

As he left his teen years behind, the study of radio dominated his interest and spare time. In three months he completed a year's correspondence course and became the only student to pass with 100 percent.

A radio department was

phases of medical work, he and several other Chinese students decided to form a group specialising in different fields and planning to go to China to help train their fellow countrymen.

Because no one else would do it, Edward Hon accepted the field of gynaecology and obstetrics.

Once again he put every effort into study and work. He won several scholarships, and in a nationwide examination at the close of his course gained second place in the U.S.

Research

But China was now Communist controlled, and so he became a professor in his field, working at the College of Medical Evangelists in California and Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, and travelling to all parts of the world to lecture.

The University of Sydney now welcomed him as their honored guest.

Research into foetal distress became his special interest, and he was granted large sums of money to assist in his work. His team at the Yale University now leads the world in this field.

Thirteen years ago he became interested in devising a way to check the heart rate of the unborn babe on a continuous basis. His original heart machine was big and cumbersome, but today's machine is only the size of a tape recorder.

It was exhibited and demonstrated at the world-wide conference of gynaecologists and obstetricians in Sydney in 1967, and won first award.

On October 8, 1968, the Yale New Haven Medical Centre opened a history-making foetal intensive-care unit. The first in the world, it has four electronic recording devices and will eventually have 12. Doctors and nurses in the centre are being trained to read the significance of the graphs.

The Yale Medical School is also instructing doctors and nurses from across the United States and Canada, and the result could be a substantial reduction in the 40,000 seriously malformed, and a similar number of mentally retarded, babies born each year.

Perhaps in the near future your child will benefit, too, from the efforts of a Chinese boy who started out in life delivering groceries to the residents of a country town in northern N.S.W.

● Dr. Hon, who is married with three children, comes to Australia nearly every year to see his 80-year-old mother, who lives at Tenterfield, N.S.W. Last year he attended the Fifth World Congress of Gynaecology and Obstetrics in Sydney. This year he will lecture at a Melbourne hospital. Mrs. Hon, whose mother lives in Sydney, will join her husband after Christmas, with their six-year-old son, Edward. The other two children, Shirley, 17, and Robert, 14, are at college and their parents feel they cannot interrupt their studies.

High School in Glen Innes, where he gained the Intermediate Certificate.

It was in Glen Innes that an irate headmaster thundered at Teddy Hon's classmates: "You don't mean to tell me that you let a Chinaman beat you!"

The one "Chinaman" had topped every subject.

Although Ted returned to Glen Innes to study for the Leaving Certificate, he suffered so much homesickness after the untimely death of a younger brother that he was allowed to return home.

In Tenterfield, Ted was absorbed into his father's general store, but his spare-time enterprises were many and varied.

An unused side-room on the old stone-and-weather-board home became the workshop and storeroom for complicated model aeroplanes and kites of all shapes and sizes.

From this he turned to tanning rabbit-skins and making fur rugs, and then to woodwork—his mother and relatives were presented with inlaid trays of intricate designs, polished to perfection.

included in the general store, and the side-room became a radio-repair workshop.

Continuing his studies, he became an expert, and eventually moved to Sydney, where he was employed by a prominent radio company. He did well.

Next, to the amazement of his family, he decided he wanted to be a doctor.

He now needed the Leaving Certificate, and in his middle twenties, still working at radio, he set out to acquire this by private study, rising at 3 a.m. and 4 a.m.

At the end of the first year he was bitterly disappointed when excluded from the University of Sydney quota because his 5b pass was deemed insufficient.

Confident of his ability, and disgruntled at his exclusion, he planned to go to America to study.

Both his application to the States and his Leaving Certificate pass were accepted, and in January, 1945, he sailed aboard a cargo ship to begin his medical studies in the country that now claims him as its own. He was 27.

At the College of Medical Evangelists in California, where Seventh-Day Adventist missionaries are trained in all

THE WIFE of Australia's first heart-switch patient speaks . . . ("Of course, it is not over yet, is it? So far, so good, but there is still a lot of uncertainty.")

A WOMAN WHO WAITED

By GLORIA NEWTON

THE moment that is the most vivid in my mind is the moment, toward the finish of the operation, when a nun came in to tell me that the main part was over and my husband's new heart was in place and beating strongly.

"It was a tremendous feeling. I felt the tension easing and, yes, I remember, too, I experienced humility, knowing that such a miracle was possible."

Mrs. Richard Pye, wearing a simple blue dress, sat relaxed in the sitting-room of her home in Belmore, N.S.W., her face showing not the slightest sign of the strain she must have been subjected to over the past few months. Strain that was climaxed by the nine-hour operation that made her husband Australia's first heart-transplant patient.

When I remarked on this she laughed and said, "That is nice to hear. I think I can be just as emotional, just as nervous as other people, but I am not given to breaking down completely. If I am going to do that, then it will be here, on my own."

"Although, I admit, I'm inclined, like so many other women, to become more emotional over things that don't affect me deeply."

"OTHERS, YES; US, NO"

Roma Pye is a very feminine woman, much more attractive than the newspaper pictures showed her, and the strength of character that carried her through those months, and gave her dignity when the operation was announced, comes through in a pair of steady, calm eyes.

Now it was nearly three weeks after that dramatic announcement had been flashed out of the world, telling how a St. Vincent's Hospital team, led by the thoracic surgeon Mr. H. M. Windsor, had successfully transplanted the heart of a 29-year-old man into the body of a man whose diseased heart had him on the very brink of death.

The news burst upon Sydney in the early afternoon of October 23, when we were told there was a heart-transplant operation going on at that moment.

When this happened, Mrs. Pye was sitting quietly with her son in their comfortable, well-furnished home, which sits back in a quiet, well-cared-for street; she was waiting until she thought the time was right to return to the hospital. "There was no point in staying there all day," she told me.

Fifty-seven-year-old Richard Pye was a

maintenance worker on the Sydney Harbor Bridge until his heart condition forced him to retire two years ago. He had served in the Sixth Division in World War II.

He met and married his wife 20 years ago. She had been married before and has a son, Ian McCulloch, who is a chemical engineer.

Mrs. Pye, with grey-flecked dark hair, has a particularly charming smile, which gives you a glimpse of very white teeth, and she speaks softly with a lucidity that tells you so clearly she remembers every moment of the past few months.

"I WAS QUITE AMAZED"

"And yet," she told me, "when the operation was finally over, when my son and I were driving home from the hospital and I heard its announcement on the radio, it felt so very strange. I couldn't connect any of it with myself. With other people, yes; it seemed so very feasible, but to me, then, no, not at all."

The idea of a heart transplant had been with the Pye family for over two years. At first it was the news of valve transplants that interested Mr. Pye, but he was told the operation would be useless in his case.

Then came the news of a successful full heart transplantation carried out by Dr. Christiaan Barnard on the dental surgeon Philip Blaiberg last December.

"Dick became very interested in this case and in the ones that followed, and I think it was then that he approached his doctor and asked if he could have a heart transplant. He felt it was his only chance."

"You see, until five years ago, Dick was a very healthy, normal man. When we bought this house about seven years ago—as a matter of fact, he was operated on on the anniversary of the day we moved in—he landscaped the garden both back and front, put drainpipes under the soil to drain it, concreted paths, put in the lawn and the trees."

"Then suddenly he started complaining about a pain in his chest. It went on for a while and I suggested he see a doctor, who gave him a cardiogram, which immediately showed up trouble."

"Well, there were injections and then different drugs—most of which, in time, he became immune to—but his condition worsened."

"Oh, yes, it meant a changed way of life for both of us, but we accepted that. After all, it is best to be able to live along with something like that, isn't it?"

"But I know it was a terrible blow to Dick. Such a thing is worse, somehow, for

a man. It hurts him to think that he is finished as far as a working, productive life is concerned."

"When he finally was forced to give up working I thought the enforced rest might, perhaps, stabilise his condition, but it didn't. He is a very factual, intelligent man, who faces up to everything, and he knew that medically there was nothing the doctors could do for him."

"I know it was months and months ago that he came home one night and told me he was going to meet Mr. Windsor. I remember I said, 'What for?' and he said, very simply, 'About a possible heart transplant.'"

"And although I was ready for anything at that time I must say I was quite amazed at his news."

"Well, as it has already been told, there were lots of things in the way before a transplant could be effected. There were medical conferences, and we had to wait and wait. It was six months before everything was ironed out successfully."

"All you can do in such a situation is keep yourself emotionally down. And, strangely enough, the silence enjoined on us, my husband, Ian, and myself, helped. Once you tell anyone something like that it is fatal, because you will go on and tell others and then it will become bigger and bigger and more difficult to bear."

"But I know now that I really thought about it all the time."

Even on the day of the operation itself Mrs. Pye didn't ring her relatives or friends to say, "It is Dick," as the newspapers announced the operation in big headlines.

"Some of the family must have had a feeling about it because they rang and asked me if it was Dick and, if so, did I need any help?"

SUDDENLY EVERYONE RAN

Mrs. Pye had little warning of the operation. She knew it was near when her husband was suddenly moved from the Concord Repatriation Hospital to St. Vincent's.

"But then there was another wait and I really felt that if something went wrong at that stage I couldn't stand it. My husband must have been under a great strain those last nine or ten weeks, and those last few days again, waiting, waiting, must have affected him, although he did not say anything to me."

"Strangely enough, I happened to call in to see Dick at the hospital on the day they operated. It was about 10.30 in the morning and I stayed only a few minutes, because

suddenly everyone was running around. I don't know why, because they weren't doing very much, but there was this stir of excitement and I knew it was time for me to leave."

"As soon as I got home I phoned my son and he came and sat with me until we left for the hospital about 8.30 p.m."

"We saw Dick for a few seconds shortly after the operation. Mr. Windsor came in to take us to him and said, 'Well, we have done it!' or something like that. Dick was quite conscious. I believe, in all heart surgery, the anaesthetists are so skilful they can bring the patient out almost immediately after the last stitch has been made."

Mrs. Pye, who visits her husband in his sterilised room each afternoon, said his condition had improved every day. There were, she added, a lot of "unknowns," of course, but the doctors were very optimistic.

GRATITUDE TO THE DONOR

Conversation in the first few days had been extremely difficult, as Mr. Pye had a tracheotomy tube in his neck, which made his words almost unintelligible.

Although the tube has been removed, the hole has been kept open in case of an emergency and has been covered with a light bandage.

"If you cover the hole with your fingers you can understand Dick quite well, but," Mrs. Pye added with a smile, "it does make conversation a little awkward."

"Has Dick any regrets? No, neither of us has. He really couldn't have done anything else. He was desperately ill before the operation. I think I read, somewhere, where doctors who examined his heart after it was removed said even the exertion of a game of chess could have killed him."

"No, he is a determined man and intelligent enough to realise what lay ahead of him—that it would be a dangerous operation and a very big undertaking. And he fully realised and accepted the fact that it would also be a very big thing for the donor's relatives. Accepting all this, I am sure he feels nothing strange about having another man's heart in his body. It saved his life."

"As for me, well, to simply say I was grateful to the donor's wife and family would be putting it very mildly, wouldn't it? I could never express that gratitude in words. But his young wife expressed a wish to be left alone and I respect that wish. I think to take any other course would be wrong."

"And, of course, it is not over yet, is it? So far so good, but there is still a lot of uncertainty."



MRS. RICHARD PYE with her husband's ten-year-old cocker spaniel, Rex. He has Rex's photo stuck on to the screen of his television set.



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So small, light and easy to carry, yet this elegant mini-case contains all she needs for efficient hairdrying. Large beauty bonnet covers the longest hair and largest rollers, and has perforated inner lining to direct air evenly through the hair. Four temperature settings. Complete with vanity mirror, long air hose, and nail dryer.

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fast hairdrying while you're on the move.

Featuring double bonnet, with perforated inner lining, fits comfortably over any size rollers—any length hair. Most powerful, silent motor, big fan, and four temperature settings give quicker, more thorough drying. The complete dryer, with shoulder strap, lifts out of case for walkabout convenience. Fashion-styled vanity case in up-to-the-minute colours of teal blue, wild rice and gold.

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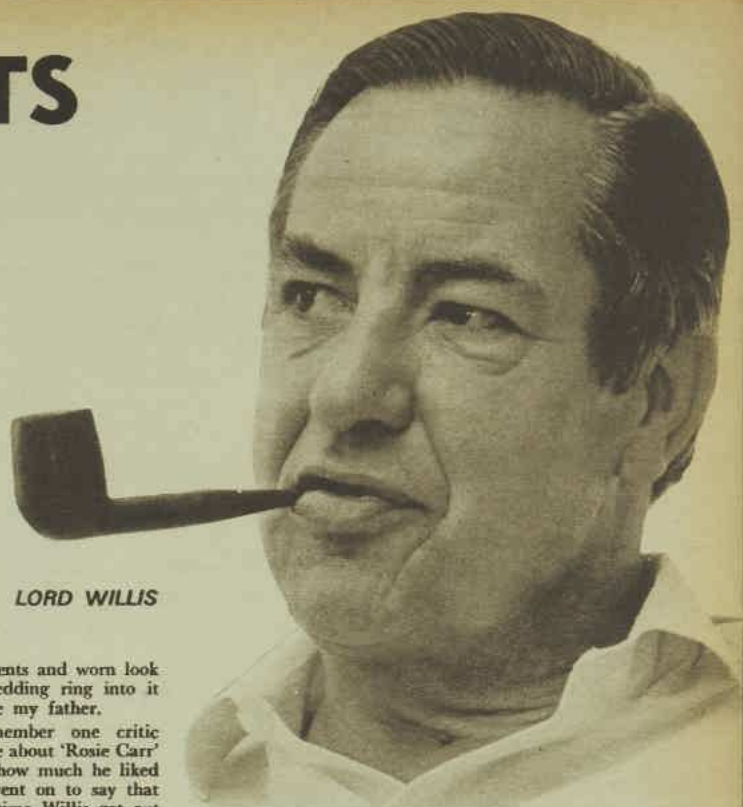
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LORD TED WANTS JULIE FOR AN OUTBACK FILM



LORD WILLIS

JULIE ANDREWS and Rod Taylor may come to Australia to star in "Last Bus to Banjo Creek," a film about Australia written by Lord Willis, Britain's first television peer.

Lord Willis flew direct to Hollywood to talk to Julie Andrews after six weeks in Australia looking at TV.

"I understand that Julie Andrews is interested in a 'different' role from the ones she has been playing. This certainly would be different," he told me.

"She'd find herself, a starched girl from London's Sloane Square, alongside Rod Taylor in an old car, travelling the Birdsville Track."

If Lord Ted signs Julie Andrews, he will sign Rod Taylor for the leading male role. He knows that Taylor, a friend of his, wants the role. Lord Willis himself will produce the film here.

It is a stimulating triangle: Lord Willis, a short, trim dynamo of a man, rumbustious Rod Taylor, and Julie ("Mary Poppins") Andrews. I hope Lord Willis pulls it off and they all come. Indeed I hope a lot of the things Lord Willis has stirred up during his stay happen.

His main purpose in coming was to attend a seminar held by the Australian UNESCO Mass Communications Committee.

Early on, Lord Willis said he felt Australia needed a training school for its TV and film industry. Toward the end of his stay, he said he was in two minds about the school.

"I don't know that this is the right moment to set up a school," he said. "Now I would rather think in terms of a three-pronged educational program for the mass-communications media."

Demand quality

"First, I think, TV should be taught in schools at all levels. Children today are living in an electronic world and they should learn how best it can be organised."

"They should be taught to analyse TV programs. Take violence, for instance: a teacher should discuss TV violence with them, show them where it had point, where it was pointless."

"If kids are taught to analyse and appreciate programs they will learn to become discriminating, a better audience, and demand quality."

He said teaching TV appreciation could be rather like teaching kids appreciation of classical music.

"This needs a greater degree of mental concentration than the appreciation of

pop music, which is nothing more than audible wallpaper in their lives."

Next step in his three-pronged mass-communication course would be more advanced and given at both technical and university colleges, and the final step a high-level national TV school that would take in only about 20 or 30 people a year who would have a really practical education.

"Their thesis would be real — to write or produce a real TV drama."

"If I could only have one of these three things I would

By
NAN MUSGROVE

choose to have TV education in schools," he said.

Lord Willis is a man and a half. He is approachable, refused to have his telephone calls "filtered" during his stay, has a magnificent calmness, and copes, apparently effortlessly, with interrupting details while concentrating on the subject in hand.

He was created a life peer as Lord Willis of Chislehurst for his work for the British Screen Writers' Guild, is a constant and compulsive writer of films, plays, and TV series.

He is a most prolific writer. I asked him whether his writing was compulsive, commercial, or crusading.

"The only time I am happy is when I am writing," he said. "Compulsive? Yes, compulsive is the word for my writing; it comes best when it's fastest, and the better it is the faster."

"I like best to work at night when the phone is not ringing — I am very lucky I have a constitution that demands little sleep. Five hours a night is ample."

"My writing day generally starts about 10 or 11 p.m. I work through until 3 a.m. generally, go to bed, and am up for the day by 8 a.m."

"I like to think of myself as a story-teller. When I die I'd be very happy if they chiselled on my tombstone: 'He was a good yarn-spinner.'"

"That is the compulsion about me. I have a compulsion to tell stories. I have happily found that my story-telling is liked commercially."

"People love story-tellers. Take Dickens, for instance: those huge, great novels of his that were published in weekly instalments were really the forerunners of the TV serial."

"Take 'Coronation Street' for a good example. It has gone on and on and it is very good."

"I always think that TV is today's equivalent of the time when people sat around the campfire and told stories and listened.

"I don't believe that my writing is deathless literature. It is a passing thing. I don't believe anything I have ever written will ever be remembered more than ten years after I am dead."

"The only real ambition I have left now is to write something that might be remembered for 50 years."

Best known and remembered of Lord Willis' TV work seen here was the moving series "The Four Seasons of Rosie Carr." It made compulsive television.

"It was very loosely based on the life of my own mother," Lord Willis told me. "It covered the period from 1907 to 1960. Many incidents in it were true."

"My father was a bus-driver. We were poor people. I remember, when I was a kid, coming home from school one day and finding my mother on her knees in the scullery rubbing a ring against the flagstones."

"I asked her what she was doing with the ring and she burst into tears. That day she had taken off her wedding ring for the first time and pawned it. She had a curtain ring and she was trying to

rub the dents and worn look of her wedding ring into it to deceive my father."

"I remember one critic who wrote about 'Rosie Carr' and said how much he liked it. He went on to say that the only time Willis got out of control was when he put in the incident of the wedding ring, which he said was unbelievable."

Australia, he says, has too much "hot-house TV," made in a screaming mad frenetic rush.

"You see this everywhere," he said, "but never as much as in Australia. You don't plan and prepare enough."

"People seriously approached me about writing and producing a series here for showing in February, 1969. Just imagine what that would be like."

A BETTER CHANCE FOR BABIES

THE premature baby nursery at Melbourne's Royal Women's Hospital seems very quiet for a nursery full of newborn infants. Most of the babies lie peacefully, concentrating all their tiny energies on growing.

To the outsider, they look far too fragile to touch. But Peggy Stuart Taylor, the nursery's supervisor since 1963, handles them firmly and lovingly.

She picks up a frighteningly minute scrap of a child with deft hands. "You're a

big girl now, aren't you?" she says proudly. The baby is still in an isolette and weighs a little over 3lb!

I had donned a white gown and tiptoed into the premature babies' ward to talk to Peggy, who has been awarded the H. J. Heinz Co. Australia Ltd. 1969 Traveling Scholarship.

The scholarship, valued at \$5000, is administered by the Royal Australian Nursing Federation and gives opportunities to study child-care methods overseas.

Peggy's main interest is the care of neonates (new-born babies), particularly those who need intensive nursing.

She is also interested in training nurses to cope with the very specialised needs of the new-born child.

In her seven months' trip next year she will visit Scandinavia, Britain, U.S.A.

"I chose countries where the standard of living is comparable to Australia, because their methods can be applied here," she explained.

Her one disappointment is that she will be unable to visit Czechoslovakia because of the political situation. "Prague has the lowest infant mortality rate in the world and I should have liked to find out why."

Peggy is dedicated to her tiny charges. Her soft almond-green eyes start to flash when she defends her work.

"Some people argue that intensive care of premature, very sick babies is misguided — that by fighting to keep them alive we're just saving a lot of children who will be burdens on the community."

"The point is that we have to save them in the best possible conditions so they won't be burdens. Their health and

Peggy was born in Scotland, although she is quick to make it clear she is now "an Australian by choice." She was brought up in India, where her father was in the British Army.

"India was my home till I was 14," she said. "I was even bilingual in Hindi and English. We came home to Scotland after Indian Independence in 1947, and I never really settled. All those grey houses and grey people."

Peggy did her general nursing training in Scotland. Then, in Australia, her concern for premature and sick new-born babies was stimulated, almost accidentally.

"I got into the prem ward at the Royal Women's and became interested," she said.

Later this year, when the ward moves into a bright, all-mod-cons building, it will take up one whole floor and accommodate 140 small patients.

With the increased facilities at the Royal Women's and the knowledge Peggy Taylor brings back from overseas, it seems certain that Melbourne's premature babies will get an even better chance in the future to grow up strong and healthy.



PEGGY TAYLOR

By **SALLY WHITE**

welfare is important because they've got to be given the best chance initially."

As well as being dedicated, Peggy is warm, reassuring, competent, and witty. It is her quality of reassurance which occasionally prompts mothers to ring her with pleas for advice after they have left hospital.

"They ring up and you can hear the babies screaming in the background. It sounds like bedlam. So you have to talk to them for about five minutes to calm them before you can tell them what to do."

LIZA—the



ON THE SIDELINES. Director of "Liza," TCN9's Peter Skelton, confers with Liza during a break in the production. At right is Lynne Woolnough, Liza's sister-in-law, who went back to America with her.

"LIZA," the National Nine Network's hour special presenting Liza Minnelli, is not only a showcase for Liza and her very special talents but a showcase for Australian TV knowhow. As a production, it is a beautiful, professional job, a frame that enhances and presents superbly the star quality that Liza Minnelli undoubtedly has. Liza, who often seems a little lost, is a personality with many facets that make an enchanting entertainer.

—NAN MUSGROVE

See story page 15



ABOVE: Liza sings "Butterfly McHeart," written by her Australian husband, Peter Allen, who, with Chris Allen, made his start in "Bandstand." Below, Liza in the black mink coat, cut like a little boy's overcoat, that Peter gave her recently.



"LIZA" may be seen November 24 on TCN9, GTV9, NWS9, QTQ9, TVT6 at 7.30 p.m., on TVW7 at 8 p.m.

"Mammy" has always been Al Jolson's song. Liza, right, has made it a signature number of her own, in a terrific interpretation she sings in "Liza."



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968

girl with very special talents



GETTING TO KNOW AUSTRALIANS. Liza Minnelli all her showbiz life has carried with her the fact that she is the daughter of famous movie star Judy Garland. She is proud to be her mother's daughter, but says frankly that in her showbiz beginnings it closed as many doors as it opened. Liza had to be bigger and better all the way; if she was a second late, she was "undependable like her mother." When Liza first came to Australia early in 1967, her mother's image opened doors for her, invited comparison. On her second visit her own talents opened doors, made entrepreneurs and audiences welcome her with open arms. She gets to know Australia by singing national songs on location.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Harwood after their marriage at the Ross Memorial Church, Harden, with their attendants, Mr. Richard Wines and Miss Judy Hufton. The bride was Miss Margaret Hufton, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hufton, of "Glen Ayr," Harden. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Harwood, of Balwyn, Victoria. They will make their home in Melbourne.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

AN engagement this week of special interest to country people between Cheri O'Brien and Neil Slack-Smith. Although there is no definite wedding date as yet, Cheri tells me that they will probably be married in Sydney next Easter. Cheri is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James O'Brien, of "Ballandree," Walgett, and Neil, who lives at "Blair Hill," Mungindi, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Slack-Smith, of "Deenderrah," Walgett.

★ ★ ★
FRANTICALLY busy time for the newly appointed Governor of South Australia, Major-General Sir James Harrison, and Lady Harrison, who leave Sydney for Adelaide on December 4. They had an opportunity to say goodbye to many of their friends at a cocktail party which Sir Frank and Lady Berryman arranged at very short notice, and on November 22 will host a party at their home at Victoria Barracks to farewell staff. Many more Sydney friends will attend a Beating of Retreat ceremony at the Barracks on November 20.

★ ★ ★
TO celebrate her 21st birthday, Margaret Clark will be guest-of-honor at a formal party which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Clark, will host at their lovely property, "Silverwood," Rugby, on November 30. More than 250 guests from Sydney and country areas will spend the evening dancing in the floodlit garden.

★ ★ ★
DATE for your diary . . . December 4, when the United Nations Children's Fund and the Australian Freedom from Hunger Campaign will benefit from the gala premiere of "Oliver!" at the Lyceum Theatre.

★ ★ ★
AFTER spending a year working at the Wellington Hospital in New Zealand, Dr. Leigh Dorney will return to Sydney by air for her marriage with New Zealander Peter Botting at Scots Kirk, Mosman, on December 21. Leigh, who is the daughter of the Leon Dorneys, of Beauty Point, will bring with her some precious cargo — her wedding gown, which was designed and made in Wellington, and her wedding cake. Peter is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Graham Botting, of Wellington.

★ ★ ★
THAT much-travelled man Terry Clune is back from yet another overseas trip — this time an eight-week tour of Europe, the United States, and Canada. In New York he lunched with former Australian model Margot McKendry — now Mrs. Michael Hogan — and later in San Francisco he was among the guests who watched television all night at a presidential election party.

SEEMS no time at all since last Christmas, yet already invitations are out for this year's pre-Christmas festivities. One that many of the bright young things about Sydney are looking forward to is Michel and Julie Carriol's Sunday poolside party on December 1. It will be held at the Vaucluse home of Julie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Max Fleischner. The guests, who will include John Baker, Ken and Janet Youdale, Gillis and Naomi Broinowski, Wendy Rowe, and Peter and Wendy Lloyd Jones, have been asked to bring swimming-costumes and call in for drinks and something to eat.

★ ★ ★
CANBERRA people are very excited about a preview of the exhibition of work by the Brazilian sculptor Edival Ramosa at the Australian Sculpture Gallery on December 6. It is the first exhibition of Brazilian sculpture to be seen in this country and has been arranged by the Brazilian Ambassador, Senhora Margarida Nogueira. Interstate guests who will travel to Canberra for the preview include the director of the Art Gallery of N.S.W., Mr. Hal Missingham, the director of the Melbourne Art Gallery, Mr. John Stringer, and Mr. Jim Mollison, who will soon take up his appointment as Exhibitions Officer for the proposed National Gallery in Canberra.

— Jacqueline Smith

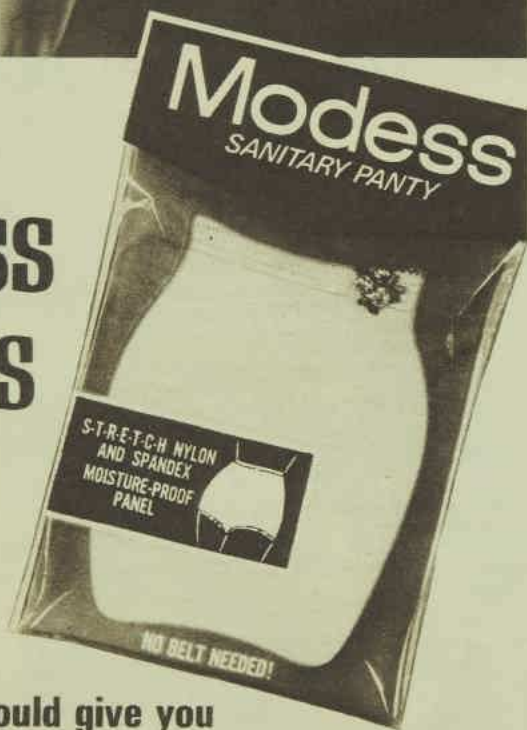


ENGAGED are Miss Georgina Fairbairn and Mr. George Raffan. Miss Fairbairn is the younger daughter of Mr. Murray Fairbairn, of "Coombah," Moree, and of the late Mrs. Fairbairn. Her fiancé is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Raffan, who live at "Springmount," Barraba.



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to wear
a napkin!

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AT LEFT: Mrs. Arthur Gollan, Mrs. Frank McCall Power, and Mrs. Peter Holst (left to right) at a luncheon held by the Pied Piper Committee at the Woollahra home of Mrs. Jack Hawkins. Mrs. McCall Power is president of the committee.

AT RIGHT: Miss Carolyn Seymour, Rear-Admiral L. V. Swanson, and Mrs. Pierre Chaperon (right) at the cocktail party held at the Chevron Hotel by members of the Junior Australian-American Association for the officers of the visiting U.S.S. America.



GUESTS at a dinner dance held by the Golden Years Committee included Dr. and Mrs. Charles Dimond and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Marling (at right). The dinner, followed by a revue, was held at the Sesame Theatre Restaurant.



AT LEFT: Mrs. Peter Blaxland and Dr. and Mrs. John Excell (at right) at the cocktail party which was organised by the Cornucopia Committee at the Darling Point home of Mrs. E. C. Anderson-Stuart.



ADMIRING some of the exhibits at the Embroiderers' Guild Exhibition at the Education Department's Gallery were Mrs. Bill Kerr (at left) and Mrs. Jeff McConnell. The exhibition was opened by Lady Cutler.

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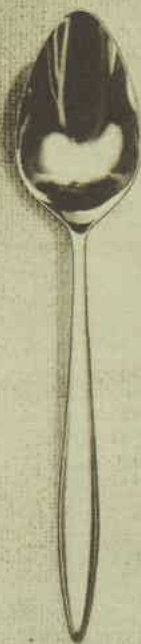
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44-PIECE SUITES (place settings for 6, plus a serving spoon and fork) choice of Silver handled knives, Pearllex handled knives. Large range of accessory gift packs available.

WILTSHIRE 'Dynasty' in 18-8 Stainless Steel — classical simplicity of line.

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200 tablet dispenser
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STL4

EVEN THE BATTLERS

Misfortune may strike anyone

—and when it does the Smith Family

knows how to give effective aid

● The Smith Family organisation needs money and goods all the year round, but the Christmas season is the one time of the year when it appeals direct to the public. This year, to help the appeal, Christmas Stocking Sweepstakes are being held (see opposite page).

HE had a face like the map of Ireland, with laughter-lines for rivers. His merry blue eyes were like snippets of sky. His voice was as Australian as the Melbourne Cup, and he kept us in a constant uproar of laughter.

"Jim, stop it!" his wife would say severely, then fall to laughing like the rest of us — Margaret, from the Smith Family, photographer Bill Payne, and me.

"It does me good to come and talk to him," young and attractive Margaret told me later. Like all the Smith Family workers, she walks daily with tragedy and poverty and wretchedness.

Goodness knows Mr. D. has every right to feel tragic, if only it were in his character.

He has been to the very threshold of death. He has been to the threshold, and beyond it, of bearable pain. Pain lives constantly with him. So does poverty, through no fault of his own.

He worked hard all his life as a spray-painter. He served right through the war "in anti-submarines."

His grown son was in the Army, his young daughter had just started work. He'd just moved, lock, stock, and barrel, to a new district. He'd spent all his spare cash to do it, but that was no worry, because he had his steady (if modest) pay.

The only cloud on the

horizon was his wife's poor health. She suffered — still does — from dangerously high blood-pressure.

Still, the D. family coped, and got a lot of fun out of life. Until that April night in 1966, Mr. D. stepped off a bus, got halfway across a road, and was hurled into the air by a car.

His injuries were multiple and very terrible. Parts of his leg were driven into his intestines.

He was in hospital 16 months. Three times he was given up for dead. He had four bone grafts and ten operations.

"Every time the doctor looked at me, he'd rub his chin slow-like and I'd know what was coming. He'd say, 'How'd you like to go under again?' And I'd grin at him and say, 'Be my guest.'"

Wife ill, too

But Mr. D.'s Irish-Australian grin covered not only stoic endurance of pain but desperate worry about money.

"We had nothing in the kitty when that car hit me," explained Mr. D. "We'd just moved, you see. Ever since we've lived on Social Services, and the strain hit my wife, and my daughter had to give up work for 18 months and look after her. Things got pretty crook."

Things got so "crook," in fact, that a friend called in the Smith Family. They responded instantly, coming in, as they always do, like angels of light.

They brought food, they

brought clothes, they brought money, they brought a renewal of the sense of human dignity.

"My wife might never have survived the strain without them. They were a backstop to us then, and they've been a backstop to us ever since," said Mr. D.

He's home now, getting about on a stick, with great pins in his legs, covering pain with high spirits and his magic gift of laughter.

He always has a joke, slightly naughty, for the elderly ladies round about, and all the lonely ones. The local kids call him "Mr. Kind Man." They flock round the man with a face like the map of Ireland and eyes like snippets of blue sky.

He gets serious only about two things — the love and loyalty of his wife and children (especially his daughter); and the Smith Family.

He declared, and his blue eyes fired, "First thing I'll do when I get my settlement is make a big contribution to the Smith Family!"

Serious too long, he changed the subject. We departed in a gale of laughter.

"It does me good," Margaret said, "just to talk to him." She bore us off to meet some more of her friends whose courage in adversity also sustains her.

We'll call them the J.s, Bob and Betty.

Bob is tall and preternaturally thin. His face is sensitive and pale, his hair

and beard red, his voice quiet, his manners impeccable. Betty is slender and dark, a matter-of-fact, efficient, loving girl.

Love, in fact, is the operative word in their small, neat, lived-in house in Green Valley. They love each other and they love their five handsome children, who range from 11 to four.

Yet life for some years now has been a bitter struggle. Bob is an invalid pensioner, who was last able to work in August, 1964.

Life's challenge

Life has always been pretty tough for him. His father deserted the family when Bob was only four. He was only 15 when, after long years of illness, his mother died.

On the day of the funeral Bob cleared out.

He dearly wanted to study medicine. He hadn't a hope. Apart from grinding poverty, he was delicate. His mother had always overprotected him.

For as long as he can remember, Bob has desperately wanted to prove himself a man.

He grew up with the fear that he might run away from life, as his father had done. And here he was at 15 without a home.

He started off with light work, clerical work, the only work he'd been told he was strong enough to do.

But the need in him grew stronger, the need to extend himself, accept challenge, be a man. He learnt boxing. He took up horse-breaking. It

NEED HELP

By
KAY KEAVNEY

INVALID PENSIONER Bob, former professional boxer, with his wife, Betty, and four of their children. Their eldest daughter was at school.



broke nearly every bone in his thin body, but he picked himself up and carried on.

They were solitary, lonely years. Then Bob found a refuge. He went to board at the home of Betty's parents. He was 19. The dark-haired, steady girl was just 16. They fell deeply in love almost from the beginning. Bob badly needed someone to love.

It took a long time to persuade the parents to let them get married, but the boy's sincerity and manliness won the day. After the wedding, Bob joined the Navy, but had to be discharged on medical grounds.

The need to prove himself was fiercer than ever. He became a professional boxer. Every time he fought, he fought down fear that the new opponent would be too tough for him, too big. Sheer spirit kept him winning.

Betty in ring

He became N.S.W. fly-weight champion, the leading challenger for the Australian title. For all his height, he weighed no more than eight stone.

And Betty hated it, hated every moment of it.

"She was scared for me," Bob said.

She never went to see him fight, never went to the tents or the circuses where he sought lucrative bouts. She stayed home with the three little children and worried about Bob.

Then at last, one night, she went. She sat watching, unbearably tense. Bob looked to be getting a hiding.

"I wasn't," interjected Bob.

"Well, it looked like it to me," said Betty. "I lost my head. I jumped into the ring and attacked his opponent. It was awfully embarrassing."

"Awfully," said Bob. "But that's Betty. You can't get away with hurting anyone she loves."

That was Bob's last professional fight. He took up truck-driving. As always, a tough job was what he needed.

They rented a little place, got together their furniture,

and Betty became pregnant with their fourth child. Then Betty's grandmother appealed to them. She was all alone and not too strong. Would the family please come and live with her?

Bob and Betty couldn't refuse her. They sold up all they had and moved in with the old lady. Then she fell ill. Two of the children took the infection and then Betty did. They were all rushed off to hospital.

The doctors told Bob that his Betty was going to die. The old grandmother did die; and every stick of furni-

ture in the house was sold to pay for her funeral.

So there was Bob in an empty house, trying to keep his job going, trying to care for the one well child, rushing backward and forward to the hospital, worrying himself to death.

Betty survived, but she was in hospital six months.

And Bob broke.

He went berserk at work one day, flattened his foreman, and wrecked the lunchroom. His boss paid him off. The breakdown was total. Bob's headaches were so bad he'd run his head smack

against the wall. He wanted to hit out and hurt, then remorse came with agony.

Betty came home and quietly took over.

Said Bob softly, "Betty's had the hardest battle of all. Those bad days are past, but I'm still not allowed to work. I was given an invalid pension, but with seven of us to keep . . ."

He broke off. "I'll get back to work, though. I'm a pretty determined sort of bloke."

Somewhere along the line, tender-hearted Betty found enough love for three State wards. They were in and out of the little home, finding an anchorage.

"I worried about the extra strain on her," said Bob, "but I gave her a special sort of joy. That's Betty."

One Christmas, having no present to give to her, he bought a card and poured out his heart to her in these words:

"To Betty, who gives so much and receives so little."

"They're friends"

Then, blessedly, some friend called in the Smith Family.

"Where do I start," Bob asked, "to tell you all they've done for us? They come in and look around and see what you need, and somehow there it is."

"Furniture. They brought furniture right away. And little things like vases. Betty loves flowers. They helped us get out of the slums, up here where there's air and space and the children can breathe."

"They're friends," cut in Betty.

"I hope so," said Margaret. "I'd like to think so." And later, when we had left: "It does me good to come and see them," said Margaret.

"Bob will get back to work. He'll lick this thing as he's licked so much." And she went on, "Disaster can happen to any of us. Sometimes all it takes is a couple of seconds on a dark night, as it did with Mr. D."

Last year 112,000 men, women, and children turned to the Smith Family in dire need and were not turned away. And behind the Smith Family, their only source of supply, stand you, the people of New South Wales.

This Christmas season is the only time of year when they appeal to you directly to make their work possible.

Send whatever you can spare that people use — clothes, furniture, tinned food, radios, household accessories. (This year there is no need to send toys.)

Above all, if you can, send money. The Smith Family knows where it is needed, and has a knack of making it go a long way.

Send all goods to the Smith Family, 137-143 Crown St., East Sydney, or telephone 31-0222 and a van will call (see panel at left for where to send money).

People are hungry in this rich society. Thousands are in need — the old, the deserted, the sick, the bereft children, the gallant battlers like Bob and Betty, and laughing Mr. D.

BUY THESE PRODUCTS — HELP THE SMITH FAMILY — and maybe win a \$1500 prize!

EVER AND KITCHEN will make a cash donation to our appeal for the Smith Family for every packet top or label you send in of these brands: Rinso, Omo, Surf, Persil, Lux (flakes and toilet soap), Softly, Sunlight (laundry and toilet soap), Lifebuoy, Solvol, and Bio Luvil.

Write your name and address on the packet tops and labels; post them to: Christmas Stocking Sweepstakes, Smith Family Appeal, P.O. Box 100, Willoughby 2068.

There'll be a draw on TCN's "Tonight Shows" on November 28 and December 3, 12, and 17 to find first-prize winners each week of giant Christmas stockings worth \$1500, second prizes each week of \$250 cash, and third prizes of \$100 cash. There'll also be 50 consolation prizes each week of \$1 lottery tickets.

For full details of these prizes, see page 101.

Money donations to the appeal for the Smith Family should be addressed to: Box 4085, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Australian Consolidated Press has opened the fund with a donation of \$1000.

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LIZA'S "SPECIAL" IS A TRIUMPH

● "Liza," made in Sydney by the National Nine Network, is an hour show starring Liza Minnelli—a lovable young entertainer, singer, and dancer who is also the daughter of world-famous movie star Judy Garland.

TWELVE years of TV watching—at home, in the studios, on location, or talking to its stars—did not prepare me for "Liza," the first TV singing special to make me laugh out loud, nearly cry, and want to applaud.

It is more than just an hour with a pop singer. It is an hour packed with drama, comedy, one of the best dancing sequences yet—and is full of pathos, too.

Liza excels at giving her songs meaning.

Maybe it is just excellent show business, a clever exploitation of talent, but when she sang "Mamma," as I've never heard it sung before, when she sang "Married," and "You'd Better Sit Down, Kids," it seemed to mean a great deal to her—to mirror her life.

Liza Minnelli at 22 is an appealing handful.

She always seems to be reaching out for love and the security of a settled family life around her.

Her husband is Australian Peter Woolnough, 28, who

lia with her, as part of her nightclub act.

They reminded me of the two character actors in "The Frost Report," the tall thin one and the short one with the stomach. The dance team is a tall thin man called Robert Fitch and a fat, paunchy one called Neil J. Schwartz.

Neil J. Schwartz looks just like his name sounds, but is an old-fashioned romantic-type dancer, who clutches his partner to him.

Robert Fitch looks like he is strung on wire and dances that way.

Television

"Mamma never wants to hear me sing, she just says, 'Dance for me, Liza,'" Liza told me.

I think, perhaps, it may be too much for Mamma to listen to Liza sing. She can belt out a song, very like Judy used to, only better.

Liza was a great success with the wharfies down at Woolloomooloo docks when she sang "Click Go The Shears" as they loaded a ship with wool bales.

She frisked around the wharf, tried her hand with the hook, and was finally hoisted up in a sling as she sang away.

"You were sensational," she told the foreman stevedore who gave the orders.

Liza says the TGN9 special is the best TV of any kind she has ever made, and she wrote and told director

Peter Skelton so, because she said she could never have made it so good without him.

What she said to me was different and showed she wasn't quite with our idiom.

"Isn't it great?" she said. "It looks like what you call 'tact.' That's it. 'Liza' looks tact and looks style. Right?"

That's one way to put it—I certainly agree that "Liza" is great.

Mixing with more people

BRIAN HENDERSON, TGN9's top newsreader and compere of "Bandstand," had his horoscope read recently. It predicted that he would mix with more people in 1969, have a hard year physically.

The horoscope has already been proved. Brian will mix with more people after March 15, 1969, when his wife, Mardi, expects her first baby, and the hard physical year could well be caused by racing upstairs to the new nursery in their home at Wahroonga.

Mardi is the most organised young woman I have ever met. She organised her own wedding beautifully, knew exactly how she wanted her new house built even before they bought their land, had her color schemes ready down to brands of carpets and textures of curtains when the house plans were drawn.

"We planned to have our first baby now," she told me, "and we were lucky because



LIZA had a wonderful time at Woolloomooloo docks, sang "Click Go The Shears" to the wharfies loading wool.

everything went according to plan.

"Brian and I are thrilled. We would both prefer a girl, whom at present we would call Nicole—although this morning Brian said he liked Brigid. If I have a boy I would like to call him Jason.

"Probably by March we will have changed our minds. I don't think we'll change about Nicole, though. Nikki is such a gorgeous nickname.

"I want to have two children, but first of all we'll see how we go with one."

Upstairs in the new nursery the bassinet is already in position on the new olive-green carpet, and yellow-and-white check curtains flutter in the breeze.

The nursery is a lovely room overlooking the front garden, a real "rock-a-bye baby" room, for the house is high and the first thing seen from the doorway is tree-tops—tall gums that grow in the valley opposite.

When I say Mardi is organised, I mean organised. She has already booked a babysitter for Baby Henderson—Mrs. A. Mullins, who looked after Mardi when she was a child, and was one of the very special guests at Brian and Mardi's wedding.

"She is a real friend to me," Mardi said, "and when I rang to ask her if she could sit for our new baby, Wednesdays and Saturdays next year after March 15, she was thrilled."

The Hendersons have two ruling passions—"Bandstand" and racing, so babysitting days are racedays and "Bandstand" days.

The only thing slightly awry with Mardi's baby schedule is the probable arrival date, Saturday, March 15. That's both a "Bandstand" and a raceday, so Mardi didn't organise that very well at all.

One thing she did organise, and very nicely, too, that Brian's two children by his first marriage, Ricky, 13, and daughter Stacy, 11, were among the first to know. She's sure they'll welcome the new Baby Henderson.

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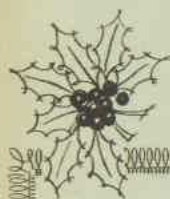
WT-420A



BRIAN HENDERSON with his wife, Mardi, and their chihuahuas, Bonita and Pepina.

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"THE MIKADO"— brought up to date

● When is "The Mikado" not "The Mikado"? When it's "Titipu," a highly colored, up-to-date, free adaptation of Gilbert and Sullivan's famous comic opera, made by the BBC and presented as one of ABC-TV's Christmas treats.

"Titipu" is untraditional, unconventional, and fun in a big way. The cast is a clutch of comedians, headed by Australian Cyril Ritchard as the Mikado. His Lord High Executioner, Ko-Ko, is Harry Worth, and supercilious Richard Wattis plays Pooh-Bah, Lord High Everything Else.

Inspired casting is that splendidly overweight comedienne Hattie Jacques as Katisha, an elderly lady of the Mikado's court.

"Titipu" is more or less the same as "The Mikado," David Croft, the producer, says. "We've arranged a few things in order to get the story into 90 minutes and brought a few of the patter songs up to date.

"We've chosen actors instead of singers, although the actors have proved they can sing jolly well. This is a very funny play. We've taken liberties, but not diabolical ones."

—NAN MUSGROVE



THE COURT of the Mikado (Cyril Ritchard) in the BBC-TV production of "Titipu." With the Mikado in this scene, above, is Hattie Jacques, as Katisha.

"TITIPU'S" Yum-Yum (right) is a delectable dish, pretty Mary Miller.


"Titipu" may be seen on ABC-TV, all States, on December 25, at 7.15 p.m.



FANTASY MILLINERY worn, from left, by Ko-Ko (Harry Worth) and Pooh-Bah (Richard Wattis), two of "Titipu's" cast of famous comedians.

ELABORATE COSTUMES are worn (below) by Hattie Jacques as Katisha, with Ko-Ko (Harry Worth). "Titipu" was made in color.





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PREVIEW OF THE GREAT RACE

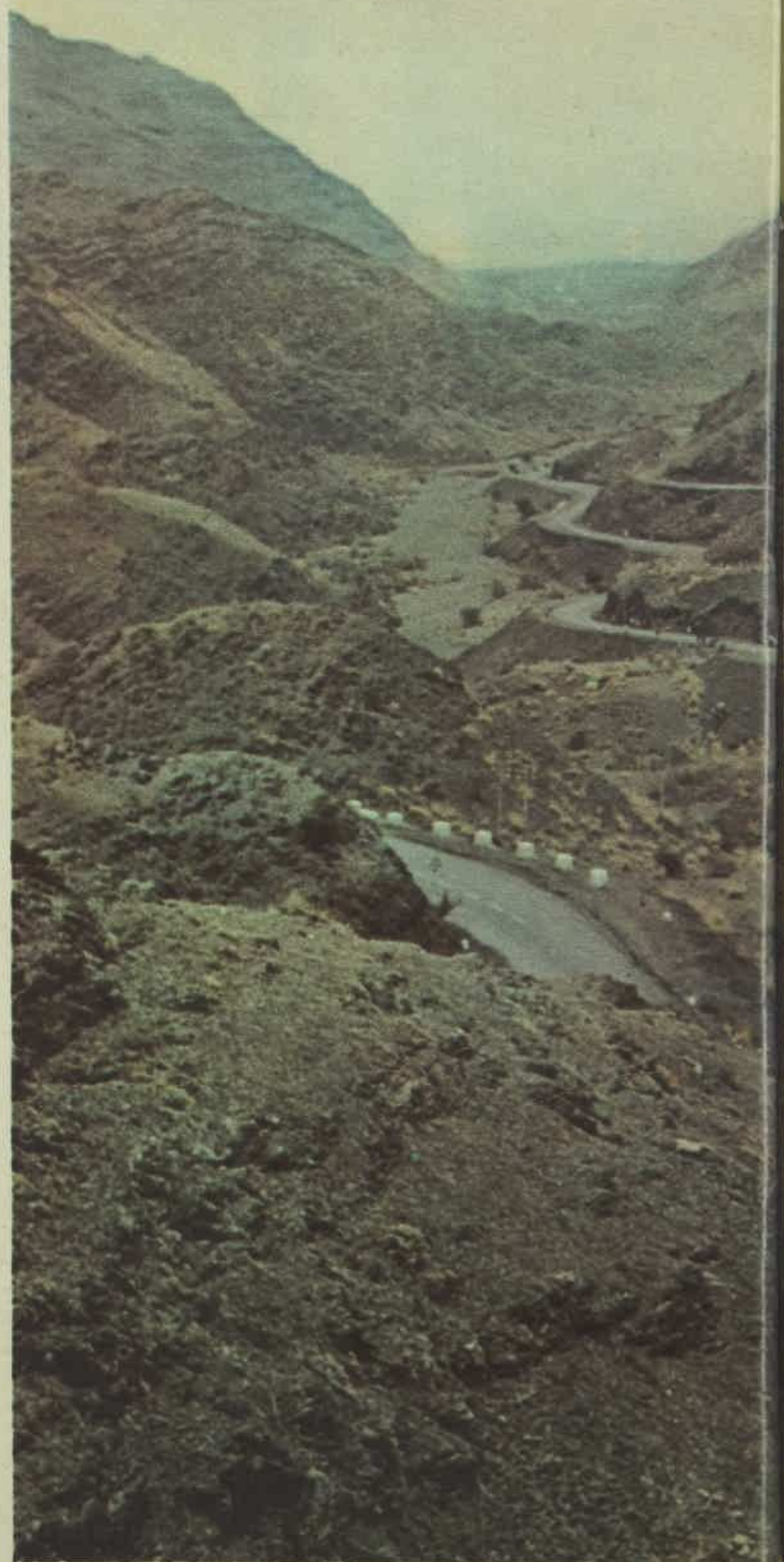
● Australian film man Rob McAuley and rally driver Bob Holden took these pictures during a test drive over the route in one of the cars entered for the 10,000-mile London-Sydney Marathon, which starts on November 27 and ends 24 days later. (They drove from Sydney, and the car will be the only one making the double trip.)

The marathon will be the toughest and most exciting in motoring history and has captured the imagination of the world's most experienced rally drivers as well as amateurs. Australians will crew 18 of the hundred cars entered. They will drive day and night, taking turns to sleep — the only breaks will be on the English Channel and the nine-day voyage from Bombay to Fremantle.

The timetable sets very fast speeds, limited only by the roads and laws. Cars will be penalised for every minute they arrive late at control points studding the route, and the winner will have the smallest total penalty.

First prize is £10,000 sterling (\$21,429), and there is nearly as much again in other prizes.

STORY AND MORE PICTURES OVERLEAF. SOME OF THE CREWS: PAGES 24, 25, 27



CAMEL-OPERATED WATER-WHEEL in India, with, in the background, the car to be driven in the marathon by Australian Bob Holden. There'll be no stops for pictures on the way back.



ENTERING THE KHYBER PASS between Pakistan and Afghanistan. The history-drenched pass still has its dangers, but not because of the road surface, which is excellent all the way.

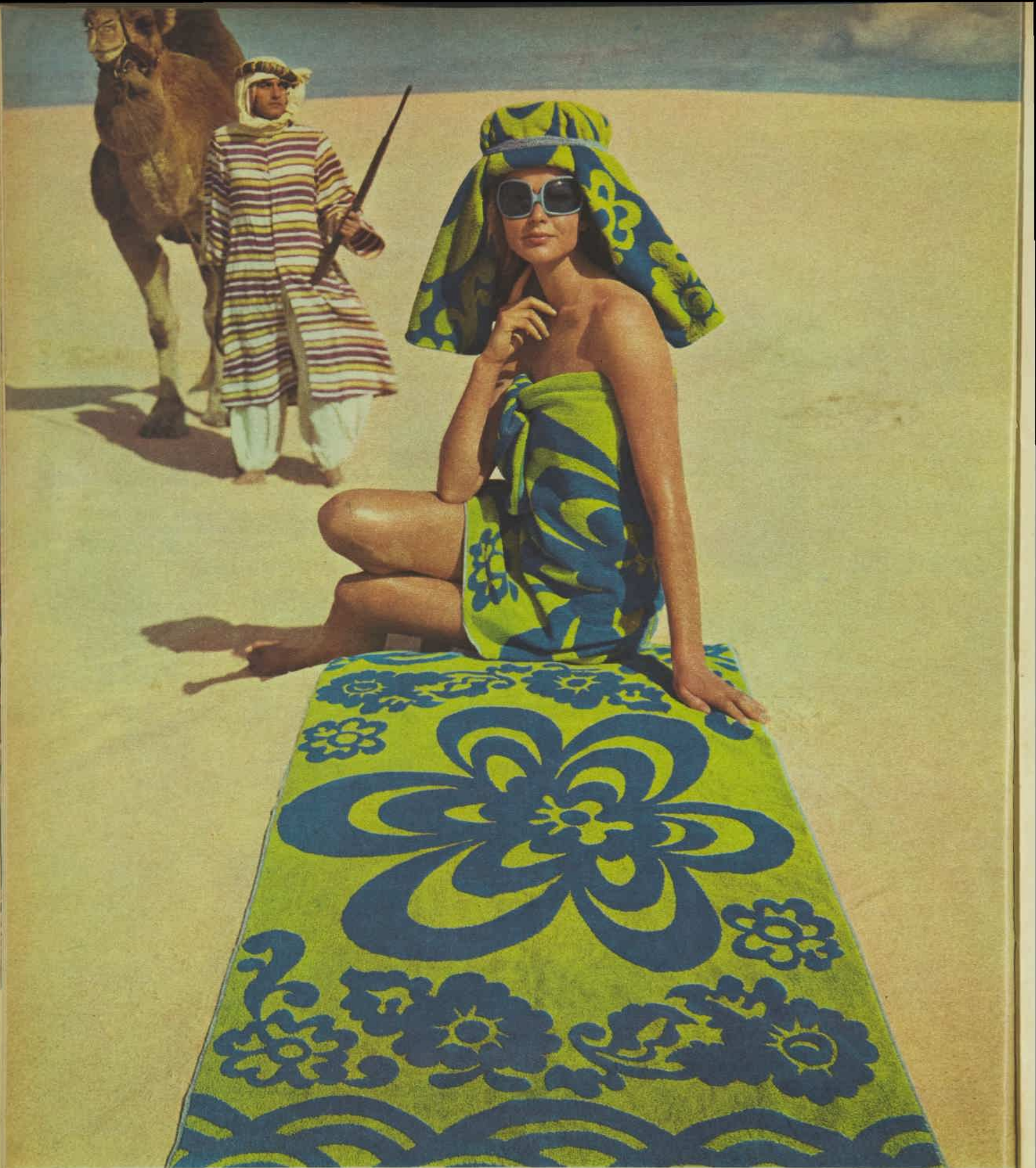


UNDER MONT BLANC, on the French, Swiss, and Italian borders, near the entrance to the ten-mile road tunnel.



ABOVE: Long road in Turkey — monotony will often be a driving hazard. BELOW: Approaching sacred Mt. Ararat, in eastern Turkey, the supposed resting-place of Noah's Ark.





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IT WILL BE A LONG HARD DRIVE IN ASIA

IF this is what the marathon is going to be like (after going over it at half speed), then I'll congratulate every crew in advance for even attempting it — it scared me to death."

So said Australian film director-producer (and now cameraman) Rob McAuley, 35, after covering the route in the reverse direction. With 10,000ft. of precious color film in the can for a documentary, Rob arrived in London with Amoco entrant Bob Holden in the Volvo 142S which the Australian rally driver will take back again in the marathon.

The Volvo will be the only car to make the return trip. It arrived after 12,240 miles (allowing for detours and backtracking for the sake of the camera) virtually unscratched.

While the car is intact, the documentary producer reckons he left some of his nerve back along the track somewhere.

"It was fantastic," he explained to me. "A few hours out of Sydney it started on what will be the last piece of rough territory before the marathon crews end their run. I didn't believe a car could go over stuff like this that fast and survive."

"But Bob was calmly cursing to me, something about: 'They've made it too easy—there's been a grader over this.' All I could think was, 'What grader?'"

Only the Flinders Range worried the experienced rally-driving Holden. Those rocky gullies with just a little water left in them that could hide a 2ft. sharp-edged hole are just the job to rip out a suspension.

But it was the long, tough endurance run from Bombay to London over seven and a half days that has really left an impression with McAuley.

"I suddenly realised how much endurance was going to be needed by both men and women—apart from their machines—in the marathon. It took us 23 days (we stopped five days at New Delhi and two at Lahore) to get from Bombay to London. The marathon crews are going to do the same distance in the reverse direction in less than one-third the time."

"It's a fantastic thought."

After this trip, when the trio arrived tired, hot, and very dusty, they made the mistake of leaving gear in their car. The car was rifled during the night (though there was supposed to be a guard over it), and Rob's spare movie camera and a still camera were stolen, along with Bob Holden's pace notes.

Asian hazards

Luckily for him and the rest of the Amoco team, these were being put down on to tape each night, and, though the dashboard tape-recorder was also stolen, the cassettes with the precious route information were apparently unnoticed by the thieves.

Aside from Australia, the toughest drive, in McAuley's eyes, will be across Turkey, Afghanistan, the rough and vast Latiban Pass, Pakistan, and India.

"Apart from the rough, dusty, and corrugated roads, which you have to take at 80 m.p.h. for nigh on 1000 miles to get anything like a comfortable ride, there's the frightening dust (as fine as any in

Australia) that can, and does, hide fleets of trucks, a camel train, and numerous bullock carts ambling along the road," he said.

"At night it's worse. You see a truck approaching with its headlights blazing. Eventually you manage to get the driver to dip them. Then a hundred yards away from you he douses them completely. You're faced with just a dusty, murky blackness."

"Bob decided at the finish that the best way was to pull off the road and let them through."

At night, too, there is the additional hazard of the unlighted camel or bullock cart.

"What amazed me about all this," admits McAuley, "was the quiet way Bob took it all as a matter of course. To him it was just another tough drive. I guess that will go for most of the experienced boys, whose reactions are, of course, tempered to this sort of thing."

"They seem to sense the dangers long before they come into sight. But seeing them through the lens of a movie camera it all looked very frightening, and the first rushes of the film I've already seen convince me anyway that it was!"

But there was more to the journey than just rough and terrifying roads. McAuley's most vivid memory of the whole trip was the impressive Khyber Pass.

"Whether it was just the history, whether it was the fantastic scenery of this 15 miles of blood-soaked red soil I do not know," he said.

Forts manned

"We saw it in the late afternoon and the colors didn't seem as vivid as those of Central and Northern Australia. The cliffs were a hazy blue. There was a mysterious and peculiar aura about it all—you just didn't know what was coming up around the next corner."

"Every now and then you came across a sort of village with a few huts. The forts are still manned and have their flags flying. There's still the odd shadow flitting across a high pass or a sharp silhouette on the skyline."

"It was rather beautiful and rather scary just the same, and we didn't really need our guide (who was well armed with rifle and ammunition) to tell us it was still dangerous territory."

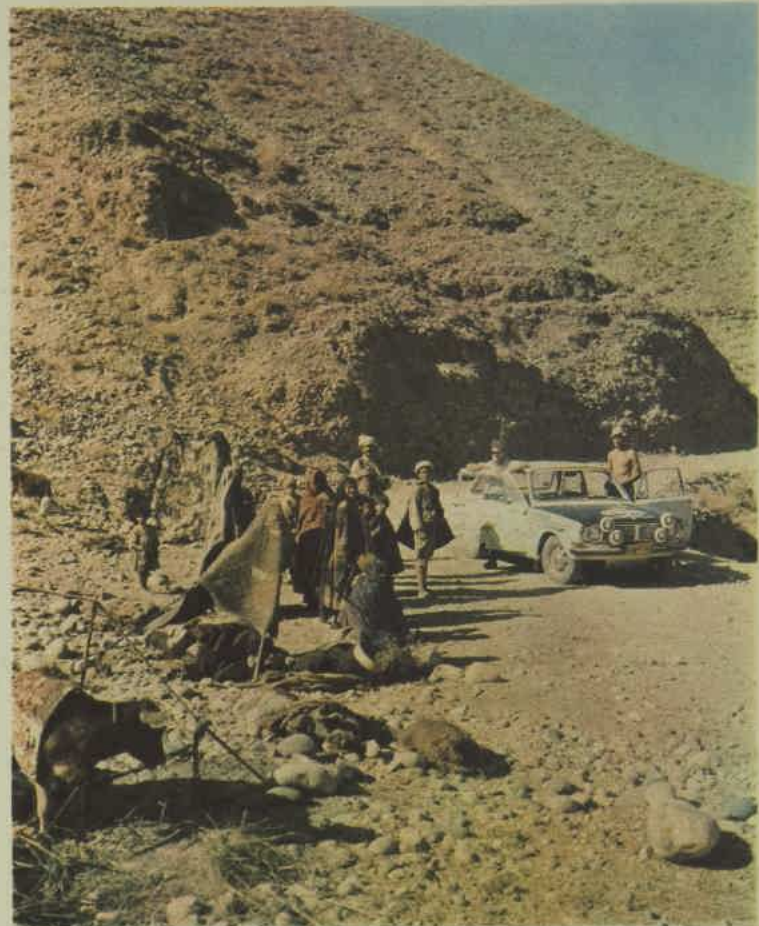
The guide came from the Pathan tribe, the ones who have fought, lived, and, despite British and other troops, literally ruled the pass for hundreds of years. They are still a law unto themselves.

For spectacle, McAuley reckons the section the rally crews will see just before this, between Kabul and the Pakistan border, will take a lot of beating. "The mountains just go up sheer from the bitumen road—fantastic."

And to top all this off will be the contrast of hot, dusty plain looking up to the snow-capped, revered Mt. Ararat, and the clear-cut beauty of the white-peaked Mont Blanc on the French, Swiss, and Italian borders. Under this is the world's longest motorway, ten miles long, on which the marathon crews will pass en route to Italy.

No wonder Rob McAuley's 10,000ft. of color film has suddenly become the hottest property in London among TV men wanting rushes from it.

● OVERLEAF: SOME OF THE CREWS



ABOVE: A halt on the Latiban Pass, in Afghanistan. It will be under winter snow for the marathon. BELOW: Passing through an Indian town. Such streets will present unfamiliar hazards.



CREWS HAVE BEEN

• And the girls say they are
their own secret weapon



SOME OF THE AUSSIES. The Sydney Daily Telegraph's No. 1 car crew—from left, George Reynolds (No. 2 driver), David Liddle (navigator), and David McKay (No. 1 driver).



SYDNEY GIRLS crewing one of the Daily Telegraph's four cars — Jenny Gates, 25, Marion Macdonald, 22, and Eileen Westley, 25. Jenny is a secretary and her mates journalists.



DOUG WHITEFORD (centre) is the leading driver of the Daily Telegraph's No. 3 car; Doug Chivas (left) is the second driver of the No. 2 car; and Barry Ferguson its first driver.

WHEN all those Sydney-bound cars leave the Crystal Palace in London it won't be just a men's show — 17 of the 230 entrants are women, every one of them with her own secret weapon of endurance.

They are housewives and secretaries, business tycoons and professional drivers, an interior decorator and a university researcher, an artist, journalists, and writers. Some are crewed up in all-girl teams, some have as co-drivers experienced rally men. There is even a husband-and-wife team.

Every girl in the race has been in training, and some have been sleeping "hard" on floor-boards and concrete. All have gone on a diet.

The men, however, are not lagging in aids to endurance. One co-driver will play the bagpipes when the stretches are long and monotonous enough to send the driver to sleep. The RAF team has been on its own survival course in Arctic conditions. So has the British Army team. And one team, with the motto "We drive to the finish," has flares, rockets, and a survival pack.

A leading contender in the marathon is Dublin-born ROSEMARY SMITH, who has carried off trophies in most of the major international rallies, often beating the most experienced men.

Rosemary, once a dress-designer, is driving for Ford of Eire, with a French co-driver, LUCETTE POINTET. "Ours will be a silent run," said Rosemary. "We don't speak each other's language."

"But that suits me. It would be a real endurance test if I had to listen to someone nattering when I'm concentrating on driving or trying to sleep."

Takes skipping-rope

"We know just enough to communicate if the car is in trouble. All the rest is on the maps."

Rosemary has driven as far as Bombay and recalls with horror some of the hazards. However, in her Lotus Cortina she has no doubts about making the boat at Bombay, where the Chusan will pick up cars and crews for the nine-day voyage to Fremantle.

"When I'm on board I'll get out my skipping-rope and go on with my keep-fit," she said.

Rosemary is travelling light to make room for a present of Waterford glass she is taking to the Lord Mayor of Sydney.

"I'm not nervous. I'm only worried that at times I will be bored, with some of the roads absolutely dead straight and oh so tedious."

Roads are not the only hazard the crews will have to contend with.

The weather, too, will make the going difficult. It will be midwinter when they reach the dreaded Khyber Pass. And it will be the height of summer by the time they get to the Australian desert.

"The locals might find some interesting objects after we've passed by," said SYLVIA KAY, who has worked out a system of discards guaranteed to keep her comfortably dressed whatever the weather.

"I'm not a dressy type," said this secretary, who has saved up two years' holidays to make the rally to Australia. "So I'm wearing all my old bush shirts and jackets and throwing them away as they get dirty."

"I took up rally driving in West Africa, so I've a load of old bush shirts." She was secretary to Sir Maurice Dorman when he was Governor of Freetown.

Housework is hardest

She and her co-drivers, two young Irishmen, are driving a Peugeot with a bed rigged up inside. Sylvia's training: "early nights, no telly, no books, and I've taken to doing all the housework and gardening. All that bending and stretching is the best and hardest exercise I know."

When JENNY BRITTAN drives a Ford Lotus Cortina into Sydney it will be the first time she has been home in eight years. She will be introducing her 31-year-old husband, racing driver and writer Nick Brittan, to her mother, Mrs. Nancy Furney, of Rossville.

"They have only met on the telephone when he rang her excitedly to say, 'You're a grandmother.' Not the most tactful way to start a family relationship, I thought. My mother is very young to be a grannie. She was only 19 when I was born," Jenny said.

They will leave their 15-month-old son, Alexander, in the care of his English nanny.

They are full of confidence about the marathon. "You see we don't have to cope with the problem of getting to know each other. Compatibility is so important on long rallies—I think it is one of the reasons Ford sponsored a husband-and-wife team."

Jenny has never been a rally driver. "I was a keen spectator and met Nick at the Goodwood car races," she said.

"And when our nomination was accepted I started training. I've been learning fast driving with the Police Flying Squad. It was frightening, but, looking back, it was fun. When I was taken to the skid pans, my instructor took me round, then said, 'Now go round on your own and frighten yourself to death.' I nearly did."

IN TRAINING

By
ANNE MATHESON
of our London
staff

Her toughest experience was when the Army put her through their survival course in Wales. "I was right over snow-covered mountains, and nothing in Afghanistan and down the Khyber Pass could be as bad as that," she said.

"I'm surely the most cosseted rally driver that ever took the wheel," said **JEAN DENTON**, who is driving an MGB and is a nominee of the magazine "Nova."

Jean is pretty, young, and very lively. She is an economist with a part-time job as a researcher at the University of Surrey. "And the rest of the time I'm getting ready for the great rally," she said.

Under the care of "Nova's" fashion editor she was dressed from top to toe by the up-and-coming young designer Hylan Booker.

Other aids to glamor are a "survival pack" of 100 lint squares saturated in tonic cleanser, a mirror and comb, a foot spray, mosquito repellent, eye pads, a jar of moisturiser, and lipstick that is practically a colorless lipstick. Since she won't have time to clean her teeth there is dental chewing-gum. "It also helps you to relax," said Jean.

But for all the glamorising of the team and the car they are sponsoring, "Nova" haven't let up on the training, and their girl has had to do it the hard way.

An ex-boxer at a health centre has been putting her literally through the ropes, and she isn't allowed a drink or smoke until it is all over.

A nightie for Marie

"I'll survive the long laps if I can change into my nightdress," was the surprising solution to French girl **MARIE-THERESE PATOUX'S** endurance problems.

"I cannot relax sleeping in my clothes," she said. "So I'll wriggle into my nightie when I'm in the co-driver's seat. It slips back into a bed. That is why I've been sleeping on the floor as part of my training."

Twenty-eight-year-old Marie - Therese (Maitea for short) has been on a strict diet of no wine with her meals (hard for a Frenchwoman), no bread (harder still), and learning to drink tea.

"Wasser time?" said a sleepy voice when I telephoned **ELSIE GADD**.

"It's only a quarter to nine (p.m.)," I told her, reassuringly. "Not late."

"It's very late for me," said the rally driver and cosily went to sleep again. She and her team are training on very early nights, "because we are all working girls."

Elsie Gadd drove an ambulance during the London blitz, which possibly makes up

Continued overleaf



ABOVE: Lucette Pointet, from France, and Rosemary Smith, from Ireland, wearing an outfit which the International Wool Board commissioned to be designed specially for the marathon. Rosemary, one of the world's top drivers, used to be a dress-designer herself and takes pride in being well turned out.



LEFT: John Gowland (left), manager of Ford's Australian team, with Harry ("Old Fox") Firth, who will be the lead driver of the company's No. 1 car.



"Aren't you wearing Tweed?"



LENTHÉRIC

LONDON
PARIS
NEW YORK
SYDNEY



LN.19.FP

LONDON-SYDNEY MARATHON

From page 25

for her lack of rough rally experience. And she learned about engines then, too, when she was overhauling aero engines.

She is now 48 and a highly successful businesswoman, a tycoon in the building field whom men have learned to reckon with. In the marathon she, with three other girl drivers, will take her Volvo estate car all the way.

The other girls are all experienced.



ENGLISH GIRL Jean Denton is one of the prettiest competitors. Her driving clothes were designed by Hylan Booker.

There is **JENNIFER TUDOR-OWEN**, well known at Silverstone in her big American Ford, **SHEILA KEMP**, who has also raced, and **ANTHEA CASTELL**, who specialises in hill-climbs.

But the girls are not having it all their own way in glamor and fun. Martin Maudling, the son of the deputy-leader of the British Conservative Party, is third driver in the Supersport Engines entry—a Ford Escort. He has to get to Sydney, no matter what happens, because he is engaged to a Sydney girl, Wendy Dotch, and their engagement party is on December 21 at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dotch, in Bellevue Hill.

She sees him off at the Crystal Palace and flies to Sydney to meet him there. The lead driver is Jim Gavin, a drag-racing and auto-cross enthusiast, and second is John Maclay. This is the team that not only like the sound of their own voices singing as they go but have the bagpipes with them.

For a bit of glamor on the boys' side there is a vintage Bentley in the rally, driven by two bobsleigh champions, Keith Schellenberg and Norman Barclay. Asked why they chose a 1930 8-litre Bentley to tackle the world's wildest motor event, they said, "Well, we just love old cars."

With notes on every tricky corner and bend in the road, Andrew Cowan and Brian Coyle reckon they are not going to find the going too hard to Bombay. They've done it all.

Before take-off Brian married Andrew's sister Dorothy, so the brothers-in-law, who are Scotland's best-known rally team, both carry the same girl's favor — a piece of heather.



NICK AND JENNY BRITTAN, a husband-and-wife crew, wearing their "social suits," which they'll put on after the marathon. She was a model, Jenny Furney, of Roseville, N.S.W.



MARTIN MAUDLING, son of the deputy-leader of the British Conservative Party, and his fiancée, Australian Wendy Dotch, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W. She'll make the trip by airliner.



BRITISH CREW, Anthea Castell, Jennifer Tudor-Owen, leader Elsie Gadd — a businesswoman with a successful building firm of her own — and Sheila Kemp. All are experienced drivers.

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4841. — Semi-fitted ankle-length jumpsuit (above, left) is finished with self-material shoulder straps and has a back-zipper closing. Pattern includes a short-cut jacket and a one-piece swimsuit with same top as jumpsuit. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4841, the price 80c includes postage.

4886. — Slightly fitted tunic (above, right) has a front and back yoke with oval neckline and cutaway armholes. Two patch pockets are placed low. The pattern also includes ankle-length pants with a darted waistband. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4886, the price 80c includes postage.



4839. — High-waisted dress or cover-up (left) in street- or short-length has gathered skirt and ribbon-tie belt. Two-piece swimsuit (right) has darted, straight-legged pants and bra with button back-closing. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Both garments in the one pattern. Butterick pattern 4839, the price 80c includes postage.



● Here, for sunning and swimming and the great outdoors, are seven of the newest looks in beach and leisure fashions. The designs have chic and simple lines and are made in gay new colors and color combinations. Each fashion can be made from an easy-to-sew Butterick pattern, available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted. They are also available in leading stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.



4889. — Glamorous loose-fitting cover-up (above) is in two lengths — floor and mini. The garment is made without shoulder seams; has a collarless neckline and front zipper closing. Easy-to-make pattern has only one main pattern piece; is designed for the slim and larger figure, fitting sizes 8 to 18. Butterick pattern 4889, price 75c includes postage.



4840. — Two-piece swimsuit (above, left). The bra has a back closing; the hipster shorts have side zipper closing. Matching wraparound hipster skirt, in mini- or above-knee-length, is lined to edge and ties at side. Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31½, 32½, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4840, the price 80c includes postage.

4860. — A-line dress or jumper (above right), in mini- or street-length has shoulder straps with button closing and square armholes. Matching tailored shorts have elasticised waistline. Sizes: Young juniors and teens, 5-6, 7-8, 9-10, 11-12, 13-14, 15-16 years for 28, 29, 30½, 32, 33½, 35in. bust. Butterick pattern 4860, price 75c includes postage.

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Berlei

TOP MODEL

—But her eyes shine
so brightly they seem
to be freshly made

By KAY MELAUN



A TOPCOAT dangled inches below Jane's knees when she first sought model's work.

ARRANGING an interview with Jane Hitchcock is difficult, takes days. This is not caused by her access to grandeur by hitting the really big-time as a photographic model.

The trouble is that Jane works afternoons and evenings (at \$60 an hour), often has weekend assignments in such faraway places as Montreal. Mornings Jane has to go to school; and at night she has to do her homework and go to bed early.

For Jane Hitchcock, newest star in the New York modelling heavens, is aged 15.

She was recently in Paris to do photographs of the couture collections for two of the "glossies."

Paris didn't impress her. "I didn't like it," she said, looking apologetic as though she knew she should have.

It was hard work, with views of the glamor city seen only between assignments.

"And it cost me everything I made just to go there," she said seriously, looking up from the depths of a chair in which she had curled, legs gracefully stretched, back relaxed against the chair, hands lying lightly across her lap.

Jane's grace is that of the finishing school, but she didn't come by it on the expensive European circuit. She acquired it by ballet dancing.

She is from Birmingham, Alabama — to be more precise, a small centre six miles out of Birmingham.

"Back home you can walk wherever you want to go. For 50 cents you can ride in a cab from one end of town to the other."

She is still appalled, after more than a year in the Big Smoke, at the "exorbitant" costs of cabs in New York—45c for the first one-sixth mile; 10c each one-third mile thereafter.

But what is she LIKE? people keep asking — this 15-year-old who can put on Paris clothes as though born to them and look any age from 17 to 27. Everyone — I confess, me included — expects a precocious child-star horror.

Statistics first: 5ft. 8in., 7 stone 12lb., 33-23-34. She could be any age from 17 to 23.

She has good, thick, smooth skin; a small, delicately boned face with slightly pointed chin; dark blonde hair. ("Look at it," she said, bending forward to survey it in the mirror and pat it at the centre parting where the roots showed slightly darker. "It's awful. It was dyed and now it's practically GREEN.")

She has long hands, long arms, long legs, the body short from shoulder to thigh.

Her eyes change color. They are hazel, but can seem green or brown. They shine so brightly that they look as if they were fresh-made that morning. Fringing them are lashes so long above and below that they seem absurd exaggerations.

She has none of the features that could trouble a photographer. The nose is small, neat, straight, throwing no shadow. The cheeks don't crease or puff when she smiles or talks.

"Good child"

Her voice is high and light, showing now no trace of her Southern origin.

She has one habit that will enchant people, even those who become accustomed to her model-girl prettiness. When something pleases her or she is about to speak of something that pleases her, first her eyes light up. Then her mouth curves into two pretty parentheses framing a perfect smile.

After you discover this, you start trying to think of pleasing things to say in order to have it happen again.

Like a good child, she waits till she's spoken to. Like a good child, the well-brought-up daughter, she takes doing the chores for granted.

At the Wilhelmina Model Agency, where this interview took place, it was Jane who got the coffee for "the visitors" — in this instance Bill Wilson (who took the photographs) and me.

In personality, Jane is quiet, detached, self-critical. She naturally comes by the poise that other girls have to acquire the hard way with years and experience.

She has her own private world, her own thoughts.

Last year she won a scholarship to study ballet with George Balanchine, so she and her mother, Mrs. Amelia Hitchcock, came to New York and lived at a hotel. Mrs. Hitchcock worked as a secretary. Her father hopes to join them in New York soon.

Jane also had hopes of becoming a model.

She explained, "I had two choices—ballet or modelling. And dancing is such a limited life. You have to give up practically everything for it."

"You can marry. But it's so hard if you want a husband and children. To have a baby, you must take almost 12 months away from dancing—months beforehand and months afterwards. And it's almost impossible to recover that time."

One day she called on the Wilhelmina Agency. Wilhelmina, Dutch-born, herself a top model, took one look at this long, lean child in the inexpensive, out-of-style topcoat dangled two inches below her knees, saw the potential, and started grooming her.

The gods must have blessed Jane's choice of Wilhelmina. Willy, herself newly a mother, is in league with Mrs. Hitchcock to see that Jane, at 15, doesn't run defenceless into traps that lurk in the models' world. Nobody's going to exploit her.

Jane has to watch her skin. She anticipates any teenage skin problems by following a low-fat, low-carbohydrate diet, with health foods and lots of fruit.

Didn't she adore ludge?

"Well . . ." She looked somewhat shiftily in Willy's direction. One gathered that cutting out the teenage goodies wasn't altogether Jane's idea.

"But," she added, "one thing I hate is peanut butter. Ugh!"

IS ONLY 15



JANE (above) wears make-up with the current shiny look. At left, she is with her mother, Mrs. Amelia Hitchcock. Before this picture was taken, Jane hurriedly got the brush to smooth Mother's hair. Note Jane's short skirt. "Folks back home" were shocked by Jane's first modelling pictures, in which her skirt was exactly 14in. shorter than they were used to.

moved to caress her velvet jerkin, "and brown," looking down at her leather skirt.

And boyfriends?

"I don't like to have just one boyfriend," she said. "I like too many people. One boy doesn't have everything to offer. One is nice one way, and another is nice another way."

"Besides, at my age I don't think I should have just one boyfriend."

The boys she knows are teen-to-twenty, in the artist-photographer-dance field.

What sort of man would she like to marry?

"I don't really know yet," she said. "But there's one wonderful man . . ." She paused, trying to recollect his name. "He's French, and he's so sensitive, so sweet."

It was Marcel Marceau, the famous French mime.

And her ambitions?

"First I want to be a really good model. Then I'd like to get into movies. Then learn to fly. Then get married and have two children and maybe adopt some more."

Adopt them?

"Well, you know," she said slowly and seriously, "that'll be something I'll have to discuss with my husband."

For an instant she became the schoolgirl whose best subject is Science, who struggles with Urban History, and Art Appreciation, who has some difficulty with French, and, like every other child, finds homework the dullest thing on earth.

Jane thinks that school is rather a waste of time. Not that she despises learning. It's just that if she could afford it she would hire a tutor and study privately.

Her average earnings of \$1200 a week, which sounds so grand, don't go so far when taxes have to be paid (at least 40 percent), and the accessories and wigs (one

wig cost \$460) and all the rest of the high-fashion go-on have to be bought.

Mrs. Hitchcock has given up her job to be Jane's maid, housekeeper, fetcher-and-carrier. She is no child-star's mother, but a gentle, down-to-earth woman who often feels like going "back home" to shop rather than tackle the daunting, overwhelming surplus the New York stores offer.

Jane's current color favorites are those she was wearing. "Lavender and grey and white," she said, one finger lovingly touching them in the sleeve of her shirt, "worn with blue," her hands

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SYDNEY'S LEADING LIGHT

By ROBIN ADAIR

● This is the story of a light. In its own special way it has shone for 150 years, protecting countless lives and being perhaps the most lively reminder of a considerable slice of Sydney's colorful history.

It is the Macquarie Light, in the white-painted stone building that towers 350ft. above sea level on Port Jackson's South Head.



PICTURE BY STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER DON CAMERON

ON November 30 the lighthouse celebrates the 150th anniversary — to the day — of a Macquarie Light being turned on for the first time.

During several days of celebrations:

● Mr. Ian Sinclair, MHR, Minister for Shipping and Transport (the Commonwealth Department that controls lighthouses), will unveil a memorial plaque at South Head.

● Post Offices will issue

a five cent stamp depicting the lighthouse.

● A party will have an early 19th-century setting.

● A \$2000 Draw-a-Lighthouse contest for under-18-year-olds will be announced in our paper next week.

However, to get back to the story of the "star" of the celebrations...

Earlier, less formal lights had been lit on South Head to guide sailors to Sydney Harbor's mouth.

In 1793 an open blaze was built to help an incoming ship, the Bellona.

This fire was probably lit by Robert Watson (after whom nearby Watson's Bay was named); he was quartermaster in the Sirius from 1786 to 1790, and then a South Head signalman.

Coincidentally, it was near the site of the fire for the Bellona that the Macquarie Lighthouse was built — and Robert Watson was the first

keeper. He received £50 a year.

The history of a proper beacon for Sydney started when, in November, 1814, the energetic Governor Lachlan Macquarie decided that the harbor entrance needed a lighthouse and fort.

Macquarie's request to the British Government to send him an architect to plan a lighthouse — and other Sydney buildings — was refused.

The determined Gover-

nor then gave the job to Francis Howard Greenway, an English architect who had been transported for 14 years for forging an endorsement on a building contract.

Macquarie made Greenway Government Acting Architect — at 3/- a day. (Greenway wanted a 5/- rate, but the Governor told him such an amount would cause people to demand the architect's sacking.)

Although local stone on

THE Macquarie Lighthouse. It was built in the 1880s, replacing the lighthouse built only a few yards away earlier in the century. They were of identical design (see picture overleaf).

South Head was of poor quality, and some experts (including Greenway) plumped for North Head, the southern cliff was chosen because the opposite headland was then too remote.

Continued overleaf



From page 35

● The old and new lighthouses. The original tower (left) was designed and built by the convict - architect Francis Greenway, but was demolished because of the deterioration of the stonework.

Preparations were slow, and Macquarie did not lay the foundation stone (under which he placed a holey dollar and its punched-out "dump") until July 11, 1816.

The start of building probably marks Australia's first industrial dispute.

The back-breaking labor involved didn't attract convict masons and Macquarie had to induce them to work by offering them the alternatives of pardons

if they plied their trade, or banishment for life to North Head.

If that method of arbitration seems tough, consider the industrial relations attitude of Captain John Gill, the Government's Acting Principal Engineer.

Gill made his point with the masons by flogging (with 25 lashes) the odd innocent worker to impress the others.

The men kept up their spirits by working to chants.

SYDNEY'S

One, old documents show, went like this:

*Work on, brave boys;
Don't be controlled.
Ev'ry man to his own station;
And when the tower is at its height
You shall have your emancipation;
There is bread and beef
For our relief;
To hardship we're no strangers,
We're the boys that built the
tower,
The sporting South Head Rangers.*

The building was completed near the end of 1817, and on December 16 an official party had a celebration breakfast at the tower.

The guests toasted the building in cherry brandy.

The breakfast was a particularly happy event for Greenway.

As Macquarie wrote in his diary that day:

"... This being altogether a very interesting day — and an auspicious one, I presented Mr. Greenway, the Government Acting Architect, his emancipation—dated this day—it being delivered to him at Macquarie Tower this morning before we breakfasted."

(Greenway's pardon, a conditional one then, was later made absolute.)

Those were days when achievements were often "immortalised" in verse.

"Proud summit"

And the local poet laureate, ex-convict Michael Massey Robinson (who received two cows a year from Macquarie for his labors), penned:

*And yon tall tower that with
aspiring steep
Rears its proud summit o'er
the trackless deep,
The recent care of his paternal
hand
That long has cherished this
improving land,
Through the dread perils of the
starless night
Shall shed the lustre of revolving
light.*

The building of the Macquarie Lighthouse, by the way, is linked with the beginning at the same time of another famous Australian institution.

In 1817 Sergeant Jeremiah Murphy was paid £50 for supervising laborers on the lighthouse job — and used it to become the first depositor in the infant Bank of New South Wales.

For almost a year after it was completed the tower stood in darkness. Then, on November 30, 1818, a small oil lamp with reflectors that revolved by clockwork was lit.

Thus the lighthouse went into operation, maintained financially by a system under which all ships which entered the Harbor paid a fee of 2d. per gross ton.

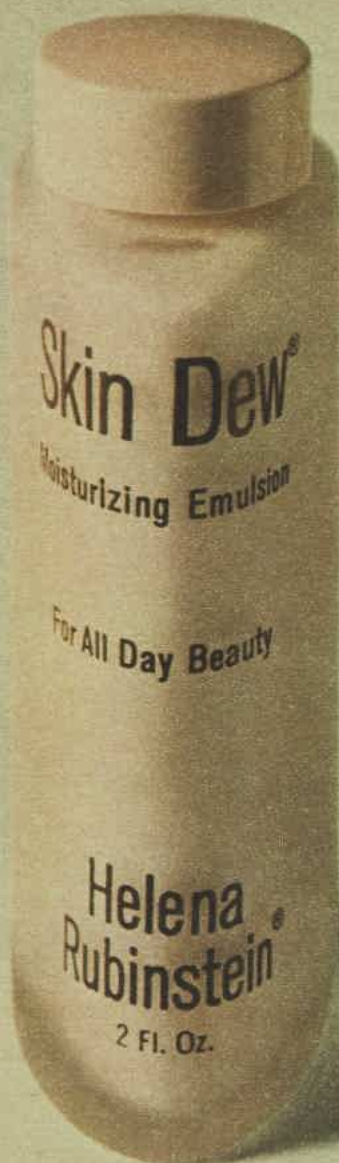
Like probably all lighthouses, the Macquarie was to see its share of tragedy.

The first of these, however, was not connected with the sea—it was a domestic drama.

In 1837 Yorkshire lawyer George Peacock was transported for forgery. He was sent as a clerk (8d a day pay) to Port Macquarie, 260 miles north of Sydney.

His wife sailed out after him—and she must have been quite a woman.

In a letter about her to the then Governor, Sir Richard Bourke, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Spring-Rice, wrote, "She has courage enough



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Helena Rubinstein

LEADING LIGHT

to delight you as a soldier, and quite enough of attraction to interest you as a man."

It seems that Mrs. Peacock soon found Port Macquarie dull and fled to the bright lamplights of swinging Sydney Town.

Peacock appealed to the Governor to let him follow his wife, and the sympathetic Bourke appointed him meteorologist at Macquarie Lighthouse, on 1/6 a day.

History does not record if the couple were reconciled. Peacock, however, became a famous painter of Sydney Harbor scenes.

The year 1857 saw two tragic wrecks within two months near the Macquarie Lighthouse.

About midnight on the stormy night of August 20, the clipper Dunbar, 82 days out of London, lost the light and ploughed into the ragged cliffs between the lighthouse and the mouth of the Harbor.

Of the 122 people aboard, only a sailor, James Johnson, survived. It's interesting to note that Johnson later became a lighthouse keeper in New South Wales.

On October 24, another clipper, the Catherine Adamson,

From the time old seafarers steered by the glowing mouths of volcanoes, the lighthouse has been a thing for the sailor to seek out, anxiously and lovingly.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (who, by the way, lived during the founding days of the Macquarie Lighthouse) wrote of this feeling in "The Ancient Mariner":

*Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?*

*Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?*

As it did to "ancient mariners" coming to a new home 150 years ago, today the Macquarie Lighthouse beckons to many visitors and people making a new "own countree" here.

Whether winking during darkness or glancing whitely in the day, it is the twinkling eye of Sydney that steers men to safe anchorage.

● Picture taken from the spiral staircase in the Macquarie Lighthouse shows the marble flooring at the base. The lion and stars are set in brass.



\$2000 CONTEST

DON'T miss next week's issue of *The Australian Women's Weekly* for full details and the first entry form for the \$2000 Draw-a-Lighthouse contest.

It will be open to all boys and girls under 18, and there will be 600 prizes — educational bursaries, sea cruises, books, a TV and radio.

Branches of the Bank of New South Wales throughout Australia will have information about the contest.

from Aberdeen, crashed "blind" on to North Head, drowning 21.

Influenced by the wrecks, in 1858 the Government turned on the Hornby Light, which still stands on South Head, closer to the Harbor mouth than the Macquarie Lighthouse. It was named after the father of Lady Denison, wife of the then Governor.

The early misgivings about the durability of the stone used to build the Macquarie Lighthouse were proved correct within 50 years.

The tower had to be reinforced with bands of iron.

And in 1880 the Premier, Sir Henry Parkes, laid the foundation stone for an almost identical tower 12ft. from the old one.

Three years later it was finished.

But although there was a new lighthouse, a Macquarie light never really went out.

For until the moment the new electric light (powered by gas generators) was switched on, the oil-lamp burned in the old tower.

In a way, a torch was passed over to a new bearer.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● When I quoted the charade from Jane Austen's "Emma," and the letter to a London paper which said that "literary experts" couldn't provide an answer, I expected to flush a number of Janeites out of their holes.

I SUPPOSE nobody knows how many Janeites there are in the world, but there are an awful lot of them, and neither time, tide, nor television seems to be decreasing the number.

They are a shy and tenacious breed, fanatically loyal, proud, prejudiced, their outstanding characteristic often being an almost equal admixture of sense and sensibility.

The ordinary naturalist will need to use persuasion if he hopes to observe them in their natural habitat, but

under conditions of stress (for example, if two strange Janeites are shut up together in a crowded railway waiting-room) they will find each other almost at once and fall into delighted discussion of the minor characteristics of such characters as Henry Tilney and Lady Catherine de Bourgh.

Well, that charade brought some Janeites to light. Here is one letter typical of the breed:

"My heart nearly missed a beat; truly it did, for here, before my very eyes was the same riddle which, in my English past, had caused me, together with other

Janeites, to spend so much unprofitable time trying to come up with an ingenious answer. All to no avail.

"My husband and I came to Australia two years ago. It is many years since I first read 'Emma' — I was only 12 at the time — but its sweet magic still has the power to thrill and enchant me every time I reread it.

"Since living here we have experienced unbelievable kindnesses and friendliness from the Australians we have met, but I must confess to a slight disappointment in not finding a kindred soul who reads, let alone is prepared to discuss, Jane Austen.

"I noticed this particularly last year, which was the 150th anniversary of her death in 1817. I got lots of cuttings on the subject from my English friends, but found not a mention in the Press or on TV here."

Keep looking. The native Australian Janeite is a hardy animal, less numerous than its English counterpart, but no less vocal. It goes round collecting all the Austen bits like the delicious, ridiculous piece from A. G. L'Estrange's "Life of Mary Russell Mitford," in which, in a letter to Sir William Elford in 1815, she says:

"I discovered that our great favorite, Miss Austen, is my countrywoman . . . with whom Mamma, before her marriage, was acquainted.

"Mamma says that she was then the prettiest, silliest, most affected husband-hunting butterfly she ever remembers"; and the strangely rollicking tribute from Rudyard Kipling — about the last person one would suspect, at first glance, of Janeism.

*Jane lies in Winchester, blessed be her shade!
Praise the Lord for making her, and her for all she made.
And while the stones of Winchester—or Milsom Street—remain,
Glory, Love and Honor unto England's Jane!*

The answer is "Woman," that "softener and healer" of man's woe!

AFTER all that, I would like to be able to report that the first person to send me what seems to me a very reasonable solution to the riddle was an Australian Janeite. Alas, no.

It comes from a Queenslander (several Victorian readers later sent me the same answer), who writes:

"Never having been a mad admirer of Jane Austen, I had not previously come across the charade. Nevertheless, I managed to work it out in about three seconds flat — which makes me wonder about the 'literary experts' who 'confessed themselves baffled' for years when approached.

"The answer to the charade must be 'Woman,' thus:
My first doth affliction denote, (WOE)
Which my second is destined to feel; (MAN)
And my whole is the best antidote
That affliction to soften and heal. (WOMAN)

"It's a nice sentiment, isn't it?" my correspondent adds. "I can't wait to get home tonight after a hard day at the office, laden with groceries, all prepared to assume my softening and healing role in alleviating the afflictions of the party of the second part.

"If you still have the name and address of the person who wrote to the English paper, perhaps you could pass it on — although I am sure that he or she must have the answer by now, probably sent in by a non-literary schoolboy."

Curses! I think she's right, you know. Never mind, cheer up. Console yourself by imagining the gently barbed mockery with which Jane Austen would have treated this correspondence, and Janeism itself.

"I could not sit seriously down to write a serious romance under any other motive than to save my life; and if it were indispensable for me to keep it up, and never relax into laughing at myself or at other people, I am sure I should be hanged before I had finished the first chapter," she wrote in reply to the Prince Regent's librarian, who had suggested she should write a historical romance about the House of Coburg and dedicate it to Prince Leopold.

Perhaps this is not the moment to try to convert our solver of the riddle to Jane Austen, but for other Janeites I pass on this tip from a Melbourne reader: "Have you come across two books, published in England in the 1940s, written jointly by Sheila Kaye Smith and G. B. Stern?"

"They are called 'Talking of Jane Austen' and 'More Talk of Jane Austen,' and they analyse the novels in minutest detail — things seen, places visited, food eaten, oh, just about everything!

"Great fun to read, but, strange to say, no mention of this charade or of the equally elusive 'Kitty, a fair but frozen maid' quoted by dear Mr. Woodhouse a few pages further on. Most maddening!"

If you have any Janeites on your Christmas list, this may solve your problem, if the books are still available.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968

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IS
WOMEN'S WEEKLY
DAY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968

HOW'S YOUR GENERAL KNOWLEDGE?

QUESTIONS

1. The United Nations Organisation is a familiar part of life, but can you remember when it was founded — and where?
2. America's Apollo 7 spacecraft recently splashed down safely in the Atlantic after 11 days in space. It was a highly publicised flight, and all three crewmen caught colds in space. Can you give all three of their names?
3. Our descendants may need to know their way about the planets. Which is nearer to the earth, Mars or Neptune?
4. Which is the hottest planet and which the coldest?
5. Altitude was a problem to competitors in the Olympic Games in Mexico. Can you name Mexico's highest mountain?
6. A woman contestant in the Mexico Olympic Games won four gold medals. Do you know who she was?
7. What is a tanzanite? Would you (a) Wear it? (b) Eat it? (c) Talk to it? (d) Travel in it?
8. What arts did these three famous Russians practise? (a) Vasili Kandinsky? (b) Mikhail Glinka? (c) Maria Bashkirtsev?
9. Australia's mineral sands industry is worth \$34 million a year. Can you name at least two of the sand minerals mined round the coast?
10. What is a palindrome? (a) An airfield for small flying craft? (b) An oriental palace? (c) A word or phrase reading the same backwards or forwards? (d) A fenced enclosure?

ANSWERS

1. In 1944, at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference in Washington, U.S.A., between the United States, the United Kingdom, and the Soviet Union.
2. Captain Walter Schirra, Major Don Eisele, and Walter Cunningham.
3. Mars. The nearest Mars gets to earth in the course of its orbit is approximately 35 million miles; the nearest Neptune gets is approximately 2677 million miles.
4. The hottest is Mercury, and the coldest is the farthest-known planet from the sun — Pluto (first plotted on the charts in 1930).
5. Citlaltepetl, 18,700 feet. The one that everyone remembers — Popocatepetl — comes second, 17,887 feet.
6. Czechoslovakian gymnast Vera Caslavská. She changed her name to Odložil in Mexico, when she married team-mate Josef Odložil.
7. Wear it. A tanzanite is a new blue African gemstone, which has been found in Tanzania. It is valued somewhere between aquamarine and sapphire.
8. (a) Painting. Kandinsky, who died in 1944, was co-founder, with the Swiss artist Paul Klee, of the abstract school in Munich, about 1911.
(b) Music. Famous mainly for his operas, Glinka also composed symphonies, songs, and orchestral suites.
(c) Both painting and literature. She exhibited paintings in the Paris Salon in the 1880s, but is chiefly remembered today for her "Journal" and "Letters" (correspondence with Guy de Maupassant).
9. Main ones are rutile, zircon, ilmenite, monazite. They are found in several areas of New South Wales and Queensland and in Western Australia. Sand minerals are Australia's fourth most valuable mineral export, after the silver-lead-zinc group, coal, and iron.
10. A word or phrase that reads the same backwards or forwards. An example is "madam."

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Such as \$2.45 for matching Driftwood Cologne which you can afford to splash on lavishly after your bath.

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They'll give you a wonderful new feeling of good grooming. Isn't that a lot to gain for so little cost?

Driftwood



BLOW-UP (above), a seating series designed by young Swede Stephan Gip, is for people who enjoy living on Cloud Nine. Sofa (above) is made from smooth vinyl plastic 1-64th inch thick, inflated with a vacuum cleaner can be used in or out of doors, even on the water.

AT HOME IN THE SPACE AGE

● There was a time when a chair knew exactly where it stood, and that was squarely on its own four legs. Not any more. Today's chairs are just as likely to be deflated, rolled up, and stored away in a cupboard.

For Scandinavia watchers who are wondering whether the design successes of the 'fifties and 'sixties are going to carry over into the 'seventies and 'eighties, the answer from the younger crop of Scandinavian designers is a very decided "yes."

The new generation is going above and beyond the functionalism of its elders, free to absorb the best of the old and move on with their own ideas, which at times can involve some pretty fanciful experimenting with shapes and colors.

What do the old-guard designers think of these flights of fancy of the young?

Occasionally you will meet one who says: "They don't listen to us any more." But most of them are happy to see the traditions they started being continued with such verve and imagination. The feeling is that experiments are good—they keep everyone on their toes.

Continued overleaf



HINGED OCTAGON (above) is Stephan Gip's double-decker concept of total furniture—for sitting, sleeping, eating, or relaxing, with or without friends. It reminds one of a modern-style gazebo or the weightless interior of a space capsule.



CUBBY-HOUSE in fibreglass (above), a Stephan Gip design for youngsters, is the kind of hideaway any child would welcome. Launching pad can be inside the house or out among the trees.



EXPERIMENT IN SEATING by Finland's Antti Nurmesniemi—a seat shape (top) moulded to the contours of the reclining body, and circular stools from hard plastic with fabric-covered soft cushion tops.



ROCKING-CHAIR in fibreglass by Eero Arnio for the Asko Co. of Finland looks like a giant jelly-bean, is light, comfortable, and comes in vivid beautiful colors, tomato-red, sun-yellow, blue, and bitter green.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 27, 1968

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Page 41



THIS IS A HOME

Castle or cottage, it is at the centre of most of our lives. The visible sign of family. And the strength of our way of life requires the continuation of 'family' more than any other single thing. So the home must be dressed in the best. Not necessarily the most expensive. But the best. Especially in fabrics. And a good example is sheets. The finest are Bradmill.

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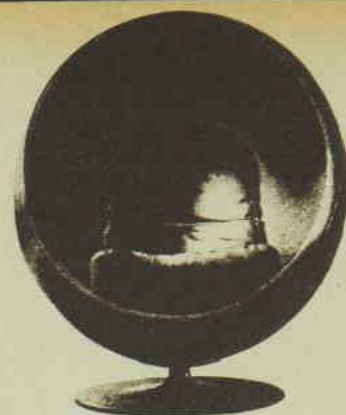


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GLOBE CHAIR
by Eero Arnio

AT HOME IN THE SPACE AGE

... continued

One of the first things you notice is a new enthusiasm for color.

Scandinavians have always loved glowing, vivid colors, but in the past have kept them mainly for accents.

Now they permeate the whole scene, with an uncanny flair for choosing exactly the right tint, tone, or shade to suit the material being used.

Say it's red, then just any old red isn't good enough. It must be the only possible version of red, ranging from strawberry to ochre, that will bring out the basic beauty of the wood, plastic, or glass.

In the furniture department of Denmark's biggest department store, Magasin du Nord, beds, tables, chests of drawers, bookshelves, and chairs are stained vividly red, green, or blue with the grain showing clearly through.

At Gustavsberg, in Sweden, hard plastic in rich, bright colors takes on a new dimension that's a million miles away from the anaemic pastel pinks and insipid pale greens we have been used to.

Shapes, too, are surprising, often unpredictable, with strong emphasis on the curve.

Everywhere you see eggs — wooden eggs, ceramic eggs, the super souvenir brass or jewelled egg based on the super ellipse (a combination of a rectangle and a circle), the shape chosen for Stockholm's new city development.

Why the egg? Why not, it's a complete and perfect curving shape — and everything starts from the egg.

A gimmick, perhaps, but one that has opened up a whole new line of thought.

Young designers

Excited by the possibilities of the circle in fibreglass, Finland's Eero Arnio created the Globe chair last year and Princess Grace of Monaco rushed to buy.

Set on a swivelling pedestal base, it's an enveloping womblike ball of fibreglass with an opening at one side lined with cushions, where you can hide away when you feel like turning your back on the world.

For 1968, Arnio has designed the Pastilli. It looks like an overgrown jelly bean, is actually an ultra-modern rocking chair. Contoured to the body, it is surprisingly comfortable once you are in it.

According to young Swedish designer Stephan Gip, most people like to move part of themselves most of the time; the confinement of a standard chair weighs heavily upon him.

Partly to counteract this restriction and partly to shock people into an awareness of the unlimited shape possibilities in furniture, he designed the double-decker octagon shown on page 43.

Made from hinged wood covered with plastic laminate, it stands 57 in. high.

Another design of Mr. Gip's which allows movement in plenty is a white plastic bubble couch. Squashy and beautiful, it is equally at home indoors or out.

On the move

In Denmark, Nanna Ditzel uses the semicircle, the square, and the rectangle in comfortable mix-and-match polyether floor furniture upholstered in banlon jersey which unzips for cleaning.

At the Danish Furniture Fair 1968, Bard Henriksen showed an interesting series of casual furniture made from chipboard coated with beautiful colors, leaf-green and lime, tomato with white and black.

Big circles cut out of the chipboard squares give the furniture the lightness and grace which is typical of Danish design.

Even in the less fanciful furniture styles there's plenty of action and an informality that suits today's mood.

Upholstery is no longer a fixed quantity. Arm and back cushions in fabric or leather fold over a wooden frame and clip firmly in place. They can be taken off for summer living or just because you feel like a change.

A Norwegian version of the campaign chair in steel and leather has legs which adjust automatically to uneven floor surfaces.

Worth noting, too, is the new furniture for children.

In wood, it is joined in the same way as the cardboard furniture in children's cutting-out books. Fibreglass models are in the simple shapes you see in blocks.

It's light enough for kids to move easily, turn upside down if they feel like it, sturdy enough to stand on to see out of windows, reach up to shelves and washbasins.

At the magazine "Mobilia," in Denmark, they showed me a young designer's experiments with the shape of a newspaper. He thinks a concertina-style would be easier to manoeuvre in crowded buses and trains.

The flow of ideas is limitless, bound only by the imagination of the designers, which in all the Scandinavian countries is encouraged to range far and wide.

—Margaret Macnamara

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THE STORY OF "MARKS AND SPENCER'S"

KENNETH HARRIS interviews LORD SIEFF (pictured)

● Each week 12 million people in Britain shop in a Marks and Spencer's store. Last year they spent the equivalent of about 600 million Australian dollars, and Marks and Spencer made a profit of \$A.43,000,000. In this article the firm's president, Lord Sieff, previously the chairman and managing-director, tells the fascinating story of the firm's growth from the time when Michael Marks peddled pins and needles in Yorkshire in the 1880s. Now 79, Lord Sieff has been a vital moulding force within the organisation ever since the day 42 years ago that his great friend and brother-in-law Simon Marks (Michael's son) set up a desk for him next to his own. Both idealists, they created together the great British chain of stores that is Marks and Spencer today. No cross word ever passed between them.

KENNETH HARRIS: How did you get involved in Marks and Spencer?

Lord Sieff: Through meeting Simon Marks, the late Lord Marks, as a boy in Manchester.

I went to the Manchester Grammar School. I first met Simon Marks there.

Our friendship lasted from 1901 to 1964, when he died — 63 years. We got very fond of each other. I called for him every single day to go to school.

I had met his sister, who was to become my wife. (And he married my sister, you know.)

I had met the sister I married walking down the street with her two sisters, and I ran on in front to see what she looked like, because she had lovely shaped legs. I saw a rather pretty little girl.

The following week I met her at a party and we clicked, like that. I was 12 and she was 11.

Simon and I were in the same form. We used to think and feel alike about the same things. Do you know, we used to do our homework independently — a point of honor — but we used to make the same mistakes?

One day when we were in the Sixth, I left my homework at home. The master said, "All right, Sieff, I'll mark you the same as Marks."

As young men, we wrote to each other. Those letters showed you two young minds unprepared for life but having tremendous ideals.

Harris: Where did the ideals come from?

Sieff: The parents. The ideals were part of our up-

bringing. I know in my own case, after my *bar mitzvah* (which corresponds to confirmation in the Christian church), when I came home from Synagogue, in my little silk hat and Eton suit, long trousers, my father took me into his library and said:

"Look, Israel, there are two things you must remember all your life.

"And that is that God gives to him who gives, and that the man who transforms a miserable wretch into a contented mind merits a place on the right-hand side of God.

"Remember those two things and you will never want and you will never be unhappy."

"Romantic"

Simon's father used to go every weekend to the Working Man's Club and dole out sovereigns to the people in want. So both of us had some kind of an idea that our parents would regard it as following their lead if we were kind and gentle and considerate and compassionate.

All through our lives, particularly our business lives, these ideas were the motive forces.

Harris: I know you were born in Britain, Lord Sieff. Where did your parents come from?

Sieff: From Lithuania. But they didn't meet until they were both living here — grown-up.

It was quite a romantic marriage. My father was walking along a street in Manchester, where he had settled, and he saw a young woman looking out of the window of a house.

He knocked at the door and asked to see the master

of the house. The master came. He was a rabbi.

My father said, "I'd like to see your daughter."

The man went back in and came to the door again with his two daughters, but my father said at once, looking from one to the other, "That's not the young lady."

"Ah, then you must mean the friend of my daughters who is staying here." So the friend of the daughters was brought down, and within a fortnight my father married her.

She lived to be 86. Two months before she died she told me, "Israel, I must tell you, I didn't really love your father when I married him. It was an escape. I wanted to be independent. So I married your father."

"I didn't love him, but after you were born I came to love him very much."

And then she said, "I think that's quite a good way of getting married!"

Harris: What was he doing at that time in Manchester?

Sieff: He had been called up for military service in Lithuania, then part of Russia—we are talking about the 1880s—and he wasn't going to bear arms for a country that allowed the persecution of the Jews.

He got out of Lithuania by hiding in a corn wagon owned by his grandfather, a miller.

At the frontier the guards shoved their bayonets into several of the sacks—my father never forgot that.

Like thousands of others, he bought a ticket to New York.

But, like many others, he was swindled, and the ticket took him only to Hull.

The nearest big Jewish community was in Manchester. By sheer coincidence



and good fortune he got out of the train right into the arms of somebody who knew him in Lithuania, who took him to the house of the master tailor for whom he was working.

The wife of the tailor fainted on the spot when she saw him, because she had been a cook in my grandmother's house.

After she recovered, she showed him over the house and said, "You can have anything you want here. Your mother was so good to me."

A big room in the cellar was covered with heaps of cloth cuttings.

My father had once been in the raw-material business. He sorted out the wool from the cotton, bagged the scraps, and sold them as waste. That's how his business started.

He became a very big dealer in wool and cotton waste, and was worth half a million when he died, value of the business excluded. But that's how it all started, when he was 26.

He was a lovable being, yet tremendously shy of demonstrating affection, even to my mother.

He disliked the strangeness of being away from home even for a short while. He ate food cooked other than by my mother with a nervousness and anxiety, as if he expected a strange animal to pop out.

He was an orthodox Jew, whereas my mother was an agnostic.

She, too, had escaped from Lithuania, because her mother, a widow, had married a man whom she didn't like, so she ran away to Waterford, in Ireland — because she had an uncle there who was the rabbi. She was of strong character.

She used to advise her daughters not to get married.

She objected to the lack of freedom in society — she was in opposition to convention, orthodoxy, ostentation, synagogue-going, and so on.

Harris: Who founded Marks and Spencer, and when?

Sieff: Marks and Spencer was founded by Simon's father, Michael Marks, and a man called Thomas Spencer in 1894. But the original firm, Marks, had been established by Marks a few years before that.

Michael Marks escaped from what was then Russian Poland, in the early 1880s, just as my father did, and for the same reason, and settled in Leeds.

He was 19 or 20.

Buttons, pins

He decided to earn his living as a pedlar, walking from village to village in the Yorkshire dale with his buttons, pins, needles, darning wool, stockings, etc., in a knapsack on his back. He did well.

The real incomes of industrial Britain — of the workers — were rising, and you couldn't have chosen a better time for selling cheap essential domestic goods of this kind.

But more people were leaving the villages for the towns and this was the era which saw the development of the shop, permanent, in one place, in the town, soon to become the era of the chain of shops.

The way Michael Marks started is very interesting, I think. A man called Isaac Dewhurst — a very good man, who was a wholesale merchant who sold to pedlars — financed Michael to the tune

of £5. Dewhurst's cashier was Tom Spencer.

When Michael had peddled his way to a degree of success, seeing the trend, he took a stall in Leeds market — a trestle table and so on.

What distinguished his stall from others was his idea of arranging the goods according to price and having one section of his table labelled — "Don't ask the price — it's a penny."

This went down well. From the stall at Leeds Market, he went to stalls in other markets — as far south as Cardiff — which led to the development of a chain of bazaars — the Penny Bazaars — where the public could look around and buy or not buy as they wished.

Michael Marks had five Penny Bazaars by 1890, 40 by 1903. In 1894, Michael decided to form a limited company. He put up £450, Tom Spencer put up £300. Michael was 31, Spencer 42. Spencer died young — 53, in 1905. But Michael died even younger — 44, in 1907. His son, Simon, was only 19.

Harris: How and when did you come into the business?

Sieff: In 1915. And I came in, really, in the first place to help Simon and his family retain control of the business in a time of crisis.

Michael left a very prosperous and expanding business when he died. From 1908 to 1914 the running of the business wasn't being done by the family — the only period when it wasn't — and there was a great deal of acrimony on the board.

To strengthen the position of the Marks family, I, a friend, a businessman of some experience, married to

Continued on page 47



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THE STORY OF MARKS AND SPENCER'S

Continued from page 45

Simon's sister, he having married my sister, was elected to the board, with another man. Simon became chairman, at the age of 28, soon after.

I ought to tell you, by the way, that by the end of the war Simon's and my ideas on business had become influenced by Chaim Weizmann.

He educated us in what you might call the scientific, technological, empirical attitude to life; and this very much influenced our business policy.

And he gave us a great deal of practical advice. He was teaching us the importance of the future of man-made fibres, for instance, when these things meant little or nothing to many people.

In 1926, I moved to London to become a full-time member of the board, leaving my own business in Manchester. It was like this.

In 1924, Simon went to the United States. He had the feeling that Marks and Spencer had to have a new general forward-looking plan. He studied a number of chainstores in the United States, but was particularly impressed by Woolworths.

He came back imbued with the idea of making Marks and Spencer into a chain of "super stores" on the American model.

He was very struck by the 5-cent and 10-cent store, so he wanted a graduated price structure from a base of 6d., up to a ceiling of 5/-, in English money.

He also now believed that you had to tell the manufacturers what you wanted, and what you wouldn't take. You would be telling them, in a way, what to produce.

You were eliminating the wholesaler, which the wholesaler didn't care for, naturally.

Simon came back also with a great sense of how his father's moral attitude to business could be translated into modern management — relations between employer and employee — so that everybody would profit. Also, he came back with the idea that the application of more responsibility toward the quality of goods supplied to the public was not merely ethically desirable but commercially profitable — the public soon saw who gave them value for money.

"Unhappy"

At the time Simon had got back with his vision of a new Marks and Spencer, I was coming down for board meetings about once a month. I came down one Friday night, stayed with him in his flat, as usual, and at once felt he was unhappy.

Though I was up in Manchester, in my father's business, and doing very well, and Simon was in London, we were very, very close to each other, as we had been as young men, and children.

On the Saturday, in the afternoon, I said to him, "Simon, there's something wrong, you must tell me." "Oh," he said, "there's nothing wrong."

But I'd had a sleepless night, and on the Saturday

I had a sleepless night, and on the Sunday morning I said to him, "Simon, I must know the truth. What is the matter?"

So, suddenly, he burst out, "The truth is I can't — I don't want to — carry on very much longer — I can't; I've nobody to talk to." And he mentioned names of his executives who obviously didn't satisfy his longing for having somebody right next to him who would discuss the problems of the business as he saw them.

"Oh," I said, "that's all right. Who's in the office next to you?" So he told me the name of the man. I said, "Well, I shall be here a week tomorrow, to join you for a year — so you'll have somebody to talk to for a year, at any rate."

On the impulse, purely on the impulse, because I hated to see him worried. (Impulse has played a tremendous part in my life, all for the good.)

"Yes," he said, "but I can't pay you what you're earning in Manchester."

I said, "You won't have to

retail in the United Kingdom.

Mainly, we used my knowledge of textiles to try to educate the manufacturers to supply us not with what it suited them to produce, but with what we knew the public wanted and deserved to have for their money.

Many resisted it—wouldn't have it. At the moment we do a business of nearly £12 million with a certain firm—I mustn't give you the name, but it's a big business, isn't it?

When I first went to see their chairman in 1926, to ask if they would supply us with what we wanted, I was asked to leave the office.

This happened on the first two occasions, but being a persistent fellow I went a third time and put my case.

He said to me: "I can't do business with bazaars."

I said: "We may be what you call a bazaar today, but ten years from now we shall be a big store."

"Well," he said, "we don't want to take the risk; all our present customers would



● Israel Sieff (now Lord Sieff) and his wife, Rebecca. They married in 1910. She died in 1966.

pay me anything, I'm coming free. I've enough money. I don't want to get paid from your firm: I can do quite well enough out of mine." And down I came the following week.

Now, I had this advantage: I knew a great deal about textiles because of my father's business, and a knowledge of textiles was a very useful addition to the Marks and Spencer business, and from then we developed our textiles, year after year.

Harris: What were your own contributions to the solution of Simon's problems?

Sieff: First, to support Simon on the board. Being there I was able to help him with his first problem, which was finance. That year, 1926, Marks and Spencer became a public company—Spencer's original £300 investment, by the way, was now worth £150,000.

Simon, after his American experiences, had seen that his stores couldn't go on supplying the jumble of goods and ranges it had in the past, and must market few goods and concentrate very much on textiles. Today, you know, Marks and Spencer retails a tenth of all textiles

object, and we should lose their business."

The head of his production department had heard what I was saying to his boss and followed me down the corridor.

He said: "You mean to tell me, Mr. Sieff, that you can give me an order for a thousand dozen of men's half-hose a week?" I said: "Yes."

"And you'd need only three colors?" "Yes," I said, "only three colors."

"My God," he said, "I wish I could get that business. I could cut down the cost tremendously. I could make a bigger profit."

As we walked along I could see his mind furiously working. Just as I was about to go through the door, he said: "Wait a minute. I'm going to do the business with you; we'll have to arrange it so that the chairman only gets to know a little later on when it's been successful."

In the course of the next year we were giving that firm tremendous regular business each week, on which they were doing so well that the price for a thousand dozen a week dropped from 1/11 per sock to 1/- selling price.

In other words I bought it for 9d as against 1/3 or 1/4. The production head was delighted.

While he was wondering when he would break the news to him, the chairman got a letter from a customer in Tunbridge Wells, saying, "Marks and Spencer are retailing your goods in their store at the price you are wholesaling them to me!"

The chairman was furious. "What does this mean?"

"Well," said the production manager, "I thought we needed the business." "You're sacked!" said the chairman.

Silver urn

The production manager telephoned me to say what had happened. So I immediately went to see his chairman, and I said, "I want you to look at this problem sensibly; you've made more money out of the four thousand dozen you're supplying to us than you would have made in the whole year from the piddling way in which you have been doing business."

"You've got a customer who will give you continuity of production, which will again bring your costs of production down. I know that you want new machinery, which you'll shortly now be able to afford to buy, where again you'll bring down your cost of production, and make a greater profit, and so it will be a blessed run of events for all concerned."

He said, "I don't know. You'll have to wait until I see what my accountant says."

But I could see he was beginning to see the light. Eventually he decided to reinstate his production manager and to supply us.

Nine years later they sent us an enormous silver urn to commemorate the fact that we had done a million pounds' worth of business with them that year. At 1935 prices, not 1968 prices.

Thus we managed to persuade the manufacturers by acts — it's no good talking.

Harris: Manufacturers must have been a bit wary of you, coming along and telling them how to run their business?

Sieff: Oh, yes, there was prejudice against us in the beginning. Lots of the manufacturers used to come in at the back doors of our offices in case they were seen — they might have been blackballed by the Wholesalers' Association just because they were supplying Marks and Spencer, or, rather, because in return for large orders we were expecting them to cut their prices, so that we could sell them cheaper to the public.

What showed them that the future was with us was that the most difficult industrial period of the country between the wars, 1929 to 1932, when unemployment was three million, was the period, relatively, of our fastest development.

For the first time in history the public was being offered goods which even in their misery and wretchedness they could afford.

Someone once said to me, "You've taken envy out of the poorer classes. They can buy an article which looks

Continued on page 53

This is Super Biodorant. We created it for people who perspire a lot.

It works.



Helena Rubinstein's Super Biodorant is a super anti-perspirant.

It helps check super perspiration. From over-worry, over-work, over anything. (Proved effective in 105-degree heat.)

Super Biodorant is also a super deodorant. It keeps you sweet. And confident. All day.

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Helena Rubinstein

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in living colours
(pink, yellow, aqua,
lilac and white)
at your
supermarket.

Sorbent—new



added softness, same safe strength.



Make it in
TOOTAL
ROBIA VOILE
and come out on top!



Simplicity's
sassy little mini
length tent dress is
more so in Tootal
Hailspot Robia Voile.

The colours Tootal
chooses are fresh and
soft and beautiful. And
you'll be pleased to know
Tootal Robia doesn't go
limp like some voiles do.

Just to make sure,
check the name on the
selvedge before you
buy. The pattern is
Simplicity 7585.



TOOTAL
girls always come out on top!

'Ham' and 'corn'

★ Who's been fooling with the footlights? Our Australian in Leeds, Yorkshire, reports that City Council buses there were displaying advertisements for a local drama production. The wording was simple: "The Electricity Players present 'Gaslight'."

And how about this appropriate placard seen by our Australian in Leeds. In the window of a building due for demolition was a large notice which read: "S. Ruben, Chiropodist, has removed to the Corn Exchange."

A NEW FEATURE From The Australian Women's Weekly 25 YEARS AGO...

● NOVEMBER 27, 1943: The Duke of Gloucester was appointed Australia's new Governor-General... Our "excellent" film reviewed was "Shadow of a Doubt," a psychological thriller directed by Alfred Hitchcock and starring Joseph Cotten and Teresa Wright... The skirt of our Fashion Pattern "Florida-style" swimsuit was about the length of many 1968 mini-skirts... A Christmas pudding recipe used no sugar... And there was a mock sago plum pudding for sago-less cooks to make... Women were exhorted to "Grow Your Own Vegetables" ("Help Your Country, Benefit Your Health, Save Money")... A packet of 20 popular cigarettes cost 2/2... A cake of bathsoap was 10/6... A large tube of toothpaste cost 1/4... Maureen O'Hara ("a talented young Irish actress") was making war-bond tours and working at the Hollywood Canteen... At Toora Vale, near Berri, on the Murray River, in South Australia, Land Girls were dehydrating 15,000lb. of potatoes each day for troops' use.

AUTHOR SOLVES CASE OF 'MURDERED' STEAKS!



● Author Geoff De Fraga with two "loves"—his cat and his barbecue.

Of mice— and mice

★ "It has been estimated that one zealous and dynamic pair of mice can father, or mother, a colony of 4,000,000 descendants in 18 months, assuming that all their offspring are born in equal ratio of males and females, and all live, mature, and breed. Moral: Don't buy a pair of mice and leave them locked up in your house while you go away for an 18-month holiday!" — An expert talking about pets in a BBC broadcast.

■ Two of Canberra journalist Geoff De Fraga's greatest interests in life are siamese cats and barbecues. This is why they play such important parts in his first crime story, "Murder at the Cookout," published by Cassell Crime.

His siamese pet, Quong (playing herself), opens the story:

"Only two pairs of eyes saw the beginning of the Dutchman's paroxysm. Both stared. Sapphire eyes. Brown eyes..."

The sapphire eyes belong to Quong, the hero's sepia-masked sealpoint siamese, who witnesses the murder victim's death throes.

She also finds the grisly evidence that conclusively

proves it was murder, and eventually unmask the killer.

Her disdainful presence, in fact, is felt on every page—as she calls at the top of her voice, or sits like a haughty dowager, or simply purrs in helicopter decibels.

But, then, it was easy for the writer to bring her to life. His hobby is breeding siamese cats.

He is, he says, "like an addict with his drug." He can't live without them!

● A change

His second great interest sets the scene of the crime: A Sunday morning cookout in Canberra.

Readers will find it a refreshing change from more familiar whodunit settings; like an English manor house or a back alley in New York.

The dialogue, too, has an Australian flavor, which sometimes brings a touch of

light relief to a dramatic scene.

Take the Indonesian guest, for instance: "Many young Indonesians who have had the privilege of studying here come back home full of praise for everything in your country—except its barbecues. My young nephew has his own word for them—'Barbarics'."

And even in the midst of murder, barbecue enthusiast Geoff De Fraga passes on a helpful hint through his journalist hero.

He demonstrates how not to burn steak, by sprinkling the flames with cold water. Hot smoke takes the flames' place.

For a final culinary touch, the hero gives flavor to the entire rack of meat by dousing the embers with a branch of green eucalyptus.

A word of warning: A grilled steak turns out to be the murder "weapon!"



● The Bowcock family and the Humpyette.

NOW THEY'RE SITTING PRETTY!

■ What is the Humpyette? It's a strawberry-picking machine which the Bowcock family, of Tolga, North Queensland, have developed to make their work less tedious.

Though the berries are still picked by hand, the pickers sit in comparative comfort, and the aching back is no longer a worry.

The Humpyette didn't just happen overnight. Mr. Geoff Bowcock had ideas of building a strawberry-picker for quite some time.

He and his family have been growing and selling the fruit now for nearly nine years, and during that time

he and the two now-teenage Bowcock boys, Graham and Butch, spent quite a lot of their spare time playing round with various contraptions, none of which worked satisfactorily.

However, this year they tried a motor-mower engine, linked with parts from an old milk separator, and came up with a machine that did the job.

The Humpyette's wheels are wide enough to run along either side of two rows of strawberries, and there are seats for two pickers.

It is set in motion by pulling a cord which is attached

to the engine—and, since the pickers' hands are usually fully occupied with the bushes below, the problem of controlling the Humpyette has been solved by attaching a looped cord to the driver's big toe!

Mrs. Estelle Bowcock made one big contribution—the name.

The Bowcocks had already built a small stall beside the road, so they could sell strawberries to travellers, and she had called this "the Humpy."

"So," she said, "it seemed only natural that the new arrival should become the Humpyette."

COMPACT

'Cut-out' for art life

IT was during Education Week last year that Mrs. Jack Ulrick, of Grafton, N.S.W., decided to turn her hand to painting. She had attended an art display by students at the local high school, and impressed by a geometric abstract she tried to duplicate it.

"It could scarcely be called a success," Mrs. Ulrick said. "In fact, it was a mess."

A few days later, thumbing through *The Australian Women's Weekly*, Mrs. Ulrick had an idea. Why not "paint" by pasting on colored paper shapes?

"It's amazing just how many colors I found in one edition of the *Weekly*," she said. "I began by using triangles and squares of plain-colored paper, then graduated to

more mottled designs — spots, stripes, even complete photographs.

"My first design came to rather an unfortunate end," Mrs. Ulrick said, smiling. "I was quite pleased with the finished picture, and in an attempt to preserve it I coated the entire thing with clear lacquer. Every scrap of color was stripped off. I was left with only newsprint and pale grey paper!" (Now Mrs. Ulrick uses glass in the frames.)

Concentrating on abstract designs, Mrs. Ulrick has already completed six pictures and a large fire screen. Her proudest moment was when the Grafton District Services' Club decided to hang two of her paintings in their modern clubrooms.

● Mrs. Ulrick and one of her paintings in a Grafton, N.S.W., club.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968



Colorarmor

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Brownbuilt colorarmor



This Christmas, say everything you want to say with a wonderful gift from Prouds. There's no nicer way

Illustrated left to right: Royal Copenhagen contemporary tea pot \$17.50; Crystal Ice bucket with tongs \$10; Wedgwood "Pennine" Cup, saucer and plate set: Plate \$1.25, Cup and Saucer \$2.45; Swiss Looping alarm clock \$8.50; Lladro porcelain figurine \$10; Venetian glass vase \$3; Oroton evening bag \$25.95; German stainless steel bar set \$13.50; Swedish crystal birds \$2 each; "Spectator" 8 x 30 binoculars \$19; Sheffield steak knives with Staghorn handles: Set of 6 \$14; German travel alarm clock \$3.25; Sterling silver butter knife, cream spoon & sugar spoon set in rose pattern \$15.15; Royal Copenhagen collectors set \$6; Royal Copenhagen Christmas plate \$7.



Prouds

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL JEWELLER

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THE STORY OF MARKS AND SPENCER'S

Continued from page 47

almost like that which a duchess can buy, and it makes them feel they're more on an equal footing. That is the real revolution."

But, you see, it was also very profitable for us. All through those bad years when other firms were making losses, even failing, Marks and Spencer was expanding.

By the mid-1930s we were operating in every town of any size in Britain. By 1939 we had 234 stores and a total staff of 18,000.

We had a staff of men who were expert enough to tell the supplier what goods we wanted and how to produce them, and also how to improve their labor relations. Could and did. We felt very strongly about this.

Harris: This must have made you unpopular in some quarters?

Sieff: It did. But whereas after World War I most of our supplies came from abroad, by World War II they were coming from British manufacturers. This was noted and appreciated.

We had to build up a technological force which was able to work with the manufacturer from the standpoint of raw material. You see, the secret little known to people is that the difference between the price of a finished article made from poor raw material and good raw material is very small indeed, because the cost is mainly labor. So we

looked for the best raw material.

Harris: What about your internal relations?

Sieff: We'd always felt we must treat people as well as we possibly could. In 1936 we set up a welfare department. We have advanced systems of pensions, medical care, dining-rooms, and so on: 85 percent of the staff of Marks and Spencer use our dining-rooms, as opposed to a national average of 40 percent.

One day, very early on, Simon and I talked to a girl at the counter in the store, warning her she'd be late for lunch. She said, "I won't be having any lunch." "Oh," said Simon. "Why not?" She said, "I can't afford it."

That was the day the idea of a cheap hot lunch in a staff dining-room began. Simon and I sat up talking about it that night.

We used to sit up together for hours, almost every night, exchanging ideas. Could we do this? Should we do that? Could we afford this? That?

The general aim of our policy toward our staff was always to try to persuade them by what we did for them, and not by what we said about them; that we valued them, and to try to get them to value us. We've always tried to show we trusted our employees.

Simon, by 1956, had become convinced that if we trusted our people more we could cut the paper work. So we started a system of

much shorter summaries of sales and allowed salesgirls to help themselves to stock as and when required, without any form-filling.

And we abolished the time-clock. It was a popular move, and punctuality, never bad, actually improved.

We also decided to trust

And, of course, we pay wages above the minimum. We get on well with the unions. We have social and recreational centres. We have an annual salary review.

Simon was devoted to business, but not because he was acquisitive about money or ambitions for power, publicity, or social recognition.

He was a saint in his way. Also, there was never a cross word between us in

In my own case, money is there in order that it may be of use to man, to the orphan, to the widow, to the old, to the infirm child.

We always used to say our business should be based on the well-being of society.

That basis, of course, is highly profitable, as I've pointed out.

Harris: How far is the success of Marks and Spencer due to the application of principles and ideas which are specifically Jewish?

Sieff: I think the principles we have applied, moral, scientific, and technical, are not exclusively Jewish. They are common to the experience of all men who love their neighbor.

Harris: Why do so many Jews make a success of business?

Sieff: It's a big question. I don't know that I can answer it. Wealth and charity go together for them.

I think there was nothing very special about the attitude of the Jews toward charity before the Romans finally conquered the Jews of Israel, or Judea as it was then, in A.D. 135. But they came quickly to know that in captivity, and under tyranny, one man depended utterly upon his neighbor—this Jew upon the next Jew—and that no man knew when his turn would come to be in need, for shelter, for food, or for money to save his life.

Charity, nationhood, and survival went together.

The Romans deliberately broke them up as a people, scattered them all over

Europe and Asia Minor. The lesson was even more important. The Jew in France was conscious of the Jew who lived in Italy or Spain and of their relationship in an international network in which charity, justice, and survival intertwined.

The European economy began to move from barter to commercial trading and require a system of international banking.

Jewish agents flourished all over Europe. Jewish families accumulated funds large enough for kings to borrow from, to finance wars, and bail out empires.

Because they were confined to ghettos the Jews were unable to expand into property, industry, or land, but could only hold and deploy capital in the shape of money. Renegade Jews who ignored the tenets of their faith turned to usury.

Harris: But is there an essential difference between the attitude of a Jew and a Gentile to making money?

Sieff: No, I do not think there is. Neither possesses a great acquisitive instinct as part of his racial inheritance. It is impossible to say that the Jew is more or less charitable than the Gentile.

Harris: What above all has life taught you?

Sieff: That men may make money and make millions of their fellow men materially happier, healthier, and freer, and in the process the society in which they live and work and prosper may move a tiny step forward to the gates of Zion.



● Simon Marks (left) and Israel Sieff as young men. They were close friends.

the employees receiving new stock to see what was there, and put it into stock. This alone saved 200,000 documents a week.

And we trusted other people's employees.

The policy of more trust in employees enabled us to throw out 26 million pieces of paper a year. We saved pounds and pounds, were far more efficient, profits increased, and our salesgirls—all our employees—began to blossom out.

nearly 40 years of intimate business association.

Harris: How far do men like you succeed because they have a highly developed acquisitive instinct—they want to make money, more money?

Sieff: I can't even imagine, let alone give you the name of, a business which succeeded because the man running it simply wanted to make money. You make money only if you enjoy the means of making it.

The Germ-Killer Squad.



Nine-five.
We had a call.
Family attacked by GERMS.
We grabbed our weapons.
Raced out.
Sirens screamed a swathe
through uptown traffic.
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Germs everywhere.
We slammed into action.
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Nice 'n' Spice killed germs
in toilet.
Meadow Mint stopped
infection in cuts,
while Wild Lavender
attended abrasions.

Nine-twelve.
Family safe.
Thanks to us—
New Formula Pine-O-Clean—
the Germ-Killer Squad.

There are a million
germ stories in our city.
This has been one of them.



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Page 54

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968

N217-1167



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Retirement plans

IT seems to be the accepted thing to move to the country or seaside upon reaching retirement age. I cannot see why, at this stage of their lives, people uproot themselves from familiar surroundings and, more important, from friends of long standing, to begin a new life elsewhere. Isn't it more sensible to look forward to spending one's declining years among the persons and places one has known so long?

\$2 to "Melanie" (name supplied), Tottenham, Vic.

Conjugal compliments

MANY women complain that their husbands never compliment them or say "I love you." But how many compliment their husbands? Even undemonstrative men respond to praise and attention. Although it takes some effort, always put your husband first, for, after all, you'll still have him when the children leave home. I've proved it pays. My husband will now help with anything, and gives me more affection and compliments than in our courting days — and I'm not newlywed.

\$2 to E.M.B.S. (name supplied), Mt. Gambier, S.A.

Appeal for guidance

A GREAT mistake, as we now know — my sister was being given a driving lesson by her husband. On reaching the traffic lights, she stalled the car, and, in confusion, switched on the radio. From it a loud voice boomed forth, "Let us pray."

\$2 to Mrs. J. Sander, Bundamba, Qld.

Two-tone tresses

MY daughter had a dark rinse put through her hair, and when her eight-year-old daughter saw it she remarked, "It looks very nice, Mummy, but I think I like it best black and white."

\$2 to Mrs. M. Taylor, Tuggerawang, N.S.W.

Those garden pirates

IF compiling a list of people who annoy me, I would rank garden pirates high. They are the acquaintances who visit on rare occasions, and seem to think your garden is at their disposal. "Isn't that nice?" they coo. "I'll just pinch a little piece. And this one — it's different again, isn't it? I'll just take a little piece." Once I had the task assigned me of accompanying such an acquaintance on a visit to a friend. When the front door closed she helped herself to snippets all the way to the gate.

\$2 to Mrs. A. E. Jensen, Bridport, Tas.

A thought from down below

IT'S an ironic thought that while there is no shortage of money, material, brains, or courage expended in this race through space to get to the moon, the one thing those intrepid space adventurers are really short of is SPACE in their spaceship.

\$2 to "Blastoff" (name supplied), Kenmore, Qld.

PROVERBS OLD AND NEW

MORE proverbs collected from other countries were asked for by Mrs. Baxendale. The Spanish have one which I like: "Visitors always bring pleasure — if not in the coming, then in the going." Then there are lots of good proverbs to suit the times, such as, "Where there's smoke, there's toast," "If at first you don't recede, diet, diet, diet again," and "He who hesitates causes most traffic jams."

\$2 to Mrs. T. V. Turner, Launceston, Tas.

HERE are some of my favorite proverbs: "Little is done where many command" (Dutch). "The father, in praising his son, extols himself" (Chinese). "True love appears in time of need" (Scottish). "Six feet of earth make us all equal" (Italian).

\$2 to Mrs. Irene Macleod, Hornsby, N.S.W.

WRITING to Welsh cousins, I quoted the old Welsh saying "A crow sees its own young white," mentioned many months ago in Letter Box. In return they

sent me a list of old sayings which are still common among the older folk in Wales: "Beginning is two-thirds of any work." "Without care, without anything." "Saving begins in the mouth of the bag," and, to describe someone sulking, "Like a hen under a bucket."

\$2 to Mrs. H. Geddes, Floreat Park, W.A.

I REMARKED to an elderly man standing at his gate how windy it was. He replied, "The wind is lazy — it would rather go through you than around you." Could this be a seldom-heard proverb?

\$2 to Mrs. R. Sargent, Salisbury, Qld.

ONE of my favorites is: "Keep a green bough in your heart, and the singing bird will come" (Chinese). Then there is the Arabian "All mankind is divided into three classes — those that are immovable, those that are movable, and those that move."

\$2 to Mrs. J. P. Nevill, Chatswood, N.S.W.

● Dorothy Drain is on holidays. She will resume writing her verses on her return.

Ross Campbell writes...

UNHAPPY FEET

AUSTRALIANS have vulnerable feet.

I did not know about this weakness until I visited the casualty section of a hospital on a Sunday afternoon.

I had to wait in the waiting-room to see a patient who was having an X-ray.

It was quiet in the waiting-room — quieter than I expected a casualty department to be. Soft music was coming from a hidden loudspeaker.

A man and a woman, aged about 30, were sitting near me. He had a bandage around his left foot.

"Did you cut it with a lawnmower?" said another man.

"No, I did it getting out of a boat. Stood on an oyster shell."

The music played "If You Knew Susie." A humming noise came as a

cheerful Italian approached, slowly swinging a floor-polisher from side to side.

I heard a thump-thump behind me. It was a shapely girl of about 20, in slacks, hopping into the waiting-room. She was accompanied by a young man in shorts. (Nearly all Sunday casualties wear casual clothes.)

A nurse came and looked at the girl's big toe.



"What did you do to it?" she said.

"We were rushing round at a picnic playing a game and I kicked a stone."

It was like that for the next hour — dreamy music and sore feet.

A man carried in a boy with a sprained ankle. A youth limped out with a bandaged instep.

Later I was admitted to an inner region, near the rooms where doctors looked at people.

A little boy was sitting on a

wheelchair while a nurse bandaged his foot.

"There now," she said. "You won't undo that bandage tomorrow, will you?"

"Yes, I will," he said. She shrugged her shoulders.

A dark young man was lying on a trolley while a sister with a Scottish accent took his blood pressure.

"Can I see your spider?" he asked.

"My spider?" she said.

"That one over there," he said, pointing to a table.

She brought him a box containing a funnelweb spider, for display purposes only.

"No, mine wasn't like that," he said. I learned that he had been bitten on the foot by a spider.

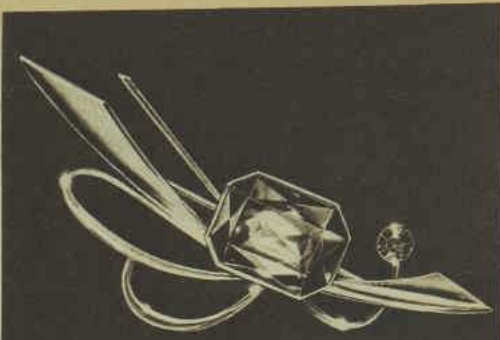
A white-faced girl was wheeled past. She had cut her foot falling through a glass door.

Then calm descended again. Two doctors gazed thoughtfully at X-ray photographs. The floor-polisher hummed.

It was all very different from television shows like "Emergency Ward Ten."

Perhaps I received an inadequate impression of the work of the casualty department.

Or perhaps this Sunday was just a bad day for feet.



"Regency"

An exclusive accessory for the fashion-conscious woman. Opulent jewelled spray of 24 ct gold-finished sterling silver, sparkled with brilliant coloured stones. This exquisite brooch has been designed by craftsmen for the unique collection of Originals by Simpson.

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DRESS SENSE

● The cool summer holiday dress, below, right, is my design choice for a junior reader. The dress is made in checkingham.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"Can I have a pattern for a dress with cutaway armholes and a turtle collar? I am 14 with a 33½ in. bust."

Illustrated below, right, is the design you inquired about. The dress is slightly A-line and features the details you mentioned. The pattern also includes a similar design finished with short raglan sleeves. Under the illustration are how-to-order details.

By BETTY KEEP

"My late-day frock has a matching coat — both are made in a blue-and-silver satin-brocade."

What color should I choose for shoes and handbag, and what type of costume jewellery? I am a married woman of 30."

My choice would be silver kid shoes and matching handbag. Add shimmery stockings and rhinestone earrings.

"I need a simple pattern for a 44 in. bust. The frock is for street-wear and is to be made from 3½ yd. of 36 in. material that looks like gabardine."

Our pattern department has a very attractive one-piece dress in your size. The design is A-line with a front button closing, and front and back yoke with an extended shoulder line. The top of the dress is finished with a bias roll collar, and there are pockets in the side seams. To order, quote Vogue pattern 7203, the price \$1 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"I have some taffeta printed in little flowers and wondered if it would be suitable to make into a skirt for dancing. I am in my mid-teens."

Flower-sprinkled taffeta would make a pretty party skirt. Have the skirt made dirndl-type and finished with a self-material stiffened belt. The belt will really give the skirt a new look.

"Could you please tell me what style of bathing costume a maillot is?"

Maillot is the French word for a one-piece swimsuit.

"I have a red linen shift dress. Please suggest a new color for accessories."

Chocolate-brown is a marvelous color with red — all white is more summery.

"What type of evening coat should I wear over a white crepe dress? I wear the dress with white shoes and carry a white handbag."

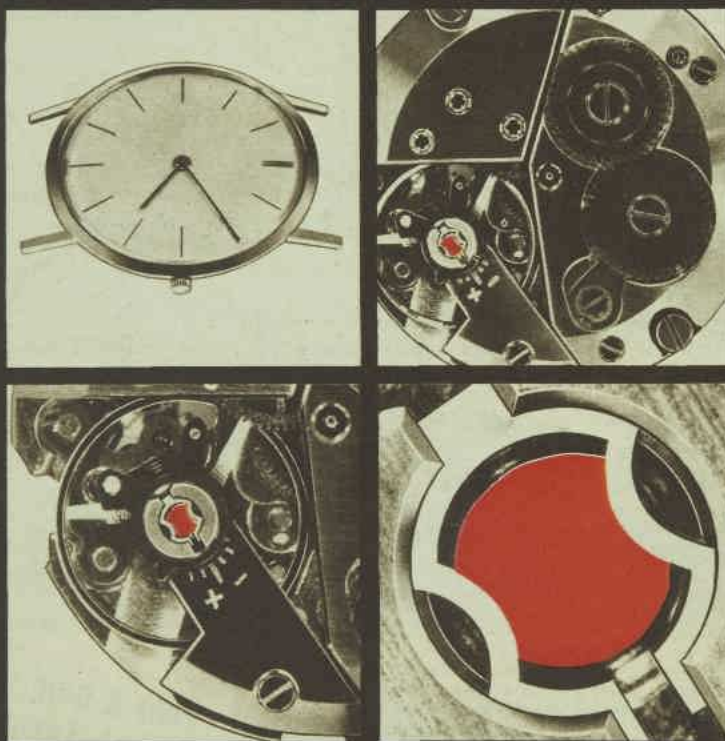
Chocolate-brown is a very new color with all white. If you prefer a light color, my choice would be rose-pink.

"Is it correct for a widow to wear a formal dress at her second wedding?"

It can be formal, but not a formal wedding dress. You can only be a bride once.

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Hints for the home

● These useful household hints from readers will save housewives and mothers time and money. Each hint wins \$2.

TO remove marks caused by hot plates on table-tops of polished cedar, rosewood, and other dark wood: Sprinkle fine salt all over the mark and cover with olive oil. Leave overnight, then clean off. Marks will have disappeared. — A. M. Maher, 16 Appel St., Highgate Hill, Brisbane 4101.

★ ★ ★
When I make my grandchildren's clothes from cotton materials I always make a couple of handkerchiefs from the left-over pieces. As these are washed as much as the garment, they make patches, if the need arises, that are exactly the same color as the garment and not as noticeable as a new patch.—Mrs. Marten, 1 Clifford St., Moonah, Tas. 7009.

★ ★ ★
Prevent cuffs from becoming soiled while cooking, cleaning, etc.: Cut the tops off a pair of men's old socks, and slip them over the wrists.—Mrs. K. Doyle, 8 Taylor St., Greystanes, N.S.W. 2145.

★ ★ ★
A small inexpensive stapler is very useful in the kitchen. It will seal freezer packages and sandwich bags, attach cut-out recipes to filing cards, and can also be used instead of tacks to fix shelf edgings in place.—Anne Marie Tilley, 5 Deepdene Rd., Balwyn, Vic. 3103.

★ ★ ★
Use up leftover pieces of bath soap by letting them harden, then grating on the nutmeg grater and filling into a fancy glass jar. When the children have a bath, they enjoy shaking a little of the multi-colored soap powder into the water and making a lather.—Mrs. G. A. Waller, 54 Giles St., Triggs Island, W.A. 6020.

★ ★ ★
Sew a tiny bow on the front of your little daughter's panties, and a couple of tiny buttons on the front of her shifts and tops. This will enable her quickly to recognise the back from the front, help her to dress herself, and save your time.—Mrs. E. Scozzaffara, 25 Short St., Mt. Isa, Qld. 4825.

★ ★ ★
Two bright matching teatowels will make a laundry bag for a child. Sew the towels together at sides and bottom, hem the top, and thread with a strong cord.—Mrs. Medlen, 5 Woodchester Rd., Nollamara, W.A. 6061.

★ ★ ★
If your budget or lack of space prevents you having a much-needed cupboard in the bathroom, buy instead a hanging cane basket (cost about \$1) and hang it from a curtain hook at shoulder height. It will hold jars, make-up, brushes, combs, etc., and also looks decorative. — Joan L. Gummow, 88 Queen St., Alberton, S.A. 5014.

★ ★ ★
Children's kindergarten pictures, which they bring home to be displayed, can be kept tidy by clipping them to a wire coat-hanger by a spring clothes-peg at each corner. Hang them up

To young women of all ages~



say Happy Christmas with *three flowers**



by Richard Hudnut

behind a door, always putting the latest addition at the top. When the coathanger gets too full, you can remove a few old ones unnoticed from the back.—Mrs. V. L. Schmidt, 54 Muir St., Mt. Waverley, Vic. 3149.

★ ★ ★
To store your paper patterns compactly: Cut clear plastic into strips double the length of your paper-pattern packets and about 12 times the width. Fold plastic in half, lengthwise, and machine about 12 individual packets across the width. Put in two patterns, back to back, then fold up like a fan; patterns are neatly stored and easily found. — Miss M. McNamee, 24 Bulla Rd., Strathmore, Vic. 3041.

Those unwanted table napkins will make a bright breakfast cloth if joined together with a zigzag or other fancy stitch in a contrasting color. No basting is required. Nine napkins make a square cloth of a useful size.—Else Duncan, 2 Talbot Drive, Marryatville, S.A. 5068.

★ ★ ★
Make use of an out-of-date trawmobile by putting your electric sewing-machine on the top shelf and your sewing-box on the lower shelf. You can then wheel the machine to any power point in the house and sew wherever you wish.—Mrs. H. T. Wright, "Glenleigh," South Coresc Mail, Finley, N.S.W. 2713.

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How to Beautify and Nourish the Complexion at Night

A LOVELY, flawless complexion retains its youthful beauty when it is pampered each night with a balanced, vitalizing cream that holds back wrinkles and nourishes and softens the skin to an exquisite texture and bloom, so your complexion looks always young and beautiful.

Massage benefits your skin in many ways, but never more effectively than when you use Ulan vitalizing night cream, which feeds rich oils and moisture into the tissues where your skin is continually being born afresh. Massage gives your complexion a beautiful radiance and tones muscles to bring firmness to facial contours.

Apply the vitalizing night cream generously to your face and neck and follow these massage movements, which have been devised to bring superb smoothness and vitality to your complexion.

Complexion Loveliness



FOR a petal-soft complexion of youth, you must check all signs of wrinkle-dryness of the skin immediately. Wrinkles indicate a lack of natural protective oils calling for urgent complexion nourishment so, nightly before retiring, smooth Ulan vitalizing cream over your face and neck. Massage in well with the fingertips with upward and outward movements, and your skin will soon be restored to youthfully smooth loveliness.

Chin-line Beauty

KEEP your chin-line youthfully firm and supple always, by massaging it nightly with a nourishing night cream. Dot the Ulan vitalizing cream liberally all over the chin and neck. Then, starting at the base of the throat, massage in well with gentle upward and outward movements, using the backs of the hands. You will soon have an attractive feature of beauty.



Smooth Forehead

KEEP your forehead beautifully satin smooth, with a nightly vitalizing creaming. Smooth a generous film of Ulan night cream over your forehead and coax firmly into the skin from brow to hair-line, using the fingers of both hands, first, in an upward direction, then across, from within to without. In this way, any lines will be eased away — promoting a soft trouble-free loveliness.

Eye Beauty

WHEN the delicate tissue surrounding your eyes is kept velvety-soft, all signs of wrinkle-dryness and expression lines are smoothed away. Circle your Ulan vitalizing cream around your eyes with the fingertips and gently press it along the deeper expression lines, allowing the nourishment to soak into the dry lines and promote a milky smooth loveliness.



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More Women Want To Slim

Because a slim figure is a must for latest fashions, many women are now using a new slimming tablet called StataVar. With StataVar, up to 10 lbs. weight can be lost in 17 days. It acts by controlling the appetite, so there is no need to miss meals or go hungry. It also acts as an energiser. Women wanting to lose weight can buy StataVar tablets at the chemist.

NEW YORK LETTER

Three rooms at the top

"GAYLE'S had a bad morning. I'd better go and give her a kiss," said David Hemmings to New York "Times" reporter Judy Klemensrud, who was interviewing him at 10 a.m. in his suite at the Hotel Plaza.

It appears it had been a rough night at the Rainbow Room, but by then he'd got his shoes on and buttoned his shirt into his black pants.

He departed into the bedroom and returned cuddling his fiancée, actress Gayle Hunnicutt. Gayle was wearing a mini-mini see-through white voile dress with horizontal rows of pink poses; no bra.

The Surrey-born star ("Blow-up") sat and sipped a screwdriver with Gayle beside him on the sofa.

He'll be 27 on November 21; Gayle is "25 going on 26."

He married when he was 17, has a son, nine, and daughter, five. He says he controls 14 companies on the London Stock Exchange, owns a piece of nine boxers, has a half-finished novel written, and plans to put on a play in London next year with Gayle as co-star.

"I don't care what people think about us," he said. "We have three rooms in this suite, so let them think what they think. We want to get married. We want to."

American starlet Gayle (she was Raymond Burr's mistress in "P.J.") wears David's ring, a pearl mounted on a crown of diamonds, by Cartier. She has long auburn hair and "Miss America legs."

She says she's not "one of these tough, aggressive actresses" but is "equally happy cooking."

She explained, "I'm a weekend cook. I never use a cook book. When we were living on the boat in Turkey (Hemmings was filming 'Charge of the Light Brigade'), we gave a lot of parties. I really love to entertain."

They'll marry, says David Hemmings, "in the near future."

* * *

Roses and allergies

DRIVING in the country to admire the red and gold of the autumn 80 miles or so out of New York, we stopped to look at the houses at New Paltz. They were built before Australia was settled and are preserved by a historical society.

In one garden a tall, old, single-pink rosebush had a glorious last-of-summer flush. I went up to it and gave a deep sniff to get the scent.

"I'd know you were an Australian doing that," said the American with me. "We just wouldn't. It's dangerous. We've learned that pollen provokes allergic reactions."

He wasn't having me on. He meant it. But I've checked since with other Americans. They say pool; they sniff at flowers as hard as they want — just like Australians.

* * *

Tipping is a way of life

THE grand scale of American tipping invites contumely in many countries where it is deemed "bad form."

This is a pity. Americans are only doing abroad what they do at home. In New York it is routine to tip waitresses, hotel staff, hairdressers, and cab drivers at least 15 percent. Most people tip 20 percent.

For a \$6.50 shampoo-and-set, it's the accepted thing to tip the hairdresser \$1. At a humble drugstore-type restaurant where the food is relatively cheap — hamburger and coffee about \$1 — customers always leave a tip, usually 20c. Even a cup of coffee costing 15c means a 5c tip.

* * *

A home cure for Anna Magnani

ITALIAN actress Anna Magnani has completed "The Secret of Santa Vittoria," Stanley Kramer's film of the Robert Crichton novel, in which she returns to the screen after a long absence.

Surprising Magnani facts: she's aged 60 and only 5ft. 2in. An interviewer in Rome reported her as surveying him with hostile hazel gaze, "looking black as thunder, with circles under her eyes, free-form black hair, and total misery all over her pale olive face."

She explained in a deathlike croak that she had a sore throat. He cured it. As he squatted beside her chair, his trousers split up the back.

Magnani gave a great, head-thrown-back cackle of laughter. When he departed in confusion, she shouted after him in a voice that would carry clear round the Seven Hills and back again, "Get those pants fixed before you go out with any ladies!"

By KAY MELAUN

Grand Guignol, Japanese-style

THE ending of "Madame Butterfly" is a real tear-jerker. Remember it?

American Lieutenant Pinkerton arrives to claim his son, and finds Butterfly, his discarded Japanese wife, crouched in death after suiciding beside the unmindful little boy.

It's guaranteed to make the tears drip every time. But the New York City Opera production has a *Grand Guignol* touch.

Pinkerton touches Butterfly's hunched body, and she crumples. Pinkerton jerks back in horror, and in the same moment the child hands him the little boat he is holding.

Automatically, his eyes fixed on Butterfly's body, Pinkerton takes the boat. As he does, a toy dragon pops out of it at him.

Operagoers gasped.

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Many have become finalists competing for the first prize — a fortnight's holiday for a family of two adults and two children on luxury Castaway Island Resort, Fiji, with \$500 in their pockets to spend.

You still have ample time to submit your entry and qualify as a finalist. There is no limit to the number of entries you can make.

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Employees of White Wings, their advertising agents and their families are not eligible. In case of identical entries, neatness is a deciding factor. Judges' decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into.

A reader's story

A day of happy memories

TODAY has been the 40th anniversary of our wedding, and as I sit by the fire tonight I thought I would relate some of the simple incidents that made it such a happy day for my husband and myself.

As the date drew near I wondered what I could do by way of celebration, as our family have long dispersed, and we are here on a property on our own.

Then I thought of bringing into use some of our treasures that had long since been put away — and that meant quite an effort put into polishing silver that, lying idle, had become dark with tarnish.

My heart warmed to the work as results brought forth the old sparkle, and today I was able to set my table proudly with a tablecloth given us by a loved sister-in-law nearly 30 years ago.

Its texture and coloring are reminiscent of a sulky-rug, which my husband really thought it was at the time. It caused a laugh when he made his query.

Grandfather Brown's 90-year-old ale tankard, "Presented on his leaving England in 1878, by a few friends," as it is inscribed, held the only flowers we had at this time of year.

We used table silver, engraved with my husband's family initials, and my mother's engraved silver sugar basin, and her silver teaspoons with raised fleur-de-lis design.

Out came all the long-stored treasures . . . family silver, historic heirlooms, gifts from friends down the years, making a day of happy remembrances for an elderly couple celebrating their 40th wedding anniversary, just between themselves, on their New South Wales country property.

We just had our usual good food, with our own choice lamb and vegetables, and our own preserves, on which we can always call to grace the end of a meal.

Afternoon took us to the monthly service at our little bush church, and from there we journeyed to have afternoon tea with friends as old as ourselves — both of our husbands in the 80s — taking with us some of our celebration cake to enjoy together. Later, we visited another old couple not in good health.

A double wedding

Home again and by a glowing fire, our evening meal consisted of boiled eggs, planned so that we could use the silver egg-cups given to us as a wedding present, and the tea-strainer of silver in its quaint little stand that had been brought to me on my wedding day quite unexpectedly by a tiny girl, the youngest of a family of nine.

We rejoiced that yesterday's mail had brought a special card from a husband and wife, in another State, who shared our happiness on that day so long ago. We had had a double wedding.

So throughout the day, memories both past and present were with us as we recalled friends of long ago through the association of the gifts they had given us; and tonight we feel at peace with the world, through our Maker, Who has blessed us through the years.



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THE TREE-HOUSE

It sits in the topmost branches of the melaleuca (paper-bark) trees by the old waterhole . . . a paradise for children.

—By ROBYN MORTIMER

● From my kitchen window I can see a small boy swinging, with a blood-curdling scream, from tree to tree; a little blonde head has popped out of a tree-house window 25ft. up; another youngster has flopped into a waterhole; and an assorted group of youngsters and dogs is just disappearing from view among the trees.

The place? Mt. Gravatt, Brisbane.

THIS bushland playground started when 15-year-old senior Scout Keith Cook and his friend Geoff Gould began to scrounge left-over pieces of timber from nearby building sites.

They roped-in Keith's sister, Lesley, next-door neighbor Stephen Mortimer, an eight-year-old daredevil who was used as a guinea-pig (after all, who better to test a rope's strength than a "dispensable little squirt"?), and Stephen's little sister, Jenny, the fetcher and carrier.

Bit by bit the project grew. A bucket pulley was invented to pull up hammer, nails, and odds and ends. (I might add I never saw that bucket again.)

From a mere elevated platform they went on to add safety-rails, walls, and a roof. And because that would only sleep four comfortably (they said) an attic was added, and a patio.

Access to this architectural wonder was gained by climbing a vertical gum tree, but soon this became too, too easy. So into the bush they strode, armed with an axe, and came home with a tree trunk.

Up the trees climbed the human monkeys, and on a series of rope pulleys up, up swung the trunk, spanning the creek, and joining the tree-house with a gum tree on the opposite bank.

As the days became hotter, they were no longer content to sail on the waterhole in leaky old rafts, and they joined the yabbies, eels, and (I've always insisted) the water snakes. What started as accidental dips ("But, Mum, I slipped in, honest!") became a swimming club.

Now there had to be a diving-board-cum-fishing-jetty! Only 3ft. square, but so nice to dangle your legs from.

Then a long piece of timber was lashed to the branches of two tall trees. Strong ropes were tied, and the daring young men on the flying trapeze began to horrify and, in time, to fascinate their parents with Tarzan-like acts.

"Look, Mum, only one hand!"

"Look, Mum, upside down!"

"Look, Mum, watch me crash!"

Then they wanted electric light, and an extension lead was run from neighbor June's laundry. They now had all the comforts of home, including some of our old blankets, tarpaulins, etc. Efforts by the female section to bring in vases and flowers were strongly discouraged.

Of course, other children began to roll up, and we were soon "enjoying" the happy sounds of 30-odd children at play, as well as operating a first-aid post.



● Stephen Mortimer, seven, swings on the "Tarzan" rope, watched by Ross Blair, Jenny Mortimer (overhead), Keith Cook from the tree-house.

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I'm thinking of taking up DRESSMAKING againor WILL I?

This is the question that CATH WORTHINGTON is pondering now that her family is growing up and she has a little more time on her hands. But what about that awful material you're sometimes asked to work on? Or those figures impossible to fit? Yet at other times dressmaking can be a real joy.

ONE of the things that make me hesitate to take up dressmaking again is the memory of a parcel that opened to show two lengths of head-cloth, one in the harshest blue ever invented, the other an equally repulsive pink.

The owner knew exactly what she wanted — gored skirts, long, straight sleeves, high round necks, peter pan collars. Bless her heart, she was delighted with the results, but I had nightmares.

Then there was a woman of generous proportions and vague shape whose vital statistics were something like 48-46-50. She insisted on what she called "an easy fit" and I called Gin. too big all over.

She invariably chose the kind of material that makes one exclaim, "What lovely curtains that would make!" and further confused me by insisting on plackets with 12in. slide-fasteners.

Another oddball was the one who turned up with a length of denim that she hoped would make six pairs of bib-and-brace overalls, three for each of her boys.

Having boys of my own, I'd learned to be pretty cunning about cutting those things, and managed to get eight pairs.

When I told her, she looked at me with wide eyes and said, "Oooh! Aren't you lucky?"

A bit blankly, I looked back and said, "I don't think you understand. YOU'VE got two extra pairs of pants."

"Yes, I know," she answered. "Aren't you lucky?"

I never did work that one out.

There was a bad moment when I found the skirt of a partly made frock stuck together oddly. I pulled the folds apart to find that a cricket had made himself a cosy nest.

Tragedy averted

I can still see it, a silk jersey in a shadowy pink and plum and biscuit pattern, with a couple of 2in. slashes neatly punched through it.

By sheer good luck the skirt was made of a dozen narrow panels, and I was able to wheedle another from the material left over. So one tragedy was averted, but another has awaited every cricket that I've found in my house from that day on.

Then there was a mild, pleasant woman who should have been a delight to sew for, but every time she came for a fitting she brought her four-year-old son.

He had the face of an angel and the heart of a vandal, and always came with a knife, popgun, or bow and arrow.

If I stuck a few pins into that poor woman it was because I daredn't take my eyes off her little darling.

No, perhaps I'd better not start dressmaking again ...

But wait, wait! There were others. There was the deep satisfaction of finishing a dress for Eileen or Myra or Joan.

They were all rather big girls, but so easy to fit, and on them the finished

product looked so good that I always felt a thrill of achievement.

I suppose it was partly because we all shared a preference for good materials in solid colors. From a dressmaker's point of view, patterned fabrics are disappointing. The design seems to get lost.

But Eileen's lime-green silk, with a draped double collar that took more work than the rest of the frock, Myra's grey linen shirtmaker with a little squiggle of white embroidery on a pocket and one side of the collar, Joan's slim creamy colored suit that had, and needed, no trimming beyond her own lovely suntanned face ... ah, yes! They made dressmaking a real joy.

It was a joy to dressmake, too, in a Queensland country town, where I found myself knee-deep in nurses. My introduction to that town was a week in their hospital. Of course, I loved the nurses.

One nurse was in despair because there was no one to make a bridesmaid's frock for her. I told her I'd love to help, but my machine was in Brisbane.

Misses the nurses

The patient in the next bed promptly offered her machine, and by our combined efforts the bridesmaid walked down the aisle on time.

She wore pink watermarked taffeta, full-skirted and puff-sleeved, with a plain, scooped-out neckline designed to show off a sparkling pendant.

She also wore a pretty little headdress, to which I suspect the hospital dispensary may have contributed the cottonwool which puffed out the bands of taffeta I plaited into a coronet.

Later, the bridesmaid brought her fellow nurses to me, and I grew used to fitting frocks while a couple of nurses relaxed on my bed and offered candid comments. I missed them when I left that town. I wonder what became of them all.

I remember an elderly lady who took it for granted that her "best dress" had to be black, until I talked her into trying a soft blue that matched her eyes — and remember her delighted amazement when she looked in the mirror.

I remember a young mother-to-be admiring her first maternity frock while I thought, "You poor kid; You're going to get so TIRED of that before it's over!"

There was a Scots girl whose name I've forgotten, but whose soft, purring voice I can still hear, telling me that she'd brought that lovely smoky-brown tweed all the way from home.

And my favorite junior customers, small twin girls in cream woollen coats lined with blue or in the tartan skirts I made to go with the red pullovers their mother knitted.

And one particular debutante frock, a froth of white organdie, with organdie roses, centred with little pearls, rambling over one shoulder and down the skirt ...

Oh dear! I'm afraid I've talked myself into it. I will start dressmaking again, after all.



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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

EVERY WEEK



CONTRAST YOKE (above). Glamor sweater with loads of male appeal has a small (easy) Fair Isle pattern on the yoke. Directions overleaf also give an alternative yarn so you can keep the pattern and knit it for everyday wear later on without the glitter.



NO-SLEEVE SKIVVY (left). Girl follows boy in presenting the polo-neck sweater as an outstanding evening fashion. It's knitted in a neat rib with a dash of crochet to outline all edges. How-to-make directions for 32, 34, and 36in. bust measurements begin overleaf.

BRIGHT-AND-SHINING CHRISTMAS KNITS

● A quartet of glittering designs to give at Christmastime for parties the whole year through. The two jackets on this page have handbags to match. Directions are overleaf.



CARDIGAN CULT (above). The 'thirties look has swept the cardigan back to the top of the fashion pops. This one, in crochet, has a slashing V-neck, set in sleeves, and an envelope bag to match. Crochet directions begin on page 68.

RIBBON STRIPES (left). Again the cardigan, this time buttoning through to a crew-neck, to slip over bare little dresses when the nights turn cool. Ribbon stripes trim the yoke and dolly bag. Directions on page 69 are for three sizes.



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CHRISTMAS KNITS . . . continued

NO-SLEEVE SKIVVY

Color picture page 66

Materials: 9 (10, 12) balls Patons Venus or 7 (8, 9) balls Patons Bluebell; small quantity contrast color for crochet edges; 1 pair No. 9, 1 set of four Nos. 9 and 11 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 9 Phantom crochet hook; 2 stitch-holders; $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. round elastic for armholes.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ (21 $\frac{1}{2}$, 22) in.

Tension: 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sts. to 2 in.
Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back of loop; ch., chain; d.c. double crochet.

FRONT
Cast on 116 (122, 128) sts.

1st Row: P 2, * k 1 t.b.l., p 2, rep. from * to end.
2nd Row: K 2, * p 1 t.b.l., k 2, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until work measures 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., ending with 2nd row.

Keeping rib correct, shape armholes thus:

Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 98 (104, 110) sts. rem., then on alt. rows until 76 (80, 84) sts. rem., then on foll. 4th rows until 72 (76, 80) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Rib 28 (29, 30), turn. Cont. on these sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in alt. rows 7 times, at same time dec.

1 st. at armhole edge in 2nd row and foll. 4th rows 4 times. 16 (17, 18) sts.

To Shape Shoulder—1st Row: Work to last 8 (8, 9) sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end. Cast off.

Slip next 16 (18, 20) sts. on stitch-holder, join yarn, and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as front until 76 (80, 84) sts. rem.

Dec. 1 st. each end of foll. 4th rows until 66 (70, 74) sts. rem. Work 3 rows.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: Work 2 tog., rib 19 (20, 21), work 2 tog., turn.

Cont. on these sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 4 rows, at same time dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in 4th row. 16 (17, 18) sts.

To Shape Shoulder: Work as front.

Slip next 20 (22, 24) sts. on stitch-holder, join yarn, and work other side to correspond.

POLO COLLAR

Using bk-st., join shoulder seams. With right side facing and set of four No. 11 needles, begin at left shoulder-seam and k up 23 (24, 24) sts. along left side of neck, rib across sts. from front stitch-holder, k up 23

(24, 24) sts. along right side of neck, 7 (7, 8) sts. along right side of back, rib across sts. from back stitch-holder, k up 7 (7, 8) sts. along left side of back. 96 (102, 108) sts.

1st Round: P 2 (1, 2), * k 1 t.b.l., p 2, rep. from * to last 1 (2, 1) sts., k 1 t.b.l., p 0 (1, 0). Rep. 1st round for 2 in.

Change to set of four No. 9 needles and reverse rib.

Next Round: K 2 (1, 2), * p 1 t.b.l., k 2, rep. from * to last 1 (2, 1) sts., p 1 t.b.l., k 0 (1, 0).

Rep. last round for 3 in. Cast off loosely in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With dry cloth and cool iron for Venus or a slightly damp cloth and warm iron for Bluebell, press lightly. Using bk-st., join side seams.

Using main color, work 1 row d.c. round armholes, working over elastic.

Using contrast, work loop edging round edge of collar and lower edge as follows:

Join yarn in single k rib with d.c., * 5 ch., miss 2 p sts., 1 d.c. in next k st. (work d.c. in knitted st. rather than in loop of cast-on edge), rep. from * to end, ending with sl-st. in first d.c. Work same edging round armholes, working d.c. in every 3rd d.c. Press seams.

CONTRAST YOKE

Color picture page 66

Materials: 11 (12, 13) balls main color (m.c.), 3 balls contrast (c.c.) Patons Venus or 8 (9, 10) balls main color (m.c.), 2 balls contrast (c.c.) Patons Bluebell; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 9 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 12 Phantom crochet hook.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 21 (21 $\frac{1}{2}$, 22) in., sleeve, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Tension: 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sts. to 2 in.

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c., contrast; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and m.c., cast on 117 (125, 133) sts. and work in st-st. for 10 in., ending with p row.

Change to No. 8 needles for Fair Isle patt.

1st Row: K 2 m.c., * k 1 c.c., k 3 m.c., rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 1 c.c., k 2 m.c.

2nd Row: P 1 m.c. * p 1 c.c., p 1 m.c., rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: As 1st row. Work 4 rows st-st.

8th Row: P 1 c.c., * p 3 m.c., p 1 c.c., rep. from * to end.

9th Row: K 1 m.c., * k 1 c.c., k 1 m.c., rep. from * to end.

10th Row: As 8th row. Work 4 rows st-st.

These 14 rows form patt. Keeping patt. correct, shape raglan armholes thus:

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 83 (85, 87) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

To Shape Neck—Next Row: K 2 tog., k 34, cast off 11 (13, 15) sts., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. on last 35 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next 6 rows, then foll. alt. rows 3 times, then foll. 4th rows 4 times, at same time dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in alt. rows 14 times. (8 sts.)

Cont. dec. at armhole edge only in alt. rows until 2 sts. rem. P 2 tog. Fasten off.

Join yarns at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

BACK

Work as front to underarm.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 41 (43, 45) sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off.

CARDIGAN CULT

Color picture page 67

Materials: Cardigan—11 (12, 13) balls main color (m.c.), 2 balls contrast (c.c.) Patons Venus. Bag—2 balls main color (m.c.), small quantity contrast; 1 No. 9 Phantom crochet hook; 6 buttons for cardigan; 3 press-studs; lining and interlining material for bag.

Measurements: To fit 33 (35, 37) in. bust; length, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ (21 $\frac{1}{2}$, 22) in.; sleeve, 3 in.

Tension: 5 tr. to lin., 8 rows to 3 in.

Abbreviations: M.c., main color; c.c., contrast; ch.,

chain; tr., treble; y.o.h., yarn over hook; dec., (y.o.h., draw a loop through next st., y.o.h. and draw through first 2 loops on hook) twice, y.o.h. and draw through all 3 loops on hook; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet.

CARDIGAN

(Worked in one piece to underarm.)

Using m.c., make 177 (187, 197) ch. loosely.

1st Row: Miss 3 ch., 1 tr. in each ch. to end, turn. 175 (185, 195) tr., counting first 3 ch. as 1 tr.

2nd Row: 3 ch. to stand for first tr., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 1 tr. in turning ch., turn. Break off m.c.

3rd Row: Using c.c. as 2nd row, break off c.c.

Using m.c., rep. 2nd row until work measures 13 in.

Begin Front Slope Shaping: Dec. once at each end of next and foll. alt. row. 171 (181, 191) tr., counting turning ch.

Work 1 row.

Continued page 70

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 27, 1968

RIBBON STRIPES

Color picture page 65

Materials: Cardigan—18 (19, 21) balls Patons Venus, or 15 (16, 17) balls Patons Bluebell; Bag—3 balls Venus or Bluebell. 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 Milwards Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; 1 No. 10 Phantom crochet hook; 1 stitch-holder; 8 buttons; 4yds. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. nylon ribbon for cardigan, 4yds. for bag; fabric to line bag.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ (21 $\frac{1}{2}$, 22) in.; sleeve, 17in.

Tension: 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sts. to 2in.

Abbreviations: T.b.l., through back of loop; y.fwd., yarn forward; d.c., double crochet.

CARDIGAN LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 57 (61, 65) sts.

1st Row: K 1, * k 1 t.b.l., p 1, rep. from * to last 2 sts, k 1 t.b.l., k 1. **2nd Row:** K 1, * p 1 t.b.l., k 1, rep. from * to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 9 times.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in st-st. until work measures 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from beg., ending p row.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 5 (7, 9) sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in next 9 rows. 43 (45, 47) sts.

Work ribbon holes thus:

1st Row: K 1, * y.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end.

Work 3 rows.

5th Row: As 1st row.

Work 9 rows.

These 14 rows form patt.

Rep. last 14 rows once, then rows 1 to 5 incl. once.

Work 2 rows.

To Shape Neck: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. 1 st. at neck edge in next and alt. rows until 29 (30, 31) sts. rem., at same time working ribbon-holes in 10th row from previous holes and foll. 4th row.

Work 6 rows st-st.

To Shape Shoulders—1st Row: Work to last 10 sts., turn.

2nd Row: Work to end.

3rd Row: Work to last 20 sts., turn. **4th Row:** Work to end. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 115 (123, 131) sts. and work 20 rows in rib as for left front.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in st-st. until work measures 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from beg.

To Shape Armholes: Cast off 5 (7, 9) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of foll. 9 rows. 87 (91, 95) sts.

Cont. in st-st. until armholes measure same as front armholes.

To Shape Shoulders—1st and 2nd Rows: Work to last 10 sts., turn.

3rd and 4th Rows: Work to last 20 sts., turn. **5th Row:** Work to end. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 51 (55, 59) sts. and work 20 rows in rib as for left front.

Change to No. 9 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th and foll. 6th rows until there are 85 (89, 93) sts.

Cont. without shaping until side edge measures 17in.

To Shape Top: Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and alt. rows until 45 sts. rem., then every row until 19 sts. rem. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 11 sts.

1st Row: K 1, (k 1 t.b.l., p 1) 4 times, k 1 t.b.l., k 1.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1 t.b.l., k 1) 5 times



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Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 82 times. Break yarn and leave sts. on stitch-holder.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 11 sts. and work 2 rows in rib as for left front band.

3rd Row: Rib 5, cast off 2 sts., rib 4. **4th Row:** Rib 4, cast on 2 sts., rib 5.

Cont. in rib, working a buttonhole in foll. 23rd and 24th rows 6 times (7 buttonholes).

Work 19 rows. Leave sts. on needle, do not break yarn.

NECKBAND

Using bk-st., join shoulder seams and sew on front bands.

With right side facing and using needle holding right front

band sts., k up 81 (83, 85) sts. evenly round neck, rib across left front band sts. 103 (105, 107) sts.

1st Row: K 1, * p 1 t.b.l., k 1, rep. from * to end.

Work 6 rows in rib, working buttonhole in 3rd and 4th rows.

Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

With dry cloth and cool iron for Venus or slightly damp cloth and warm iron for Bluebell press lightly. Using bk-st., join side and sleeve seams and sew in sleeves.

Thread ribbon through holes on fronts as shown, alternating ribbon in a basket-weave patt. Sew lengths of ribbon firmly at each end.

Sew on buttons. Press seams.

BAG

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 121 sts. and work 14 rows in st-st.

15th Row: K 1, * y.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Work 15 rows.

31st Row: As 15th row. Work 9 rows.

41st Row: As 15th row. Work 3 rows.

45th Row: As 15th row. Rep. last 14 rows twice, then work 5 rows st-st.

To Shape Base—1st Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 13, rep. from * to end.

2nd and Alt. Rows: Purl.

3rd Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 12, rep. from * to end.

5th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 11, rep. from * to end.

Cont. dec. in this manner in alt. rows until 9 sts. rem.

Break yarn, run end through rem. sts., draw up, and fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

With dry cloth and cool iron, press lightly.

Using bk-st., join seam. Turn in top at first row of holes and st-st. before 2nd row of holes.

Thread ribbon through last 6 rows of ribbon holes as for cardigan, catch ends securely.

Cut a circle of cardboard 6in. in diameter, slip into base of bag.

Cut length of lining material 19in. long and 6in. wide and a

Continued on page 70

WOW! spray-on contact cement

Bear Contact Cement in its new aerosol pack makes glueing jobs quicker and simpler. Leaves your hands clean. No mess. No effort because it cuts out spreading. No brush or scraper. You simply spray it on. Very economical, especially on large areas. Ideal when you're sticking plastic laminates to bench and table tops, etc. Makes a strong, permanent bond which resists heat and water. Use it for sticking wood, metal, laminated plastics, lino, glass, leather, rubber, canvas, vinyl and all kinds of tiles. Ask for it at your hardware store or service station.

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Christmas Knits . . . from previous page

RIBBON STRIPES . . . concluded

circle 7in. in diameter. Join short ends of long piece, taking ¼in. seam, and sew to base circle. Turn in ¼in. round top of lining and sew to bag just below top row of holes. If desired, bag may

be interlined with non-woven lining to make it stiffer. Thread ribbon through top row of holes, leaving ends long enough to form drawstring handle. Knot ends tog.

CARDIGAN CULT . . . concluded

To Divide Work — Next Row: 3 ch., miss 1 tr., dec. over next 2 tr., 1 tr. in each of next 33 (34, 37) tr., dec. over next 2 tr., turn.

Cont. working on these sts., dec. at armhole edge in next 6 (6, 8) rows, at same time dec. at front edge in alt. rows 3 (3, 4) times. 27 (28, 28) tr., counting turning ch.

Cont. dec. at front edge only in alt. rows 6 times. 21 (22, 22) tr., counting turning ch.

To Shape Shoulder—Next Row: Sl-st. over first 7 (8, 8) tr., 1 d.c. in each of next 7 tr., 1 tr. in each of rem. tr. and turning ch. Fasten off.

Miss next 8 (11, 10) tr. at armhole edge, join yarn in next tr. and make 3 ch., dec. over next 2 tr., 1 tr. in each of next 74 (76, 82) tr., dec. over next 2 tr., turn.

Cont. on these sts. for back, dec. at each end of next 6 (6, 8) rows. 65 (67, 69) tr., counting turning ch. Work 12 rows.

To Shape Shoulders — Next Row: Sl-st. over first 7 (8, 8) tr., 1 d.c. in each of next 7 tr., 1 tr. in each tr. to last 13 (14, 14) tr. and turning ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 7 tr., sl-st. in next tr. Fasten off.

Miss next 8 (11, 10) tr. at armhole edge, join yarn in next tr. and make 3 ch., dec. over next 2 tr., 1 tr. in each tr. to last tr. and turning ch., dec. over these 2 sts., turn.

Cont. on these sts. to correspond with other front.

SLEEVES

Using m.c., make 53 (55, 58) ch. loosely.

1st Row: Miss 3 ch., 1 tr. in each ch. to end. 51 (53, 56) tr., counting first 3 ch. as 1 tr.

2nd Row: 3 ch. to stand for first tr., 1 tr. in first tr. (inc. worked), 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 2 tr. in turning ch., turn. Break off m.c.

3rd Row: Using c.c., work as 2nd row, break off c.c.

Using m.c., rep. 2nd row 3 times. 61 (63, 66) tr., counting turning ch.

Work 1 row.

To Shape Top — Next Row: Sl-st. over first 4 (5, 5) tr., 3 ch., miss 1 tr., dec. over next 2 tr., 1 tr. in each

tr. to last 5 (6, 6) tr. and turning ch., dec. over next 2 tr., turn.

Dec. at each end of next 15 (15, 16) rows. 21 (21, 22) tr. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

With dry cloth and cool iron, press lightly. Using flat seam, join shoulder and sleeve seams. Using bk-st., sew in sleeves.

With right side facing and using c.c., work 1 row tr. round all edges of cardigan and sleeves, working 1 tr. in each ch. or tr., 2 tr. in side of each row, and 5 tr. in 1 st. at lower corners. Sew buttons on left front, spacing them evenly between lower edge and first front slope dec. Row of c.c. tr. on right front is used for buttonholes, taking buttons through sts.

BAG

Using m.c., make 47 ch. loosely.

1st Row: Miss 3 ch., 1 tr. in each ch. to end, turn. 45 tr., counting first 3 ch. as 1 tr.

2nd Row: 3 ch. to stand for first tr., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 1 tr. in turning ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row until work measures 11in. from beg. Break off m.c. Using c.c., rep. 2nd row once. Fasten off.

GUSSETS (make 2)

Using m.c., make 22 ch. loosely.

1st Row: Miss 3 ch., 1 tr. in each ch. to end, turn.

2nd Row: 3 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. in each of next 10 tr., 1 d.c. in each of next 8 tr., 3 d.c. in loop formed by turning ch., working along other side of foundation ch., work 1 d.c. in each of next 8 ch., 1 tr. in each of last 11 ch. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

With dry cloth and cool iron, press lightly. Cut lining material to fit all pieces of bag, allowing ¼in. turnings on all edges. Sew lining to gussets. Cut non-woven interlining to same size as main piece of bag. Line and interline main piece. Sew gussets to main piece of bag, beginning at ch. edge of bag and placing wider end of gusset to top. Fold bag over so that c.c. stripe comes halfway on bag. Sew on press-studs.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968

no
teething
troubles



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Second Billing

They were both
experienced old
troupers and
their act never
failed to amuse
their audiences

By
**CHARLES
STAMP**



MY Uncle George and Aunt Ida began their show-business partnership as "George and Ida Dixon" shortly after the end of World War II, and, although I was then too young to have an unbiased opinion of their talents, within a few years I readily agreed with the theatre critics who described their comedy-musical act as one of the best in the light-entertainment field.

They travelled a great deal, alternating between the theatre and nightclub circuits, occasionally doing a guest appearance on a national television show, so that I rarely saw them more than once or twice a year. As biased as I was toward them, it was obvious that at each subsequent performance their routines had become faster, funnier, and distinctly more entertaining than previously.

Never the type of act which one can expect to top a variety bill, their place was established just below the name of the star performer . . . usually a pop-singer or top recording group . . . in lettering big enough to read from across the street.

They were known and liked by people of many nationalities in various parts of the world; professionals to the tips of their fingers, ready to deliver their lines in French, German, or Italian without necessarily having any more skill with these languages than was needed to get their act across to their audiences. When they appeared in a country outside the orbit of their language repertoire, they successfully resorted to mime, plus the addition of a few local "hinge" words, losing nothing of their sparkle in the process, building up a reputation which their agent said, ". . . gets them bookings like a dog gets fleas."

On paper their routines look simple. Only when you saw them perform did you fully appreciate the polish of their act. Uncle George played the piano . . . not so you would confuse him with, say, Rubenstein or Liberace, but with enough expertise to back up ten or twelve minutes of comedy in which he portrayed the role of the bored, slightly sozzled, thoroughly mad accompanist to Aunt Ida's eternal coloratura-soprano on the skids and heading for artistic oblivion.

With numerous and skilful variations, their routines followed an original line of concept. As the curtains peeled and their introduction music faded, the audience would find Ida coming on from the wings, superbly gowned to the point of being overdressed, glittering with jewellery at her wrists, neck, and buxom cleavage, a long and diaphanous handkerchief trailing from her fingers that everyone knew was to be tugged upon and twisted as she "gave her all" to her public.

Ida would incline her head to the audience, gracefully accept the bow of the orchestra leader, announce her first offering . . . then turn to the piano and discover that George had not yet arrived on stage.

Seconds later he would stagger on stage, still tucking his shirt-tail into the waistband of his full dress suit, his hair uncombed, and wearing green carpet slippers, obviously too drunk to care what Ida or the audience thought of him, particularly the public, who, if they shared his feelings, would be better off quitting the theatre and heading for the nearest bar. "In the case of fire this theatre can be emptied in ten minutes,"

were his opening words to the audience. "I bet even money you halve the time when she gets going!"

A piano accompanist being rude to both his soloist and her audience was the core of their humor. George abused the people in the best seats, the grand piano, the lighting technicians, Ida, the town where they were appearing . . . and anything else he could lay his raucous voice to.

Yet, somehow, he always managed to win the applause of their audiences, no doubt because people, being made the way we are, will usually enjoy listening to those lone, rude speakers who mock us and our institutions. George and Ida followed this line in their routines for 20 years and proved it to be a highly successful style.

Passing Ida on his way to the piano, he would stop to hand her a noisy slap on her bare back, then announce with great gusto, "Here we go . . . you maddening creature! What's first for the mincing-machine . . . The Refrain From Spitting . . . or Come Into the Garden, Maud, and Don't Be So Particular?"

While the disgusted Ida stood with arms folded, one foot tapping out her irritation, George would stagger across to the piano, his progress more genuine than the audience realised, due to his having lost his right leg during the war when a shell landed near him on the Tobruk perimeter.

He would adjust the stool and pick up a painful splinter in the process. He would arrange his music — two copies of a turf guide and a traffic summons. Then, after much trouble locating his glasses, he would place them on the keyboard and knock down the lid accidentally and shatter the lenses.

At a nod from Aunt Ida he would begin to play, his quivering fingers groping blindly for the right keys, finally establishing a melody, but one which was quite different to that being sung by Ida.

They would argue; Ida accusing him of deliberately trying to ruin her performance, George hitting back at her with lines that would shatter her venom and set the audiences rocking in their seats.

I remember one of their gags clearly:

"Why don't you hit the right keys, you fool!" yells Ida.

"I'm hitting the right keys," retorts George, "but you're singing in the cracks between them."

And this from George, to the audience:

"She sings like a bird . . . and she's got the legs to match. The only way I can get her to come inside the house at night is by holding out a handful of bread-crumbs . . . then she perches on the bedrail all night!"

As the pace of the arguing would increase, so, too, would the number of gags until, finally, they would get together and present a popular show song . . . maybe something from a Rodgers and Hammerstein musical . . . that would soothe the audience and allow them to know what a good voice Ida really had when all fooling was put aside.

It was a calculated move . . . good theatre . . . the proper use of the old musical-clown technique, where he messes around with a saxophone for a while, smoking

To page 70



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it like a pipe, finding a dead rabbit in it, then, when you have almost given up hope of hearing a tune played right through, up he comes with a solo number that lifts you from the benches.

Uncle George and Aunt Ida soothed their public, then engaged in a last piece of slapstick designed to "leave 'em with a smile on their faces."

Immediately the song had ended and the applause had died down, George would slam down the top of the grand, Ida, blazing, would throw him a blistering look and stride off the stage... leaving the back of her gown trapped under the piano lid, dampening the dignity of her

SECOND BILLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

exit with a devastating display of red flannel drawers.

They used a number of endings to their routines, but the torn dress finale was by far the most popular. People all over the world must have seen that particular trade-mark of their act time and time again. They never seemed to tire of it, probably wanting it to happen simply because they came to regard it as the final seal on an act they always enjoyed.

Change the opening, the gags, the music... but leave the finale

with the torn dress alone, seemed to be the general feeling. Charlie Chaplin has played many roles, but to most of his fans he will always be "The Little Tramp." Audiences want Jack Benny to stay "mean," and for Phyllis Diller to always appear as a "mess of a woman." They like Terry-Thomas' gappy-toothed foppishness and Bob Hope's "conceit" about his lady-killing looks.

As they build up a loyalty to a performer so, too, do they expect the artist to remain loyal to his popular image. They liked

to see Ida deflated as the back of her dress was torn away in George's piano, to display her red drawers. In their own way they were enjoying seeing it happen to all the quivering handkerchief twisting coloratura-sopranos who ever inflicted their art on them.

It all ended eight months ago when Uncle George announced their retirement. "We have made a lot of money and had a lot of fun," he said. "Now we are going to spend some of the money in having as much fun as is respectable for a couple of old ex-troupers."

They sat talking to the Press men in their dressing-room of the Royal, a few minutes after the curtain had dropped on their final

performance. Both were still in stage dress, but had removed their make-up.

Without the make-up and the lighting of the stage to iron away facial lines, it always came as something of a surprise to find myself in the company of a couple well beyond middle-age. At the same time, when one became aware of their exuberance for life, their attachment to each other, and the animation in their faces as they talked of the past and their plans for the future, it was easy to accept them as a far from old couple eagerly looking forward to the next phase of their life together.

Six months after their retirement, Uncle George died quietly in his sleep. There was no sudden illness; no warning whatsoever. He had been happily working in the garden of the small cottage they had bought ten years before as their retreat, and had retired to bed early that night saying... "I think I'll have to cut down on matinees."

I saw Aunt Ida at the funeral, but didn't have a chance to talk with her properly until a week later, when I went to visit her at the cottage. I guessed she might be suffering the first hard pangs of loneliness by then.

BUT she was soon talking of her plans for the future, not all to be taken seriously, though: "Sometime next week I'm going to browse around the kennels of the lost dogs' home, and find four green mongrels who'd like to be in my dog act."

"Your joking?"

The blue eyes twinkled. "Dogs are the theatrical must for widows who can't stand the smell of monkeys. Madame Zu-Zu And Her Educated Canines! Can you see that on a billboard?"

I agreed that it had the necessary amount of flair.

"I'll have lots to occupy myself with," she said, refilling my teacup then sinking back into the depths of a big, chintz-covered armchair. "I've never had time to read... not even the newspapers fully. Somehow I never got much further than finding out what the weather forecast was for the next town in which we were due to appear."

She waved a hand at a pile of magazines and dailies stacked on the window-seat. "I've devoured every scrap of print in them. At last I'm a well-informed woman. I know what Prince Philip said last Wednesday. Do you know that a woman in South America has had her third set of twins? Would you like me to remove the beer-glass stains from your marble mantelpiece? It's all in the printed word, my lad."

As she talked in this brave, light-hearted way, I thought a great deal about this gentle, seemingly fragile yet strong, woman facing me. I didn't know her age, but thought she was close to fifty; four years or so younger than Uncle George. On or off-stage she had a lasting beauty, much of it centred in her slenderness, in the darkness of her hair... carrying few traces of grey

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19461

SECOND BILLING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

... and in her beautifully kept hands, so young and expressive in themselves, so able to transmit their vitality to the whole of her being when she let them participate in her actions and conversation.

The sweet, softly spoken woman enclosed by the arm-chair was a very different person to the angry soprano who made her words crackle all the way to the rear of a packed gallery. The stage role she had played for so long had been quite foreign to her nature.

"I'm going to travel a lot when I've caught my second wind."

My surprise must have shown. After years of almost continuous flitting from town to town, country to country, I would have thought she would be content to stay in one place for a lengthy time.

"I know I've been to many places, but we never saw anything that was more than a few blocks away from the theatre or our hotel. I want to browse around the world I never was a part of. I want to see the places where all those people live who used to fill the seats, the expensive seats and the cheap seats. And I want to see some good theatre from the house side of the footlights."

"The top musicals and the best plays?" I suggested. "That's something any house-manager would be glad to arrange for you."

She nodded. "I know they would. We made such a lot of real friends in the business. But mostly I long to see a good ballet performance. We occasionally had an excerpt act in the same show, but it was never enough and there wasn't the same zeal and finesse you find in a leading company. I want to immerse myself... succumb completely to all the wonderful movement and music. You've no idea how I've missed Covent Garden, Paris... seeing Dame Margot, Nureyev."

"I think..." I began. "You think I'm getting old and silly?"

I was about to say I could make arrangements for her to stay in town at my flat and see all the top ballet she desired.

"Come with me," she said suddenly, getting up and reaching for my hand. "I want to show you something. The crazy old coloratura-soprano had other talents."

I went with her into their bedroom, and sat on the edge of the bed while she brought a stout cardboard box from the bottom of the wardrobe. Slipping off a thick rubber-band securing the lid, she opened the box and searched through a stack of large, glossy photographs of the type called stills, normally used for theatrical publicity purposes.

"Know who that is?" she asked, handing me a photograph.

It showed a girl holding a ballet pose. The girl was in her late teens, perhaps, small breasted and possessed of a waist that looked tiny enough to put a hand around. She was up on her toes, a comfortable but determined look on her finely boned face, one hand touching at the frilling edge of her ruffled skirt, the other arm reaching out gracefully at right-angles to her body.

The hands and the black hair identified her.

"You were very young and beautiful, Aunt Ida," I said.

She took the photograph and allowed her memory to roll back the years. "I was nineteen... and as light as a sponge-finger. For heaven's sake, will you just look at the size of me now! Here's another one."

This time she was performing a pirouette. A young man supported her and, in the background, slightly out of focus, three more girls held another typical pose.

"What happened to all the starry-eyed dreams of the young ballerina?" I asked. "Did she succumb to double helpings of boarding-house steak and kidney pudding and cripple her male leads?"

She laughed lightly. "She wasn't even halfway along that hardest of all hard roads when the photograph was taken. Ballet took up most of her conscious life and most of her dreams in those days. Honestly, can you ever imagine the soprano with the red drawers once having dedicated herself to the art of ballet? Doesn't it seem ridiculous?"

It did not seem ridiculous to me. Although I had only seen one facet of her ability on the stage, that of the stooge to Uncle George's mad accompanist, I had always felt that there was something about her... her stage presence, her ability to draw your attention, her movements, the way she used her hands... which raised her above the level of being just another handsome woman playing the thin end of a comedy routine.

Somehow she had always retained that essence of beauty and grace which is the mark of the trained classical dancer.

"When did the little ballerina first get her dress caught under the piano lid, Aunt Ida?"

"Not until your Uncle George came home from the war without his leg. For a long time he was very despondent, very unsure of himself. I was the one who suggested the outlines of the

comedy routines, in an attempt to bolster his self-confidence. At first he would have nothing to do with the idea, arguing that he would never agree to me sacrificing a promising ballet career.

"I pleaded, he resisted. We pushed and pulled for months until, at last, he agreed to rehearse the material I had prepared. Our agent got us bookings, at first in those far-away places with strange-sounding names. We polished the act, got better bookings and... we were on our way up."

I looked again at the photographs. "And that was the end of the ballerina. Was Uncle George in show business before he went in the army?"

HER

voice was quietly tinged with pride when she answered my question. "The critics said that he had the greatest potential of any young ballet dancer seen in forty years. Wasn't he a marvellous specimen of a man?"

Only then did I realise who the young man was in the photograph, supporting her pirouette pose. Broad-shouldered, powerfully limbed, Uncle George was a picture of vibrant and healthy youth.

I smiled at the memory of him lurching drunkenly across a stage; he who had once chosen to discipline his fine body to the demands made on it by ballet dancing. The buffoon in tails and green carpet slippers... the clown bringing laughter to thousands... had once worked at building a dream step by step, then awoken in a military hospital to find that the dream was gone for always.

Perhaps it had been hardest of all for young Ida. Her dream had not been destroyed, merely set aside. The dream lived on without being given the chance to blossom into reality. The coloratura-soprano had twisted her handkerchief on the stage while, all through the years, the young ballerina had watched from the wings of indelible memory.

"Have you any regrets?" I asked her.

I think she deliberately misunderstood my question. After all, she had been a professional line twister for twenty years.

"I have just one regret," she answered evenly. "George badly wanted to see Nureyev dance. We were going to book seats to see him when the season commences. George loved the ballet, you know."

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff-Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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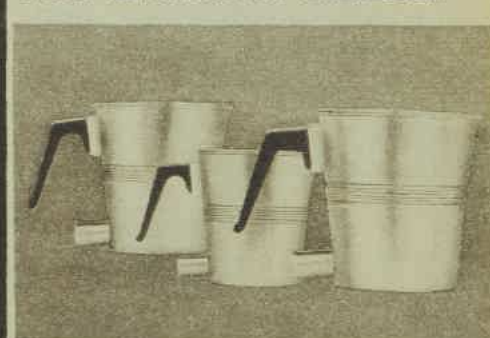
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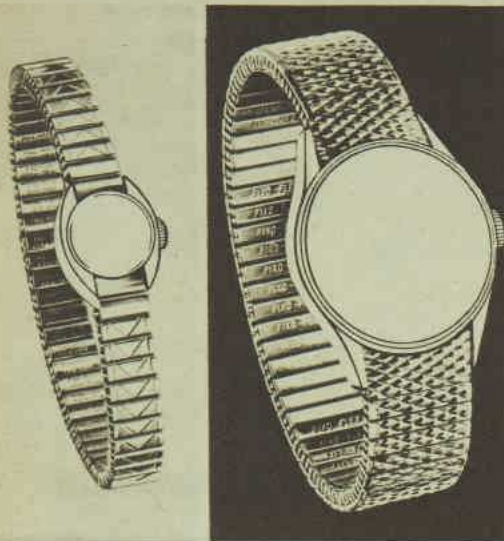


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By MARIE DALE

THE BIG HOUSE



Their new home commanded a wonderful view of the harbor, but in spite of this they selfishly resented intrusion

ISOBEL and Cary Cass sat, as they sometimes did on a mild evening when they were not entertaining, on the porch of their handsome house.

"There goes the Tofua," Isobel said. "And tomorrow we'll have raced her to Apia!"

They watched the lights of the little ship move down the Waitemata, the lamp-lit hills of Auckland shadowy around them.

"The finest view in Auckland!" Cary said, as he had said so frequently in the six months they'd been there.

Irritably, Isobel thought, "Pompous!" but she said nothing. She was a tactful woman to a point. She was also a hard woman. She knew what she wanted and went for it, but as she also knew most things had their price she was, on the whole, prepared to pay for them. Cary was a successful businessman, and if pomposity was one sign of it his steady rise in the world, signified at the moment by the ownership of this house, known locally as The Big House, was another. She must take the bad with the good.

Or some of it. She looked sourly at the glittering view and fidgeted in her chair.

"She was up here again today!" she said irritably.

"Mrs. Nolly?"

"Who else?"

"Stay long?"

"No. I said I had a headache and was going to lie down. She took a bit of getting rid of — wanted to make me a cup of tea! I was scared the old girl'd be here when the Mitchells arrived."

Cars moved solidly across the harbor bridge. The Tofua turned into the channel.

Cary gazed round, repeated, "The finest view in Auckland!" Isobel fidgeted again, and moving his large figure a little he added quickly, "Where every prospect pleases — and only Mrs. Nolly's place is vile!"

"There's nothing wrong with the house!" Isobel said sharply. "It's a delightful little place! And that pretty garden ... But the owner! Sometimes I feel that if she comes up here once more, wearing those fussy clothes and being so damned maty and telling me what the McCoes used to do when they were here — I'll scream!"

"H'm." Cary rubbed his chin, put his business brain to work. "Suppose we try to get the old girl to sell?"

"Sell? To — us?"

"No, no! Can't run to that. Not after buying this place, not yet awhile, anyway. Though it's a decent little property — pretty house, splendid location. If Philip were older, perhaps ..."

"Don't replace Mrs. Nolly with a daughter-in-law at the bottom of the garden, please!"

"No? Well, it's early days for that sort of thing ... Tell you what — Eric and Gerda are in town looking for a nice little place, not too big. Shall I —?"

"Heavens, no! Even if they are your cousins!"

"Perhaps you're right. She's a bit of a bore, isn't she. I had to ask them to call sometime, though."

"Let's hope they come while we're away. Did you tell them we were going?"

"I did mention it, yes."

Another pause.

"About Mrs. N." Cary said. "What say we try to persuade her to take a flat somewhere?"

"That garden is getting beyond her!" Isobel said eagerly.

"Well, next time she comes in —"

"That'll be tomorrow!"

"— put the hard word on her. You never know."

"Oh, Cary!" Isobel hissed suddenly. "She is actually coming up the garden now!"

They sat there, silent. A small elderly woman walked up the gentle slope.

"Oh, hello!" Mrs. Nolly chirped. "Enjoying the peace of the evening?"

Under her voice, Isobel muttered, "We were!" Cary heaved out of his chair and said, "Good evening, Mrs. Nolly. Er — are you going to sit down?"

"Oh, thank you!" Eagerly she came up the steps, sat in a chair between them. "And how is your poor head, Mrs. Cass?"

"A little better, thank you. Not quite gone."

"You know," Mrs. Nolly said, "if only you had let me make you a cup of tea this afternoon —"

"Only rest does it any good," Isobel said quickly. "And quiet."

"Yes, of course. I know that Amy — Amy McCoe — always said —"

"Do the McCoes like it out at Red Beach?" Cary asked.

"Oh, very much! I go out to see them, but it's a long way." She drooped a little and Isobel put in, "I wonder you haven't thought of getting a little place out there yourself, Mrs. Nolly. Near such old friends ..."

"Oh, but I like it here! I've lived here so long. I always —"

"Yes, of course!" Isobel said quickly. Preserve her from Mrs. Nolly's past history! "I just thought —"

"Tell you what!" Cary said, leaning forward and giving his prosperous-executive smile, "what about a nice little flat?"

"A flat?"

"I had an idea, actually, I'd heard you speak of taking a flat?"

"Me?"

"Yes, why not?" Cary was jovial. "No garden to look after! Something central would be the thing. Then you wouldn't be very far from any of your friends. You'd get a packet for your place, now, you know."

She looked at him timidly.

"So they tell me," she said. "An agent came one day and asked me if I'd sell, but —"

"There you are then, Mrs. Nolly! Then you could afford to go anywhere!"

It did cross Isobel's mind to hope any buyer wouldn't be another Mrs. Nolly, but in a flash she realised that however unsuitable new neighbors might be she would see to it that there was no friendly beginning: they would start from cold scratch.

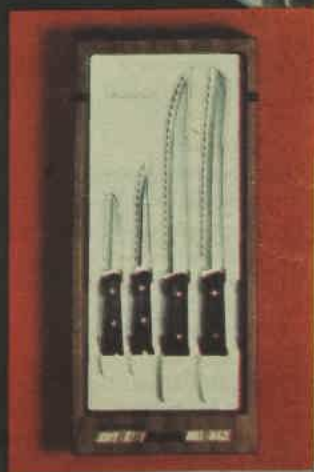
"But I've never thought of leaving!" Mrs. Nolly said. She looked from one to the other, suddenly lost. "I like it here. When you've lived more than half your life —"

"Oh," Isobel said casually, "it's just that I've heard

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THE BIG HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

you say most of your friends have moved away now . . ."

Mrs. Nolly picked at her dress as though her thoughts were far away. Then she looked steadily at Isobel.

"They have, of course . . . Perhaps that's why I — cling to the place . . . It's not as though I can live near my children — Fay in Australia and Dougie moving round so . . . This place is my home . . ."

"Oh, of course," Isobel spoke coldly. "Er — it's a mild evening for May, isn't it?"

They sat unspeaking. An atmosphere of unhappiness formed around them. Cary cleared his throat. Mrs. Nolly seemed about to speak as Isobel broke the silence.

She asked "How is your daughter now?" before she realised she'd possibly cut off a move to leave. Silently, she cursed herself.

"My-daughter?"

"She had a baby, I seem to remember?"

"Oh! My daughter-in-law. Pat. She's very well, thank you."

When silence fell again Isobel let it remain. Mrs. Nolly once again picked nervously at her skirt. She stared across the water as though she saw nothing of the beautiful view which stretched enchantingly before her.

ISOBEL fervently hoped the woman was putting two and two together: that she was looking back at various incidents of the past six months, at the times she had without reason assumed herself welcome, only two willing to remain, however coolly asked when their own friends called.

How she hinted at the drives the McCoes had taken her, the Friday shopping they'd done for her . . .

And, Isobel most devoutly hoped, was she absorbing their hints on moving? Not that they cared whether she went or stayed. Just as long as they didn't have to meet her. It was so unfortunate that she had happened to come in the day Isobel had taken that bad turn.

Taking over for a couple of days had made her feel as free of the house as though it were still the McCoes'. But that was no reason for presuming . . .

And they were in such different age groups! They were such different types of

people, there was simply no compatibility, no common meeting-ground. If only the old girl would decide to sell! And to someone who was someone, if at all possible . . .

The silence was suddenly broken by voices calling through the house.

"Isol! Cary! Anybody home? Or have you flown away to Samoa already?"

"Eric and Gerda!" Isobel hissed. Aloud she called "Come in! Come right through — we're out on the garden porch!"

Isobel and Cary stood up, turned and looked at Mrs. Nolly. Slowly she rose from her chair, looking somewhat pathetic and dejected.

"Well, good night," she said. "I'm glad your head is better, Mrs. Cass. I was wondering how you were after your turn and if there was anything more I could do for you."

She turned to go. "I'm glad I came over . . . and found out, as I have been quite worried about you."

She went carefully down the steps and over the lawn.

In the moment before their guests burst upon them Isobel knew the faintest touch of shame as she watched the old lady walking away toward her own home.

"Must be seventy if she's a day!" Cary said quickly to kill the feeling. "Far better off in a flat even though it means giving up her little home here. But now that her friends have moved away this should not be such a wrench."

And Isobel brushed it off with "Whatever she decides to do, at least we'll be free of her for the next few weeks! And thank goodness for that!"

They were freed of her entirely, however. Matters move quickly in the business world. When they got back Mrs. Nolly's pretty little cottage was razed to the ground under the hands of the demolishers.

The Big House was looking for the last time at the finest view in Auckland.

It was going to be a very small house, indeed, behind the biggest block of flats in the district.

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All characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Ohh, scones, I thought you said we'll have buttered scones."

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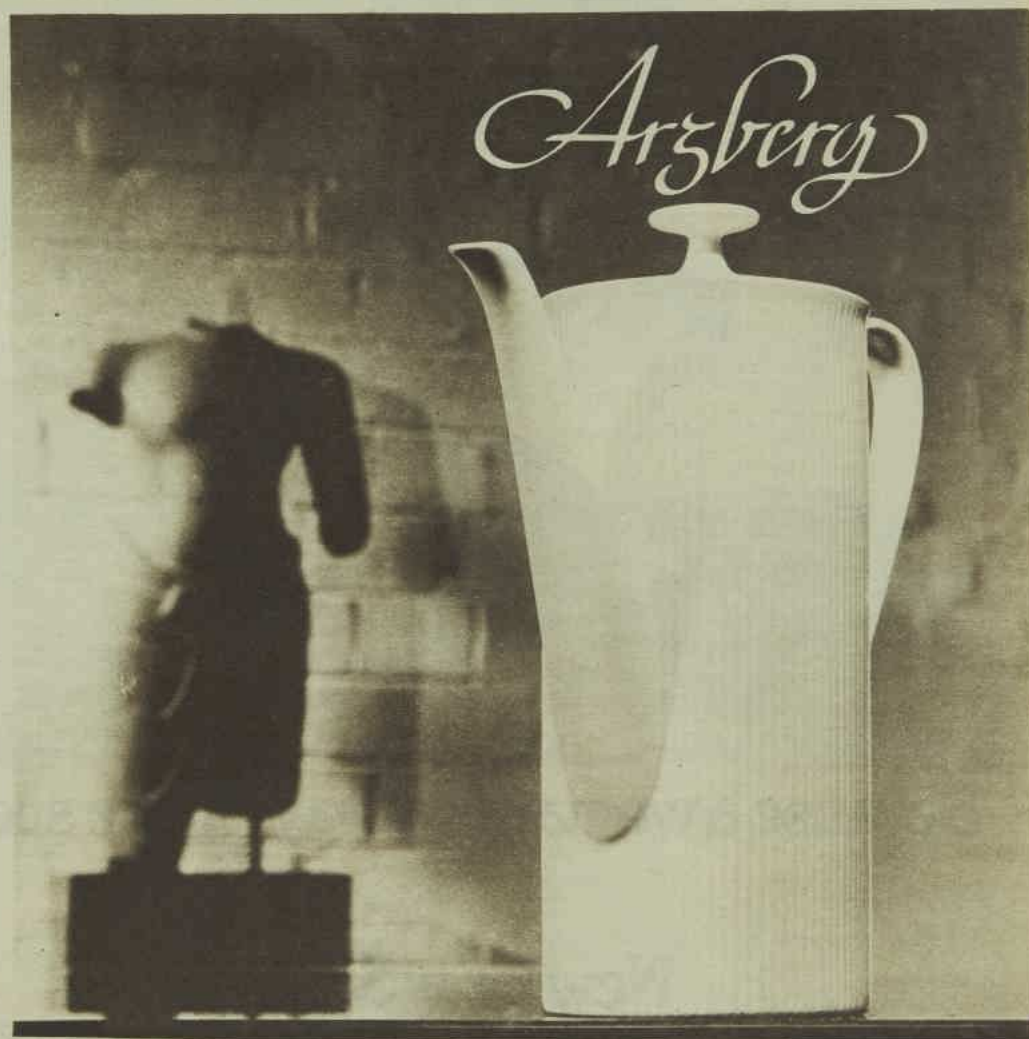
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THE DEAN'S STORY

By FELICITY KENNEDY

THE first-class compartment of the train about to leave Paddington was nearly full. In the far corner seat, the Dean of Farminster settled his coat tails and cast his benign and interested gaze around his fellow travellers. His *vis-a-vis* was a big, severe-looking woman with a high-bridged nose, and an uncompromising mouth, who obviously dominated the frail and weary-looking old man next to her. Her husband or father? mused the Dean to himself.

The other corner seat on the Dean's side was amply filled by

a very portly gentleman, who was audibly grunting his dissatisfaction over the financial news. Facing him was, so the Dean thought, the most attractive of his companions — a woman in her forties with a thin, lively face — she was hatless and some grey showed in the short dark hair, neither curly nor straight, but her eyes were very young in their vivid blueness. "Irish," thought the Dean, but he was quite wrong, for Mrs. James McClennon had been born and bred in Edinburgh.

Just a half a minute before the train was due to leave, the compartment door opened again — the newcomer stood in the centre passageway, as he lifted a briefcase and hat on to the luggage rack. The Dean's alert old eyes looked up at a tall lean figure in a belted raincoat, a brown, rather furrowed face, and narrow faded blue eyes, and labelled it to his own satisfaction, "Ex Navy," and this time he was quite right.

Then his casual roving glance fell on the woman in the corner, and widened with mild curiosity as he saw her sitting bolt upright, the warm color flooding her cheeks, and blue eyes staring in apparent astonishment at the man who was folding his raincoat, and stowing it away on the rack. As the newcomer turned and settled himself in the centre seat between the Dean and the fat man, the venerable gentleman waited with interest for the woman to lean across to speak, but, to his surprise, she hastily bent her head, rummaged in a capacious bag for a book, and immersed herself busily in it.

The train was drawing out of the station to the usual accompaniment of whistles, shouts, and hooting, but the woman's head was bent over her book and she didn't look up to see the last of Paddington's grey platforms. But around her wide mouth, a small, small smile was flickering very faintly.

The Dean leant back in his seat, not a little intrigued, and thinking to himself "There's a story here. I wonder what it is?"

Mrs. James McClennon, ostensibly so immersed in her mystery, was, just then, not with her fellow-travellers at all — nor was she even conscious of the book lying open on her lap.

For her, it was no longer an April afternoon in 1968, but a cold, black night back in November of 1943, when Britain was a country of shrouded darkness and barbed wire and gunfire, and the only brightness was in the searchlights sweeping the sky and the flashes from ack-ack guns up and down the coast.

There was no middle-aged Mrs. McClennon, only twenty-year-old Christy Stewart, who had caught the night train from Newcastle to the South by the skin of her teeth. She was a brand-new commissioned officer in the ATS and off to her new unit as a subaltern, full of excitement, success, and apprehension. The old porter had practically pushed her into a blacked-out first-class compartment as the train's wheels had begun to turn, and as she stood there, blinking in the darkness, she had perceived that all the seats were occupied, and so, awkwardly, had stumbled through toward the corridor impeded by respirator and helmet on her back, as well as her kitbag and small case.

To her dismay, the corridor was impassable — crowded with troops and uniformed figures in all postures, some leaning, some sitting on cases, some on the floor, propped against the walls. As she stood, hesitant, at the compartment door, a woman's voice from the corner seat at her right said,



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THE FINEST APPLIANCES MADE

"I don't think you'll find much space out there—all the troops in Britain seem to be on the move tonight. Perhaps if we pushed the armrest up you could perch on the edge of the seat here."

Christy thanked the speaker—she could see the insignia of some senior officer, glimmering in the shadows, and felt more nervous than ever. The armrest was pushed up, and a man in the next seat stood up and silently took her kitbag and case and lifted them on to the rack—then took her respirator and cap and stowed them away, too. Murmuring her thanks, Christy sat down on the narrow space between her benefactors. The raised armrest, which was hinged in the middle, only allowed her about eight inches to sit on, and forced her spine into erect rigidity, but she was grateful for even such inadequate accommodation.

The train had moved off into the night, and the travellers settled themselves to uncomfortable sleep. Newcastle was left behind and the train rattled through Northumberland and on across the border to Yorkshire.

Christy, apparently the only one awake, sat stiffly, her back aching more with every mile and her longing to sleep becoming impossible to resist, till finally her head began to nod. Three times she jerked herself awake on the point of overbalancing on to the floor, and suddenly, to her horror, she felt tears of weariness and discomfort pricking at her eyes.

Then, suddenly out of the darkness, a long arm encircled her waist and she was pulled firmly away from the dividing armrest and back against the shoulder of the man who had taken her luggage from her. A deep voice, close to her face, said very softly, "This might seem a bit familiar, but you'll end up on the floor if we don't do something about it."

Christy sat rigidly in the encircling arm for a few seconds, and then the relief of being able to relax overcame her surprise and embarrassment and she whispered back, "Oh, thank you—if you are sure it's not too uncomfortable for you?"

"It's perfectly comfortable, thank you," responded the deep voice. "Now what about relaxing and trying to get some sleep?" So, presently, Christy obeyed; sighed, yawned, and fell asleep with her face turned into the unknown uniformed shoulder.

The hours passed and the grey light of dawn began to seep through the blinds, and Christy woke with a jerk as the train halted momentarily at a signal. Sleepily she looked around the carriage.

The other occupants, all in uniform of one or other of the services, were still clinging to the last remnants of sleep. Christy looked down at the navy-blue arm which still held her secure. "Three rings—that makes him a commander," she told herself, dreamily, then a small movement told her that he was awake, too, and she felt he was looking down at her face resting so familiarly against him. Neither spoke nor moved, but presently one of her hands was gently taken in his, and the touch of his hard fingers conveyed a world of security, confidence, and comradeship.

For half an hour or so, in the unreality of dawn, they rested so in relaxed silence, till the daylight grew stronger, and movement and voices from the corridor joined the steady beat of the train, as weary men stretched their cramped limbs. Then the deep voice spoke softly against her face again.

"You have very beautiful

hands," it said. "Are you a musician or an artist or what?" She whispered back, without moving her head to look at him, "I'm nothing—except for being in the ATS. But I can't draw, or play the piano for toffee!" He seemed to laugh a little under his breath. "Well, they're beautiful, anyway—you should look after them always."

Mrs. James McClennon looked down at the folded hands on her lap, long slim hands, brown from days in the garden, but well cared for, with long, pale-polished nails. Once again the little smile curled the corners of her mouth.

Because then it was all over. The train had pulled into a big, grey, deserted station—blinds

sprang up as passengers peered out to see where they were. Christy was lifted—put back to take possession of the whole seat, whilst her companion of the night stood reaching for his baggage, and set a naval cap on his brown head. Then he turned toward her, and for a moment they looked at each other in the cold morning light—dark blue eyes looking gravely up into light blue. He hesitated a moment, then sketching a little salute, he smiled down at her, said softly, "I'll be seeing you!" and was gone.

Mrs. McClennon smiled to herself again at her own folly. Her own little "Brief Encounter"! What a small adventure to have made a big romance of. And yet—

even now, twenty-five years later, she could remember the uncanny feeling of recognition—and, oh, what could you call it—an affinity—understanding? But whatever it was, she could feel it again with the young Christy, who had never forgotten the thin, brown, rather-tired face, which had only broken into youth when he smiled her goodbye.

And now, well, this was April, 1968, and silvery scudding showers were interrupting the bright sunshine which flooded the carriage, as the train drew up at Bath.

The Dean of Farminster, watched with fascinated old eyes, the epilogue to his unknown story.

The tall man was on his feet,

briefcase and hat in hand, looking down at the woman's bent head.

Try as she would to keep her eyes fixed on the unturned pages of her book, the woman raised her head to him, until dark blue eyes met and were held by light blue. Then his eyes dropped momentarily to her hands—the left labelled with broad gold wedding ring and square sapphire.

He smiled at her, a smile half amused, half rueful, but sending the same ridiculous message of familiar and timeless understanding between them.

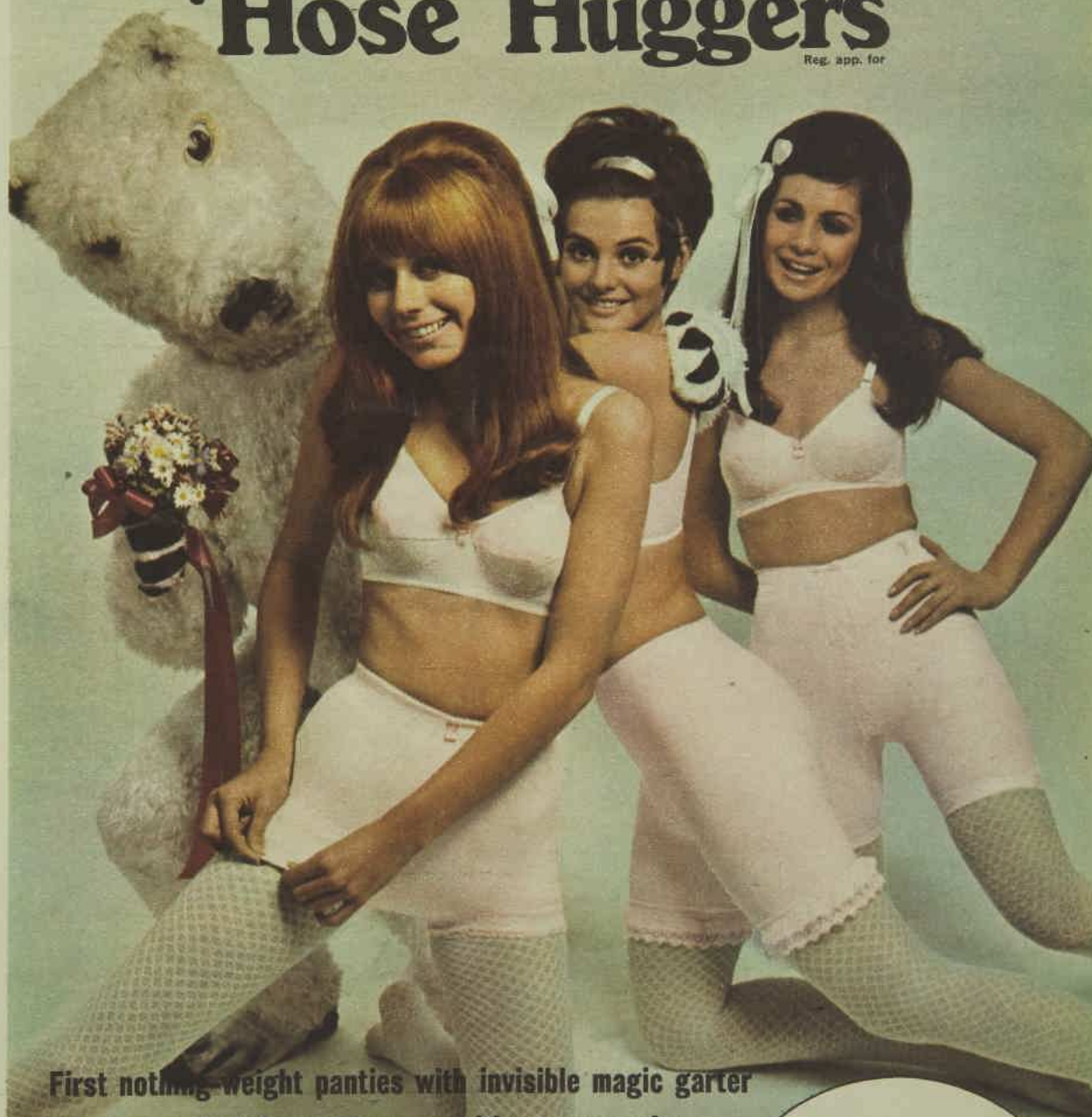
His lips framed the words, "I'll be seeing you!" and he was gone.

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Sunny enclosed courtyard (above) in Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Evans' house at Turramurra, N.S.W., looks through colonnade to pool.

HOUSE
of the
WEEK

Color and space—inside and out



Main bathroom (left), in pink, gold, and white, has arched mirrors and an unusual hand-painted mural. Ceramic-tiled vanity bench has a Greek key border.

Turquoise and white were chosen by daughter Patricia (now Mrs. John Muir) for her bathroom, with its hand-painted bird mural. Adjacent bedroom is in turquoise also.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968



A large copper hood overhangs central hot-plate and cupboard unit in kitchen (left), bright with pumpkin-colored furnishings.

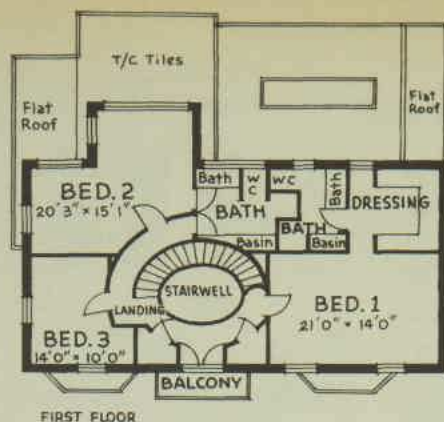
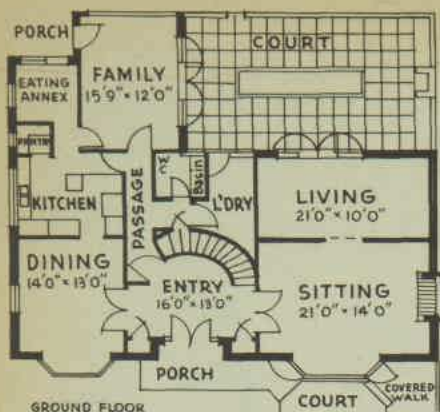


Gold wallpaper in living-room (above) has appearance and texture of watered silk. Cupboards beside mantelpiece display china.

● Each member of the family contributed ideas for Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Evans' new home at Turramurra, N.S.W. Designed by architect Alan Dwyer, the house is spacious, with strong emphasis on color. Story on page 84.



Doors on the upper level are curved round the balcony, following line of the staircase, with its wrought-iron balustrade. Formal dining-room can be seen through doorway. Chaise-longue is covered in red velvet.



COLORFUL garden beds and green shutters complement Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Evans' house at Turramurra, N.S.W.

HOUSE of the WEEK

Continued from page 76

MR. AND MRS. T. M. EVANS' new house at Turramurra, N.S.W., built by Mr. Evans himself, is a reward for the owners' scrupulous attention to precision and detail.

The dominant feature of the Georgian-style house is the white circular staircase, carpeted in red, which gives access to the first-floor bedrooms from the entry.

Rooms on the upper floor are built round the circular balcony, with curved doors to fit the curve of the stairwell.

The floor of the entrance hall, in contrast to the staircase, is of bold black and white checks of marble. Gold wallpaper, imported from Switzerland, covers the walls.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans wanted a bright, colorful, yet elegant house, and the dining-room is a perfect combination of these three. It is decorated in lime and citrus tones, with pumpkin velvet chairs and pumpkin silk drapes. The lined furniture throughout is hand-made and carved locally, and styled in Louis XV and XVI period.

The bright pumpkin color in the dining-room is repeated in the kitchen, which is reached through a sliding door.

Here an enormous copper hood, specially treated to resist tarnishing, acts as a ventilator over the circular cooking unit.

Old-fashioned saloon doors lead into the dinette and large family room, decorated with comfortable, Colonial-style furniture. This room looks out to the courtyard, with its fishpond and tiny fountain (shown in plan above, far left), and through brick archways to the swimming-pool.

The unusual arch effect was Mrs. Evans' idea, to avoid a solid brick wall dividing the two outdoor areas.

The interior decor was designed by Kevin Hambly, with both Mrs. Evans and daughter Pat (now married) adding individual touches — these three searched antique and second-hand stores to find pieces for the house. Pat's bedhead, found covered in cobwebs, was a Balinese wood carving from a pre-war Royal Show stand.

Paintings throughout the house were done by Blake Twigden, a young New Zealander who saw the rooms and then, with colors and furnishings in mind, painted pictures to complement them.

The exterior of the house is of white-painted brick, highlighted by green shutters and a beautiful garden. The flowers are Mrs. Evans' responsibility, while Mr. Evans takes almost a green-keeper's pride in his lawns.

Story: Loraine Brown
Pictures: Ron Berg

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Commencing our new two - part
serial of chilling suspense

By FIELDEN FARRINGTON

A Little Game

It was beyond all understanding that one thirteen-year-old boy should be as terrified of another as Stu obviously was of Robert

THE two boys sat silently side by side in the coach, their pale blue uniforms serving only to emphasise their dissimilarity. Robert Reagan, who sat nearest the window and looked out of it with a sullenness that was clearly habitual, was spare, tall for his years, which were 13, taut, and too adult-looking. Stu Parker sat on the aisle side of the seat, his chubbiness straining his uniform, his round face intent. He was reading a comic-book.

Robert stirred in his seat and Stu looked up at him. "You want a comic-book? I must have about seven hundred."

Robert turned to study Stu. "What would I do with a comic-book?"

"Well, read it."

"Comic-books are for idiots."

Stu shrugged. "So I'm an idiot. I like comic-books." He grinned and settled down to his book once more.

The conductor entered the coach, smiling as though pleased with his passengers. "All tickets," he called. "A-a-all tickets."

Stu said, "If I don't start thinning out pretty soon, like everybody says I'm supposed to, I'm gonna end up looking just like that."

Robert nodded. "And just as stupid, too. Here, give him mine." He handed Stu his ticket.

The conductor came at length to the boys' seat and Stu handed him the two tickets. He said, "Well, now you two must be from Hastings Military Academy. Right?"

Stu nodded. "Yes, sir."

"Good school. I always heard it was a good school." He punched the tickets and stuffed them into a side pocket of his uniform coat. "You on your way home for the holidays?"

"Yes, sir. Well," Stu amended, "Bob here's on his way home. I'm just going with him to visit. I mean, I'm not going to my house."

"Too far, I expect."

"Well, see, my mother's in Florida for this winter, and she figured, you know, what's the sense in me going all the way down there for Christmas. So Bob here asked me to his house."

"That's nice." The conductor beamed at Robert, who looked back at him as if at something alien.

"Sure beats staying at the Academy," Stu said. "All by myself except for a bunch of droopy teachers."

The conductor grinned. "Pretty droopy bunch up there, are they?"

"You can say that again! We got this guy teaches American history . . ."

"Stu!" Robert made the single syllable incisive enough to silence Stu at once. "Don't keep the man here talking all day. He has work to do."

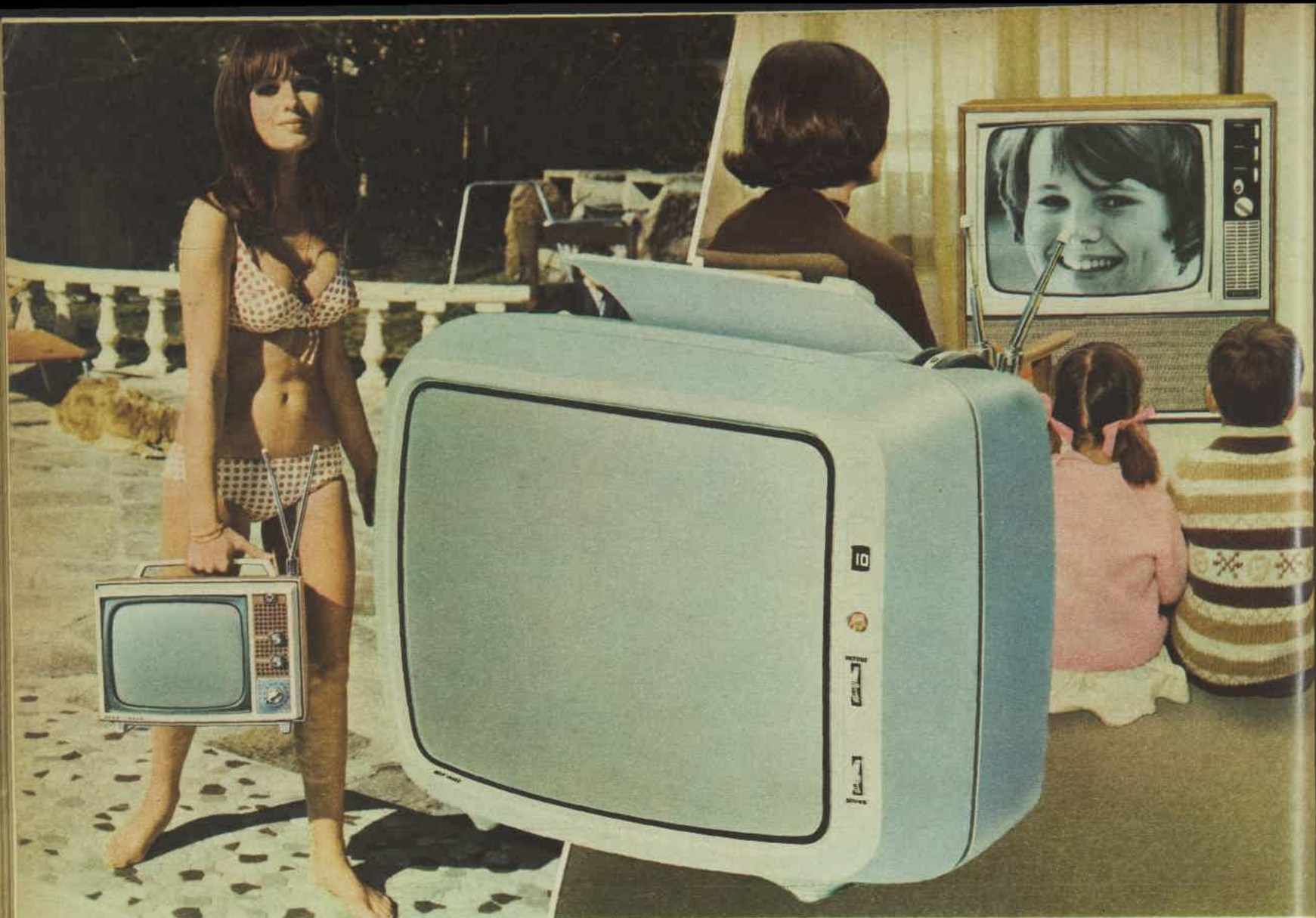
"Oh. Excuse me," Stu said.

The conductor studied the two of them for a moment and moved on.

"Won't you ever learn to keep your big mouth shut?" Robert asked Stu quietly.

To page 83





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bedroom



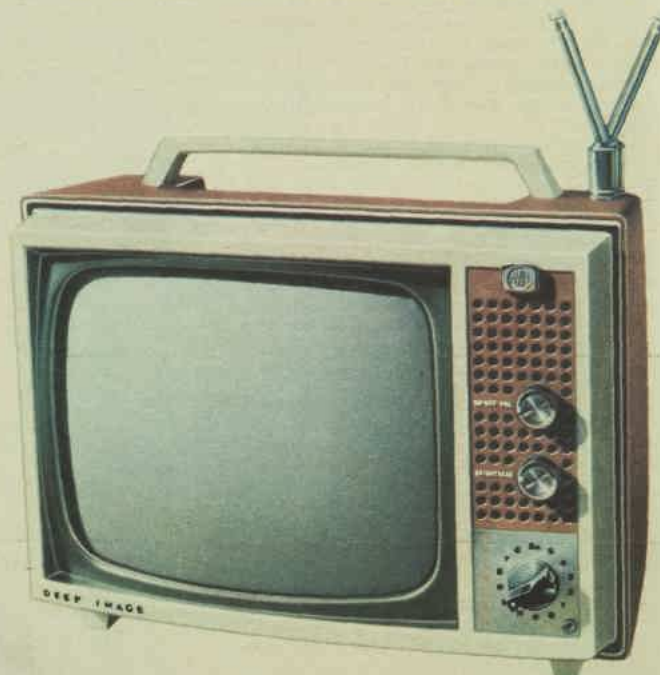
kitchen



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A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

"For Pete's sake, I wasn't saying anything."

"Nothing but your life story. You'd have been talking about the game next."

"Aw, come on now, Bob."

"Stupid kid," Robert kept looking down at Stu contemptuously. "Blabbermouth."

"Now, don't start that again, will you? When did I ever blab about any of . . . I mean, you know, that stuff?"

"Never when I was around, naturally. But how do I know what goes on when my back's turned?"

Stu looked hurt. "Well, you could take my word for it. I've told you often enough, haven't I?"

"Have you?" Robert took Stu's left arm in a grip that turned his knuckles white. "You know what happens if you do, don't you?"

"Hey, knock it off, will you? That hurts."

"You know what happens?"

"Yeah, yeah, you told me a million times."

"Are you going to keep your mouth shut when you get to my house?"

"Didn't I tell you?"

"If I catch you spilling anything to my mother or . . . or her husband . . . you know what will happen."

"Brother! I know, I know."

Robert released Stu's arm. "I just hope you won't forget."

AS Paul and Elaine walked toward the gates in Grand Central Station, he kept snatching quick little looks at the ghostlike reflections they made in the shop windows. It was a foolish thing he often did when he walked with Elaine, feeling, he supposed, a certain pride just in being one of a pair with such a beautiful woman.

She said, tilting her head to look up at him, "Their train's due in just a minute or so."

"We'll make it. Who's this kid he's bringing with him?"

"Stu, Robert calls him. Short for Stuart, I imagine. Do you think I'll cry when I see Robert?"

"I shouldn't think so."

"I don't know. It seems years since he left, and I just . . . I don't know."

If she meant that she had butterflies in her stomach, Paul could match them. It was always an unpleasant time for him when Robert was at home. Elaine drew away from him at these times, behaving like someone he didn't know. And there was always the danger she would simply tire of the disharmony between Robert and himself and ask him to leave her. He was very certain, that she had been on the point of doing so several times in the past.

"I hope it's going to be all right this time," Elaine said.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Isn't that what you're thinking about?"

"All right. Yes, that's what I'm thinking about. I'll do the best I can."

"I just can't understand what's so difficult about it."

Robert is what is so difficult about it, he would have liked to say. Robert and his determination to hate me.

The gate was already open. The train stopped with a jerk.

"There he is," Elaine squealed. It didn't even sound like the voice he was accustomed to. "The little fat boy with him must be Stuart."

Robert looked taller, Paul thought. He wore his uniform

more like a man than the others. He pushed the fat boy along in front of him up the stairway and then left him to hurry toward Elaine. They kissed, and both Paul and the fat boy stood a little apart.

Robert turned at last and said, "This is Stu. Stu, this is my mother and that's . . . her husband."

Stu gave Robert a puzzled look and then marched up to Elaine holding out his hand. "Thank you very much for letting me come home with Bob for over Christmas and everything."

"You're very welcome indeed, Stuart. Is it Stuart? We always enjoy having Robert bring his friends home with him."

Paul tried to remember a time when Robert had ever brought a friend home with him before.

Stu marched up to Paul, reaching for him with his right hand. "Stu Parker, sir. Thank you very much for letting me come home with Bob for over Christmas and everything."

"We're very glad to have you, Stu," Paul said, and he meant every word of it.

Robert and Elaine sat together in the back seat of the Cadillac. Stu rode in front with Paul.

"Boy, some car!" Stu said. "I bet you could go about a thousand miles an hour if you wanted to."

"It's pretty fast," Paul told

To page 84



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BEST

THE BOYFRIEND



"Yes, that's right — how did you know I've been working on the car?"

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

him. "I've never had it over about 80, but it's got a lot more in it than that."

"That's for sure."

Queensboro Bridge was clogged with Christmas traffic. It increased the edginess Paul was already feeling.

"How do you like this bridge, Stu?" Robert said.

"I didn't even know we were on a bridge," Stu said. "It's so big."

"My father used to build them just as big," Robert said. "Bigger, maybe. My real father, you know."

Stu glanced at Paul and then quickly away again, embarrassed.

Robert's real father's name had been Stan Reagan, and he must have been a great man, Paul thought, if only because he had been able to make Robert—well, and Elaine, face it—believe he was so great.

Paul envisioned him as the complete swashbuckler: sometimes the engineer, shouting and pointing while lesser men scurried about building magnificent bridges and such according to his instruction; sometimes the great hunter stomping through this or that jungle, killing off the wildlife; and sometimes the great lover. Paul did his best not to over-visualise this last one.

Paul had never been able to learn, really, what other people had thought of Stan. The neighbors who had known him, former friends of Stan's and Elaine's, all seemed determined not to talk about Stan at all.

"Hey, they got the houses trimmed for Christmas!" Stu said. "The whole houses. Look, Santa Claus and the reindeers up there!"

"Cheap," Robert said.

"Depends on your point of view," Paul said quickly.

"I kind of like it," Stu said.

THERE were millions of boys in the world, Paul reflected, and of all those millions Robert was the one he had drawn as a stepson.

Paul had been aware of Robert's disapproval from the beginning, but he had not recognised it as pure hatred until some months after his marriage to Elaine. It had been a lazy summer Sunday afternoon, and Paul had wandered into the library to find Robert lying on the leather couch reading an extraordinary large book.

Robert had sat up and said to Paul, "Are you going to be in here long?"

"Probably not. Why?"

"Because I'll find someplace else to read if you are."

"No, don't leave because of me." It hadn't been a happy beginning, but this might be an opportunity to get on some kind of more acceptable footing with Robert. "Pretty heavy-looking book you're reading there."

"Is that the way you judge books? By the pound?"

"Hardly."

"Oh, that's right; you're a schoolteacher, aren't you?"

"I'm a professor of English at . . ." He was ashamed at once of having made the distinction. "I'm a schoolteacher, yes."

"Mother keeps telling me, but I always forget. What did you do in the war? I can't imagine what a schoolteacher would do in a war."

"I was on the staff of 'Stars and Stripes' for a while."

"Oh," Robert smiled. "My father was a Marine. And he built bridges." He waved a relaxed hand to show Paul the wall



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covered with books. "These are mostly about bridges and dams and things like that. I'll read them all sooner or later."

"You're interested in engineering?"

"Not particularly. I'm interested in my father." The contempt in Robert's eyes shocked Paul. "My father thought all schoolteachers were fools. Those that can't do it, teach it. That's what he used to say. You didn't come in here looking for a book, did you?"

"No, I didn't. And as for—"

"Because we don't like outsiders messing around with the books."

"I don't think you can call me exactly an outsider," Paul said quietly.

"That's what I call you."

Paul realised that he must either accept defeat or do something physical to the boy, and that this, in the long run, would constitute an even more severe defeat. He turned to leave the library.

"Oh, another thing . . . You've noticed the gun rack, I guess."

Paul nodded. One of the things he disliked most about the room was the glass-fronted case with six guns in it.

"They were my father's," Robert went on. "He was a hunter. Not just rabbits and ducks, but . . ." He sighed deeply, but allowed nothing emotional to reach his face. "Anyway, I wouldn't advise you to fool

around with the guns, either. They might be loaded."

Later on, Paul tried to talk to Elaine about this, but she simply hadn't seemed to understand what was wrong with it . . .

They turned into Shore Road. As Paul eased the car around the turn, Robert said to Stu, "It's not far now. You'll like the house. My father was the architect."

Stu stirred restlessly. He seemed to feel that there were too many fathers here.

The house was on a gentle rise. It stood on an acre and a half, and all the trees were behind it. An extravagant sweep of unshaded lawn rose up to it from the road. There were four thick, white pillars in front of the

house, supporting the roof of a porch. The house itself was covered with white clapboards, roofed over with slate.

The wooded area behind the house, rather pretentiously called the grove, grew on a downward slope, and so was very nearly invisible from the road.

Stu said, "Wowee!"

Paul turned the long car carefully into the driveway, and, at almost the same instant, Laura came through the front door and stood on the narrow porch waiting for them. Laura, the one full-time servant, was never a cheery soul, but today she looked

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968

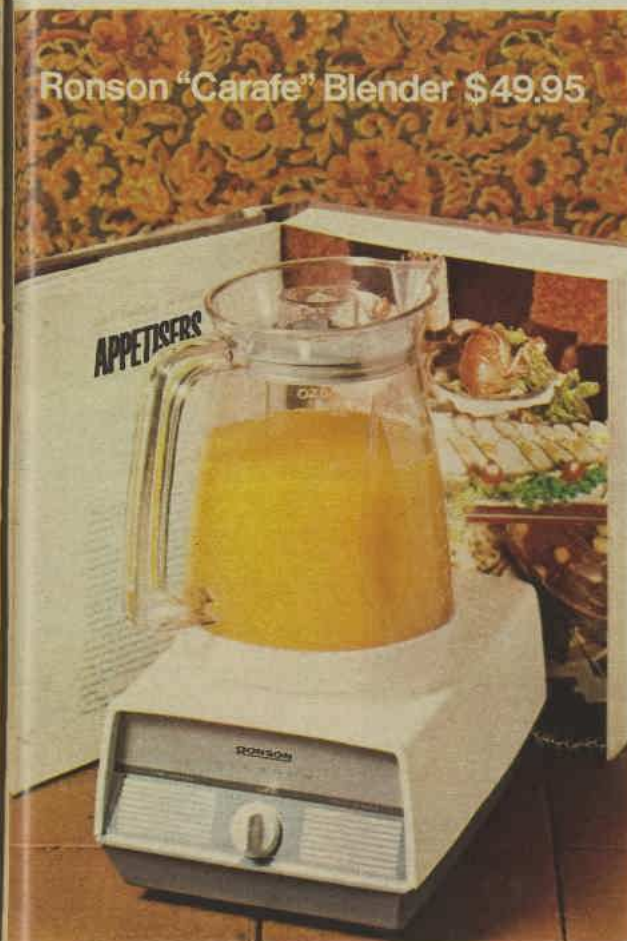


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to let you bring that suitcase full of comic-books into my room, did you?" Robert said.

The tree dominated the living-room not only by towering over everything else in it but also by out-glittering even the fire.

"It's a pretty tree this year, isn't it?" Elaine came over smiling to where Paul was sitting in front of the fire.

"A very pretty tree," Paul said. "Second prettiest thing in the room. How about a drink? It's the day before the day before Christmas, isn't it?"

Elaine laughed. "I've already asked Laura to bring a tray in."

Laura came in carrying a tray of scotch, soda, and ice in her bony hands. She said, "Will dinner in about an hour be all right, Mrs. Hamilton?"

"That will be fine, Laura, yes."

THE scotch was 12 years old and quite expensive. Paul couldn't help considering this as he poured it. Their standard of living sometimes strained a college professor's income a little. Some of the money, of course, was Elaine's, formerly Stan's; Paul tried to think about this as little as possible. He was constantly grateful for the semi-annual royalties on his textbooks.

"Did I tell you?" he said to Elaine. "I talked to old Mosely at Ashley-Greene the other day. There's a good chance the universities will use the new book next autumn."

"How nice."

A lot nicer than that, Paul thought. Of course, Elaine didn't understand how it worked at all.

She sipped her drink and smiled at him, and he was suddenly flooded with affection for her. He said, "I enjoy being here with you like this."

"Oh, yes, I enjoy being with you, too. If only . . ."

"No! No if only!"

"Oh, Paul, why does it have to be this way?"

And there went the evening. There, maybe, went the whole holiday season. A slow anger began to grow, crowding the affection Paul had been feeling. "Drink your drink," he said. "If that's the best you can do, don't talk."

"But we can't just ignore it. We have to talk about it."

Suddenly Paul was fully angry. "All right, let's do that. Only for once, let's make it a two-way conversation."

"I don't know what you mean."

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particularly gloomy, despite the festive season.

Robert climbed out of the car first and waited beside the door to help his mother. She put her hand on his arm, stepped out, and said, "Why, thank you, Robert."

"You two go ahead," Paul said. "Stu and I will get the luggage out of the car."

With a curious expression, Stu watched them walk away. He said, "Bob was real glad to see his mother, wasn't he?"

"I guess he was, yes." Paul opened the car's boot. "I'll hand these things out to you. OK?"

"Sure, Mr. . . uh . . ."

"Hamilton."

"Gee, I'm sorry, Mr. Hamilton."

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

See, Bob's name's Reagan, and I know your name's not Reagan, but I just . . . I just forgot."

Paul smiled down at him and decided that he was a nice kid and wondered what he was doing here with Robert. "It's all right. To tell you the truth, I'm not sure I remember your last name either. Is it Palmer?"

"Parker," Stu said, grinning.

Paul handed out Robert's two leather bags and then Stu's larger plastic one. "What have you got in here, boy? This thing weighs a ton."

"Comic-books," Stu said

solemnly. "About a million, I guess. Bob says I'm a stupid jerk because I read comic-books, but . . ." He shrugged.

Paul nodded, because he knew what the shrug meant.

They carried the luggage toward the house, Stu struggling with his own, while Paul took Robert's. Robert was saying to Laura, ". . . glad you're still with us. I was afraid you'd just disappear into thin air or something while I was away."

"Laura," Elaine said, "this is Mr. Stuart, Mr. Robert's friend

who's come to spend the holidays with us."

Robert chuckled. "Anybody ever call you Stuart before, Stu?"

Stu marched to the porch, tugging at his right glove to get it off. He reached up to shake hands with Laura. She hesitated a little and then took the hand. Her body dipped—she probably meant it for a curtsy—and she mumbled something.

"You can take their things up, Laura," Elaine said. "Put Mr. Stuart's bag in the guest-room."

Stu said, "Hey, I get a room all to myself!" Then he looked embarrassed. "I mean, you know, at the Academy . . ." His voice trailed off.

"You didn't think I was going

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"Let's not just hear what you think. For once, let's take a look at it from my angle, not just throw it out because it doesn't match what you're determined to believe."

"Paul!"

"Well, isn't that what we've always done before?"

Elaine was angry, too, now. Paul could see her heightened color. She was so beautiful and so thoroughly Elaine that it would have been easy for him to capitulate as he had done too often in the past.

Instead, he said, "Before there's any hope of straightening this mess out, you have to listen to me, Elaine. You have to face the possibility that what I say is true."

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85

"Well, go ahead. You want to talk. Talk."

"The first thing you have to realise is that Robert is not just the nice boy he lets you see. When you're not around, he can be . . ."

"Now, wait just a minute. If you . . ."

"Let me finish. To you, because that's the way he behaves in your presence, Robert is a sweet, loving son, attentive, considerate, a real gem of a boy."

"If that's meant to be sarcasm . . ."

"No, no, just listen to me. If you could know, if you could only know how he hates me! I've seen murder in his eyes more than once, and—"

"Paul, I won't listen to this!"

"All right, all right. That's an exaggeration. I'm sorry. What I'm trying to say is, there's no way for you to know how he behaves toward me—or anybody else, for that matter—when you're not around. He changes—when you come in a room. When you aren't watching, he can be vicious and—"

"All right!" Elaine stood up. "All right, that's it. That's quite enough. They'll be down soon."

What chance did a man have, Paul asked himself, when he loved a woman in anger as deeply as any other way?

"All I know is, if I talked to my father the way you talk to him—pow!"

Robert put his pen down. "I keep telling you, Stu, he's not my father. Do you think I'd have talked to my own father the way I talk to him?"

"Oh, yeah . . . well . . ."

They were both in Robert's room, because Stu had got lonely in the guest-room. Robert had been writing something in a

RIVETS



leatherbound notebook, but had not been able to continue with Stu in the room.

"How about that Christmas tree down there?" Stu said. "Man, that's gotta be about 150ft. high!"

"In a room with a ten-foot ceiling?"

"Well, you know what I mean. There must be about a million packages under the tree. Are they all for you?"

"Quite a few of them, I imagine. You'll get something."

Stu was embarrassed. "I didn't mean that."

"Listen," Robert said, "I'm trying to write something here, and I don't see how I'm ever going to finish it if you . . ."

"Hey, you writing in the diary?"

Robert nodded.

"You mean, we're gonna keep the game up while we're here? I didn't even bring my diary with me. I figured . . ."

"I can get you some paper and a pencil," Robert said.

"Yeah, but . . . well, OK. I just figured, you know, we'd take some time off."

"Listen, why don't you go back to your room and read a comic-book or something for about ten minutes? I want to get this finished before dinner."

"Oh, OK." At the door Stu turned and looked the room over. "You got a real swell room here, Bob. I mean, you know, the stereo and everything."

"See you later," Robert said.

STU stood for a time in the hallway, not really wanting to go back into the guest-room. What he would have liked to do was go downstairs and look at the Christmas tree some more. It was the most beautiful tree he had ever seen, with all the lights and candles, and bells that actually rang when you touched them and all the tinsel like silvery rain.

The only thing was, if he went down there and found Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton in the room he was going to be embarrassed. "Well, what the heck," he half-whispered to himself. "I'm a guest, ain't I? You have a guest around Christmastime, don't you expect them to look at the tree?"

He crept down the stairway and into the living-room. Mrs. Hamilton was sitting in one of the big armchairs staring into the fire. Mr. Hamilton was standing with his back to the fire. Stu said, "Oh!"

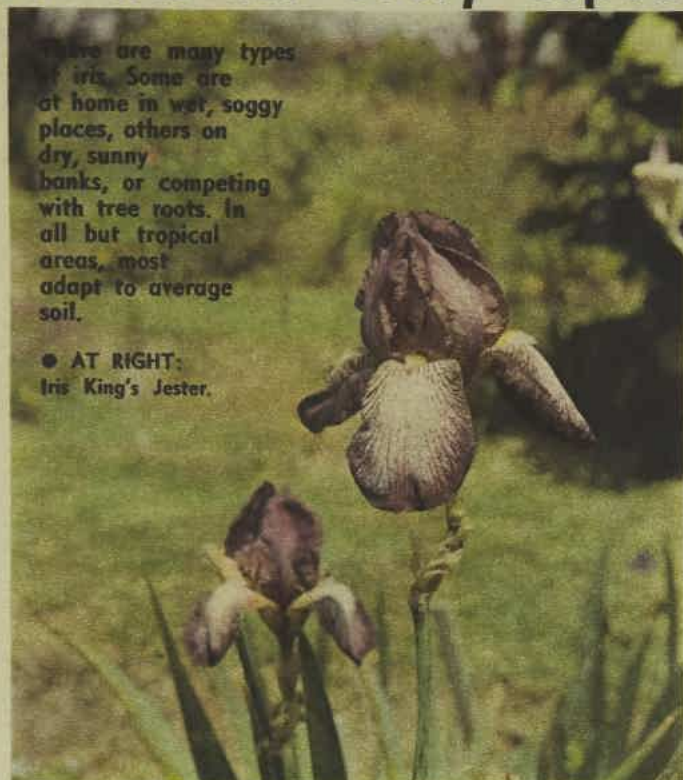
"Come in," Mr. Hamilton said, sounding as if he really meant it. "Come on in, Stu."

Mrs. Hamilton said, "Yes, of course, do come in." She tried to see behind him. "Isn't Robert with you?"

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

An iris for every aspect



There are many types of iris. Some are at home in wet, soggy places, others on dry, sunny banks, or competing with tree roots. In all but tropical areas, most adapt to average soil.

● AT RIGHT:
Iris King's Jester.

Gardening book, Vol. 3—page 320

● Dutch irises (at right) make dormant bulbs, like daffodils or tulips. Plant February/April. This picture was taken by staff photographer Ron Berg at Mr. and Mrs. H. Sutton's garden at Moss Vale, N.S.W.



● This lovely bed of bearded (or flag) irises, at left, was photographed by Mrs. B. Mander-Jones, Sydney.

See gardening notes on irises, page 89.

Gardening book, Vol. 3—page 321

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"He had some stuff to do up in his room," Stu came toward her. "I just thought I'd come on down and look at the tree some more. That's the best tree I ever saw."

"Well, thank you, Stuart," Mrs. Hamilton said. It made him feel strange when she called him that. "What is Robert doing up in his room?"

"Oh . . . writing in his diary and stuff."

"His diary!" Mrs. Hamilton was surprised. "Robert keeps a diary!"

Oh, boy! Like Bob said, he was a blabbermouth. "Well, yeah, kind of. Sort of like a diary."

"What does that mean, Stuart? Sort of like a diary?"

"Well, just, you know, the stuff that happens to kids. Like, 'Today Rolly Herbert got two demerits' and 'Day after tomorrow Christmas leave starts,' and, you know, junk like that."

"Surely Robert wouldn't keep a diary with nothing but that in it."

"I don't read Bob's diary, Mrs. Hamilton." What the heck did she think he was, anyway? "I don't know what's in it."

Elaine had got Stu all the way into the room now and they were sitting side by side on the couch. Stu seemed to have escaped from the diary inquisition which, Paul noticed, had made him surprisingly uncomfortable, but he was clearly in for more.

"Are you and Robert room-mates?" Elaine was asking.

"No, ma'am. Bob hasn't got a room-mate."

"Oh? Isn't that a little odd?"

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

"Well, see, he had a room-mate, a kid named Johnny Spence, but Johnny . . . well, he had to leave the Academy."

"I should have thought you'd have wanted to move in with Robert right then."

"Well . . . yeah. We talked about it some. But, see, I always have comic-books and like that scattered around all over everywhere, and anyway . . . well, I don't know. Bob's kind of different from other kids."

Elaine pounced. "Different? How do you mean, different?"

"Gee, I don't know exactly." Stu looked around at Paul, as if for help. "He just, you know, likes to be by himself a lot. Like he didn't need other kids. You know what I mean?"

Elaine leaned back, satisfied. "Yes, of course."

If the boy really had been looking to him for help, Paul decided, he ought to do what he could. He said, "You have football there at the Academy, don't you?"

"Yeah!" Stu beamed at him. "We won three games this year." A shadow crossed his face. "Of course, we lost eight."

"Well, you can't win them all." Paul crossed to the couch and sat down at the empty end of it, with Stu between him and Elaine.

"Any new talent coming up next year?"

Stu grinned. "I'm going out next year. I mean, a record of three and eight, I

can't do much damage, can I?"

"You've got the build for it." Paul grinned back at Stu.

Elaine said, with a high, disturbed quality in her voice, "Robert isn't thinking of playing football, is he?"

"I don't think so, no, ma'am," Stu told her. "He don't like stuff like football and basketball too much. He talks about hunting, but we don't get much chance."

Paul felt he had to say, "I'm not much in favor of hunting, anyway. Taking lives. I like the games better."

"Yeah. Well, we got plenty of games at Hastings."

"Games?" Robert's voice came from the hallway opening. "At Hastings?"

Stu bounced off the couch. For some reason, he looked terrified. "Oh, well . . . we were just talking about football, and, you know, like that. That's the only game we even mentioned. Right, Mr. Hamilton?"

Paul nodded. Why should one 13-year-old boy be terrified of another? And still be his friend? It was unnatural. Robert crossed the room to his mother, stood looking down at her lovingly for a moment, and then bent forward—how like a man he was!—and kissed her forehead. The terror was still plain in Stu's face. What was it about games? Paul wondered.

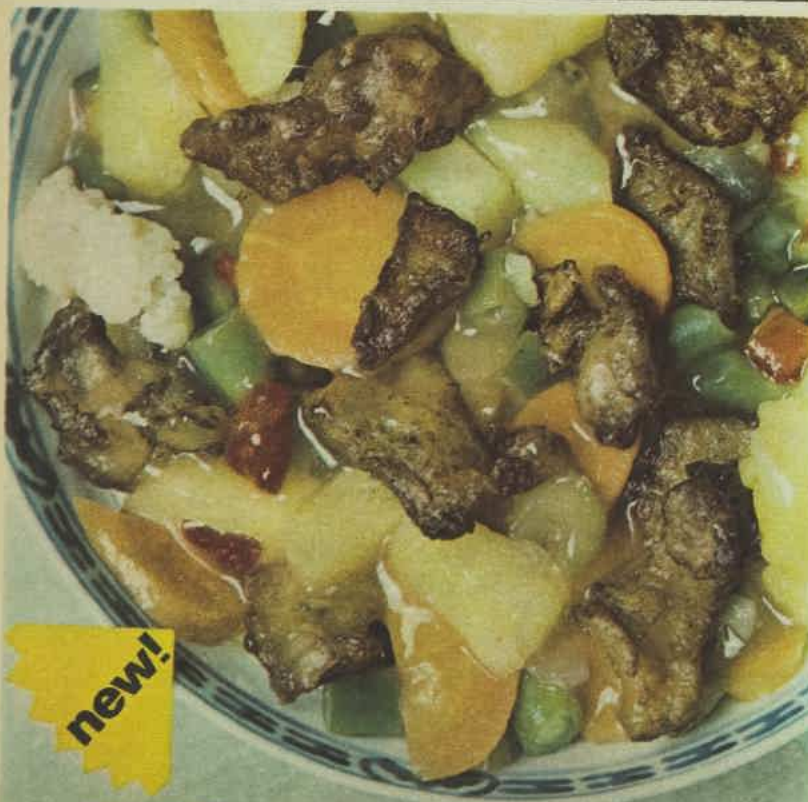
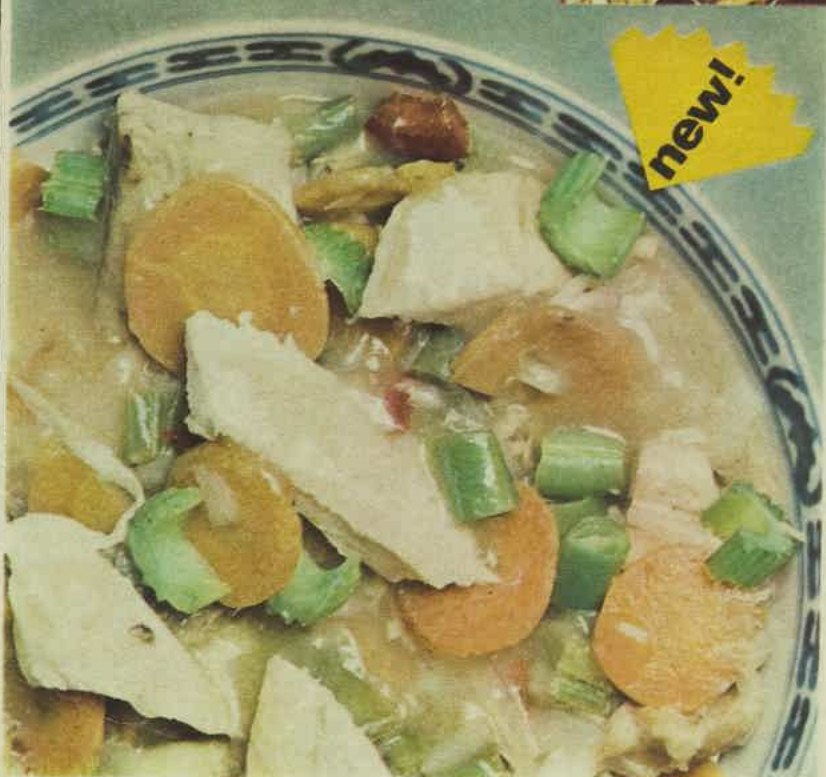
Elaine said, "We're having



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Get the true taste of good food

Laura's good veal cutlets for dinner, Robert. Is that all right?"

"Great!" Robert was still smiling, but he kept glancing at Stu.

"And tomorrow the regular Christmas Eve dinner. Remember?"

"Spareribs and baked beans? How could I forget?"

"In here by the fireplace, if you like."

"Yes, I'd like that." And Robert added, speaking to Stu, "We always have spareribs and a pot of baked beans on Christmas Eve. Laura serves them in here. You can even sit on the floor if you want to. It's sort of a game, you might say."

"Listen, Bob, I didn't . . ."

FROM the doorway, Laura announced, "Dinner is served now." She stepped aside to let them go out into the hallway and across to the dining-room.

Elaine and Robert went first, Elaine's hand on the boy's arm. Stu followed them, but Laura stepped forward, blocking Paul's way. She whispered, "I have to talk to you, Mr. Hamilton. I just have to."

"Well . . . but this isn't a very good time, is it?"

"Oh, not now! Later. Maybe when Mr. Robert goes out for some reason. I'll be on the lookout for a good time."

"Why can't you talk with Robert in the house, Laura? I don't see any sense in—"

"Because I'm scared, Mr. Hamilton. I'm scared of my life!"

After dinner, Elaine and Robert sat close together on the couch, talking softly, sharing secrets, apparently. Paul was left to talk to Stu, which would have been perfectly all right except that Stu seemed to have lost the power — or at least the desire — to speak. He had been frightened and miserable all through dinner. He had eaten, for a fat boy, almost nothing at all.

"Mrs. Hamilton and I trimmed the tree last night," Paul said to him. "Didn't finish until nearly three o'clock this morning." Stu smiled unconvincingly.

"Did you ever see such a pile of gifts as that? Christmas is a very big time around here." Stu looked at the packages under the tree obediently and said nothing.

"Where do you usually spend Christmas?" A pause and then, "You have to answer direct questions, Stu. It's impolite not to."

"Excuse me," Stu said. "I've always been at some kind of a boarding-school or something. Ever since I can remember, pretty near. Mostly, I just stay at the school over Christmas."

Paul touched the boy's shoulder lightly. "That's pretty rough. Are your . . . don't you have any parents?"

"Oh, sure. My father's in Greece or somewhere this winter. He takes pictures for something; I don't know what. My mother spends the winters in Florida mostly. There's no sense in making

that long trip down to Florida just for Christmas, is there?"

"I guess not. Anyway, I'm glad we were able to get you out of Hastings this year."

"Yeah," Stu said, "it sure is nice here."

He didn't look as though he were enjoying it much, though, Paul thought. Since the thing about games before dinner he had behaved like a different boy altogether, and Paul wondered why. He had an intuition that he was going to have to find out why.

"Stu," Robert called from across the room, "want to listen to some records?"

"Yeah, OK," Stu said. He didn't sound enthusiastic.

Robert stood up. "You don't mind, do you, Mother?" He said, "I promised Stu earlier I'd play some records for him. He's crazy about my stereo set-up."

"Of course."

Elaine let them get halfway up the stairs before she called, "Oh, Robert?"

"Yes?"

"There's something I wanted to ask you about. Stuart, you go on up to the room. Robert will be right up."

"Yes, ma'am."

Stu plodded on upstairs. Elaine had gone to the foot of the stairway, and Robert came slowly back down toward her.

"I have something very serious I want to speak to you about, Robert."

"Yes, Mother?"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

IRISES ... are so adaptable

By ALLAN SEALE

● At least there's a kind to suit nearly every situation.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most popular and adaptable of the irises are the stately flag or bearded varieties. These are the ones with clumps of soft, blue-green, sword-like foliage held in fan formation, and large, hooded blooms, in an array of colors, on 2ft. to 4ft. stems.

Even without the flowers, their growth is attractive for pool-side plantings, or for mixed borders or shrubby foreground. There are miniature types for rockeries.

BEARDED IRISES are the species more often found in home gardens, no doubt due to their extreme hardiness. As evidence of their persistence, it is not unusual to find clumps of flag (bearded) irises among the few survivors of a garden where old houses once stood.

Although these irises may survive indefinitely without attention, they perform best if divided and replanted when the clumps become congested with growth, usually every two or three years.

Late November or December is the best time to divide them. Lifted clumps usually separate into sections of two or three fans of leaves.

Leave these sections intact if the rhizomes or woody roots joining them

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are firm and healthy. Any soft, spongy sections should be cut away, even though it means separating to single fans.

Before replanting, it is advisable to trim long roots that may be damaged. Cut these back to about 4in., then compensate for the reduced root growth by trimming the foliage into an inverted V.

Replant these firmly, with the top of the rhizome exposed above the soil.

Bearded irises look most effective when grown in bold clumps, and more distinctive when the clumps are surrounded by low, spreading annuals.

SOIL AND ASPECT. Bearded irises need well-drained soil, preferably with a little lime added, and about one-third cup to the square yard of good, complete plant food. Avoid lavish dressings of animal manures, often too rich in nitrogen and resulting in weak growth.

In temperate areas they grow successfully in up to half shade, but usually flower more freely in full sunlight.

It is a good plan to clean up old clumps in autumn, removing all old foliage. This lowers risk of fungous disease, and improves the spring flowering by letting sun penetrate to the rhizomes.

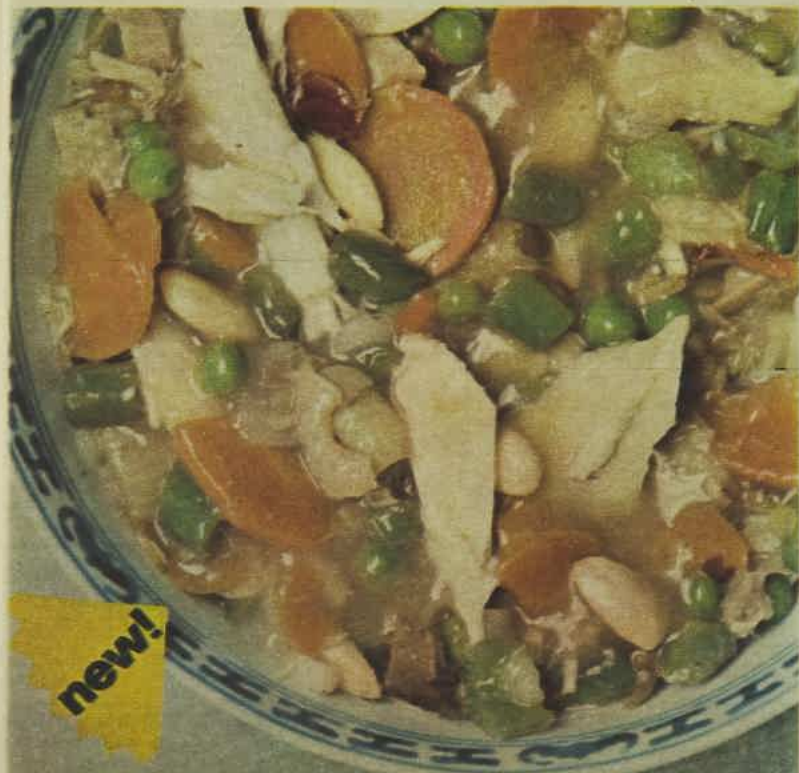
To control any leaf spot in wet or humid weather, remove damaged sections, spray liberally with bordeaux, copper spray, zinc, or similar fungicides.



CHINESE BRAISED BEEF

Crisp Chinese noodles and lots of tender juicy beef, and thick slivers of mushrooms with onions, celery and carrots. They're delicately simmered with a dash of wine vinegar to bring out that true Chinese flavour. Boil in the bag, serve over the noodles, and you're a Chinese chef in minutes.

Get the true taste of good food



CHICKEN & ALMONDS

Chunks of tender chicken breast, crisp vegetables and sugared ginger, with a handful of crunchy almonds to complement its succulent flavour. To serve, just boil in the bag, mix in the almonds from the separate pouch—and you've made a real Chinese favourite. And don't forget the Birds Eye Fried Rice!

Get the true taste of good food



MINIATURE BEARDED IRISES.

Iris pumila (or, *I. chamaeiris*) is an attractive miniature of the bearded iris. It is delightful for rockeries, beside small pools, or grown among low perennials or annuals, where their size is appropriate. So far they aren't available in the vast color range of the larger flag irises, but they do come in yellow, white, dark purple, smoky-red, and deep maroon.

Give miniature bearded irises the same treatment and growing conditions as the taller ones, although the miniatures bloom three to four weeks earlier.

OTHER IRISES. Californian iris or *Iris innominata* is a beautiful but so far little-known iris. It grows to only about 12in. with slender, evergreen foliage, and a profusion of flowers in spring.

These flowers are more open than the bearded type. They could be described as about halfway between the bearded and the well-known Dutch iris. They come in a wide variety of colors, with yellow markings, or deeper veinings.

These Californian irises prefer light shade, and, unlike the bearded irises, need a lime-free soil, with plenty of well-rotted compost or similar organic matter worked in. Transplant in autumn or winter. Hardy once established.

Iris siberica is like an enlarged version of the Californian iris, growing to about 3ft., with handsome, grassy foliage and showy, slightly hooded flowers in blues, purples, and white. It is a good cut-flower. Conditions as for *I. innominata*.

Spuria irises. The best-known of this group is *Iris ochroleuca*, growing to about 5ft. with erect, slender, reed-like foliage, and showy flowers like large Dutch iris—white, with a prominent gold blotch on each fall.

These irises grow under garden conditions as for Californian iris, but are also at home in wet, sedgy areas. They are most attractive when grown in moist banks of natural ponds. They are transplanted in winter, flower early summer.

Iris kaempferi, or Japanese iris, is the

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most popular iris for ponds or water gardens. It has large, spectacular, flat, plate-like blooms, 5in. to 9in. across. Colors range from white to deep violet, often with the heavy petals contrastingly veined in lighter or darker tones. The Mahigo irises are improved hybrids of this species. All flower in late spring.

Japanese irises will grow in any good garden soil provided they have plenty of moisture in spring and early summer, but are seen to advantage planted in ornamental pools.

They do best in a simulated natural habitat—that is, submerged only when water from melting snow comes down after spring growth has begun.

So for permanent pools, grow in 7in. pots or plastic plant buckets filled with good, lime-free soil and compost. Pot them up in their winter-dormant period. An inch or so of grit, coarse sand, or fine gravel over the surface will help anchor the plants when submerged.

Water them only moderately until growth is about 6in. high, then submerge the pots just below the surface of the water. Remove them in later summer, and let the foliage die off. Little moisture is needed until next spring.

Iris japonica or *frimbriata* is an attractive little iris for moist, partly shaded areas such as where most ferns grow. It has broad fans of bright green, dagger-like foliage 12in. to 15in. high, with branched stems of small, feathery petalled pale lavender-blue flowers in late winter or early spring. There is also a variegated form grown for its foliage.

These irises are surface rooted, and prefer a light mulch of leafmould rather than cultivation.

Iris stylosa—also, unfortunately, known as *I. unguicularis*—is a hardy little lavender-blue hooded iris that forms a clump of grassy, evergreen foliage. It flowers freely in later winter on about 9in. stems, but flowers are partly hidden by foliage unless this is clipped back in early winter before buds appear. Once established, this plant is tough, drought-resistant, and grows attractively at the base of tall trees or on sunny banks.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



SKINNIKINS—COOLEST THINGS GOING ON THIS SUMMER



These are the coolest little things going on this Summer. Under everything that goes into action... under fashion! Bond's little Skinnikins stay so smooth... fit so sleekly. Not a wrinkle shows! Bond's fine cotton beauties stay so close, yet feel so free! It's the coolest way to stay fresh this Summer. In Skinnikins. By Bond's. Vests 99c, Pantie \$1.10, Brief 99c.

BOND'S SKINNIKINS

B741A

"This Christmas—over the holidays, I mean—I want you to try very hard to make friends with... with Paul. It isn't just a silly whim. I love both you and Paul very much. You know that, Robert, don't you?"

Robert nodded solemnly.

"And it causes me the greatest unhappiness to see the two of you at each other's throats the way you always are. I can't do a thing about it myself. All I can do is just plead with you. You and Paul. Will you try?"

"Well, of course," Robert said. "It's what I've always wanted. I'll certainly try."

Robert went upstairs and Elaine came back into the living-

room. "You heard him. It's what he's always wanted."

"I heard what he told you," Paul said. "I'm afraid I don't place much confidence in what he says to you."

"I suppose I should have expected that."

They sat for a while without speaking. Then suddenly they were submerged in an ocean of sound which came roaring down the stairs from Robert's room. It was the new teenage kind of music that Paul didn't understand and couldn't abide.

Elaine said, "Mercy!" and put her hands up to her ears.

"That has to be stopped," Paul said.

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

She nodded. "Go up and tell them."

"Me? You want me to go?"

"Why not?"

"Well, if you don't know..."

Paul went out into the hall and up the stairway two steps at a time. He strode down the length of the hallway to Robert's door and raised his closed fist to knock just as the music ended. He lowered his fist slowly and put his left ear against the door eaves-dropping...

In Robert's room the two boys sat on the floor. Robert had

grasped Stu's right shoulder with his left hand, sinking his fingers in painfully.

"What was it about games?" Robert asked. He managed somehow to make his voice heard above the noise the music made without shouting. "I mean, what was it, really?"

"Nothing," Stu shouted. "Just football and like that."

"You were shooting off your mouth."

"I wasn't, I wasn't. Look, your father asked me about the football team, and—"

"I haven't got a father!"

"And I told him we had one. What do you want me to do when they ask me about the football team?"

"I want you to swear the oath."

"Aw, come on, Bob."

The music ended. Robert tightened his grip on Stu's shoulder. "I said, I want to hear the oath."

"OK, OK, cut it out, will you? That hurts."

"Well?"

"May I turn blue and my fingers and toes drop off, may everybody hate me and girls laugh at me, may my father get killed in an auto accident..."

"Go on."

Stu finished in a rush. "May my mother get cancer if I ever tell anybody."

"Tell anybody what?"

"You know what."

"You have to say it."

"If I ever tell anybody that you killed Johnny Spence."

Paul left the door and went slowly down the stairs. The words "You killed Johnny Spence" were sharp in his mind, as though he were still hearing them, but they would not translate into a specific intelligence. They were a series of sounds only, horror-producing, but as yet not properly decoded.

THE living-room was unchanged, and Elaine was still sitting in the same chair, and Paul wondered how this could be. She said, "You didn't have to make them stop the music altogether."

"I didn't."

He sat down in his chair, noticing, as if it mattered, that the fire was dying down. "Elaine."

"Yes?"

"How often does Robert have a checkup? With a doctor, I mean."

"Every six months or so. He's always been perfectly well. Paul, is anything wrong?"

"No, no, of course not."

"Paul?"

"Have you ever... oh, never mind."

"Paul, stop that!"

"All right." She was going to have to know sooner or later what he had heard through Robert's door, but he didn't have the courage or whatever it took to tell her now. "Have you ever thought of taking Robert to a psychiatrist?"

Her mouth actually drooped open. He braced himself against the storm that was coming. And then she laughed. Somehow it made him angry.

"It's hardly a laughing matter," he said. "That boy needs help. He needs it now, and he needs it badly."

"Oh, Paul." Elaine was still gasping, half laughing. "I've never heard anything so ridiculous. Robert on a psychiatrist's couch! Can't you see how absurd it is?"

"All right," he said. "All right, forget it." He leaned forward and picked up his newspaper.

"If I've ever known anybody in my life who didn't need analysis, it's Robert. Paul, whatever put such a preposterous notion into your head?"

"I said, forget it." He opened the newspaper at random to a page of editorials. What did you do when you heard what amounted to a confession of murder from your own stepson? Did you go rushing to the police? When the boy's mother was Elaine and you loved her? What did you do?

Elaine said, not laughing now, "Paul, did something happen while you were upstairs talking to the boys?"

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' questions about their antiques.



Colored vase.

A PAIR of vases (picture of one enclosed) has been in our family for more than sixty years. The coloring in these vases is quite vivid, but there are no craftsman's markings on either. Could you tell me something about them? — Miss J. Regan, Inverell, N.S.W.

The multi-colored glass vases are about sixty or seventy years old. They are typical pieces of the late Victorian era.

★ ★ ★

COULD you please tell me anything about our old violin, which is in good order and is marked "Stradivarius" and dated 1715? — Mrs. John Ray, Gulpa, N.S.W.

The violin is probably a copy after a Stradivarius model. It would have to be inspected by an expert. I suggest you contact A. E. Smith and Co., violin specialists, 127 King Street, Sydney.



Carved table.

MY grandmother owned this carved table. I know it must be at least fifty years old, but could you please determine its age for me? — Miss J. Smith, Swan Hill, Vic.

Small occasional tables with chip-carved tops, similar to yours, were fashionable from about 1895 up to about 1910. The carving was usually done by amateurs. It was a handicraft which was quite popular at the time.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 27, 1968



General Electric 'no-frost' 15 cu. ft. the big one you can push around



(It's on wheels)

Wheel the most beautifully complete 'no-frost' out of the 70's and into your kitchen. It has everything. Pure and simple elegance and every feature of the new generation. For openers, it has archer-bow door handles and the tap-of-toe foot pedal to boot.

It is the only true 15 cu. ft. Total capacity is actually 15.3 cu. ft. with the freezer alone holding a massive 126 lbs. Loads of shelf space and the added convenience of adjustable shelving you can shift about to suit. The GE 15 Deluxe is chilled with cold

efficiency and runs with greater economy than any other 'no-frost'. And it has the only 'no-frost' system that can't be blocked by food parcels.

Your butter is delivered as you like it — hard, medium or soft. Your meat is sealed in a giant porcelain dish with flavour-sealing lid. Ice? The GE ice service is twice as fast as any other. Another exclusive is the Handy-Bin that slides between porcelain crispers. Every accessory, every feature is yours in General Electric 'no-frost' refrigerators in 15 & 12 cu. ft. sizes.

SUMMER SPECTACULAR

Now is the time to buy. GE Summer Spectacular offers you special prices, big trade-in values on refrigerators, and all famous GE appliances. Check with a GE retailer and compare today.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*TRADE MARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, U.S.A.

— WORLD'S LARGEST ELECTRICAL ENTERPRISE

A SMALL "peppercot" has been in my family for years. It is only 1 1/2 in. high and has a lid with small holes in the top (hence I say peppercot), also a handle. It is marked with an anchor, lion, C, and something which looks like Q&S. It is so small that it could hardly be a peppercot. Have you any idea what it was used for? I believe we have quite a few in the family. — Mrs. M. E. Greene, Chatwood West, N.S.W.

The small peppercot is a reproduction of a Georgian muffineer, which was used for either castor sugar or pepper. The hallmarks indicate the piece was made during the Edwardian era,

and that it bears the Birmingham town mark, and the dated letter C, for 1903 to 1904.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE a cast-iron donkey ornament, originally designed for cutting the end of cigars by a little guillotine operated by a spring in front of the base. The donkey was given to my mother 55 years ago. It is numbered 925, and on the side of the base — just decipherable — is "PAT. MARCH 20, 97 (or 87)." The ears and tail of the donkey move. Could you suggest the country of origin? — Mrs. D. C. Richardson, South Perth, W.A.

Your quaint cigar-cutter, in

the form of a donkey, was made in England during the last years of Queen Victoria's reign. The design was registered at the London patents office in March, 1897.

★ ★ ★

CAN YOU give me approximate dates for my old copper kettle, of rather quaint shape, and what is, I think, a work-box? The kettle has no markings on it. The box has a quilted flap inside, and has evidently had a tray to hold cottons, etc. — Mrs. K. Yorke, East Melbourne, Vic.

The kettle is probably forty or fifty years old. The inlaid, walnut work-box was made about 1880.



Kettle and work-box.

"I didn't talk to them. The music stopped and I didn't bother them."

"Oh."

People hired private detectives when, for one reason or another, they were unable to take their troubles to the police. Were there really such people in the world as private detectives? And what could a private detective do for him, anyway? Well, he supposed, find out definitely if a boy by the name of Johnny Spence had died an unnatural death, if somebody had killed him. He folded his newspaper.

"Elaine, I think I'll have to go to the city sometime tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! The day before Christmas?"

"I've just remembered something I have to talk to Mosely about."

"Mosely?"

"At Ashley-Greene. They're the people who are bringing out the new book, you know."

"Oh. Yes, of course. It can't wait, I suppose?"

"No, I'm afraid not." It had waited too long already. Too long for Johnny Spence. If there was any truth in it.

"What a shame!" The honest regret in Elaine's face made him somehow feel guilty. She sighed and said, "Well, I suppose if you must, you must. Maybe you could do something for me."

"In the city? Sure."

"Two things, actually." She made a careless little laugh which Paul didn't altogether trust. "All I got for Stuart was that silly little box of ties, and Robert's going to have so many things."

Paul nodded. "I'll get him something."

"I've noticed he doesn't wear a wristwatch."

"All right. And the other thing?"

"Well—wouldn't you know?—Robert says there's only one thing he really wants for Christmas, and, of course, it has to be something I didn't get for him."

"What is it?"

"Paul . . . he wants a rifle."

"A what?"

"Oh, you needn't worry. He knows how to use a rifle. His father taught him all about them."

THE city streets were crowded like a cocktail party. Paul had bought a watch for Stu at a small jewellery shop near the garage where he had left the car. A watch that counted days and months, as well as minutes and hours, had tempted him until he was told its price.

Then he had settled for a simpler instrument, expensive enough, at that, which rewound itself, could be submerged in water without damage, and was practically indestructible, according to the jeweller. He did not look for a rifle. He and Elaine had settled that, rather unpleasantly, last night.

From a public booth he telephoned his solicitor, Gerry Luntz.

"Merry Christmas," Gerry said.

"You're not in the city, are you?"

"Yes," Paul told him. "There's something special I had to come in for."

"What's on your mind?"

"Well . . . I wondered if you could give me the name of a good private detective."

There was a little pause. "Detective?"

"Yes, I've got something I think I have to . . . to see a private detective about."

"Want to tell me about it?"

Another short pause. "Listen, Paul, I'm your lawyer, don't forget, and people start looking for lawyers when they're in trouble. Or ought to."

A LITTLE GAME

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"It's a personal thing, Gerry."

"Elaine?"

"No, no, nothing like that."

"Well . . . OK. Hold on a minute." While he was waiting, Paul considered telling Gerry the whole story. It didn't seem a very good idea. Gerry was a good friend, but also, as an attorney, a sort of officer of the court. Paul didn't want the law involved, at least not yet, even at second-hand.

"Paul? This is a fellow I use sometimes. Good man, honest and dependable. Got a pencil? Al Dunlap at Crown Investiga-

tions. Got that down?" Paul scribbled it on the back of an envelope and added the address and telephone number. "It's a pretty scruffy-looking office," Gerry finished, "but don't let that fool you, Dunlap's a good man. And Paul?"

"Yes?"

"If he advises you to see me, you come and see me."

"Yes. I'll remember that. And thank you very much, Gerry."

Crown Investigations was on the third floor of a sad building

which was surely nearing the end of its life span. Al Dunlap himself was a thick man, so broad that he almost appeared squat although he was close to six feet tall.

In an inner office he sat facing Paul across an aged desk, obviously waiting for him to begin.

Paul said, "I don't know how to go about this. I've never had any dealings with . . . with a detective."

"We're a good bit like other people, I mean, since you're here at all, there's probably something you want me to investigate. So all you have to do is tell me what it is and give me what information you feel I'll have some

use for. If I think I need more, I'll ask for it. The whole thing strictly confidential, OK?"

Paul smiled. "OK. I'm interested in one of the boys at Hastings Military Academy. Do you know where that is?"

"Hastings." Dunlap frowned. "Westchester County, wouldn't that be? Way up there."

"That's right."

"So, who's the kid?"

"His name is Johnny Spence. That's what the boys call him."

"And what about him?"

"Oh. Well, I don't really know anything about him." Paul worked a cigarette out of his pack and put his lighter to it. His

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M

aybe it looks like mayonnaise, but it's something else again. It's **MIRACLE WHIP** Salad Dressing with a taste all its own; gentle and smooth and haunted with spices—does sensational things for salads!

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.

LULUBELLE



"Smoking . . . at HER age! I gave it up, years ago!"

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

hands felt unsteady. "I've only heard his name mentioned. Johnny Spence. I'm not sure he's still at the Academy, to tell you the truth."

"And that's all you know?" Paul hesitated, then said, "I'm not even sure he's still alive."

"Oh. So, what is it you want to know about the kid?"

"Well . . ." What exactly was it he wanted to know? "If he's alive, just who his parents are, and where they live, and where he is now if he's left the Academy."

"And if he's dead?" Dunlop asked.

"Well, in that case, I'd want to know how he died. From what? And where. Who signed the certificate and . . . you know more about these things than I do."

"I'm going to tell you the truth, Mr. Hamilton," Dunlop said. "I don't care much for this."

"What do you mean?"

"You don't give a hoot about this kid if he's alive, do you?"

"Well . . . All right, I'm not interested in him if he's alive."

"How do you think he died, Mr. Hamilton?"

"That's what I want you to find out for me."

"I don't want to get mixed up in anything. I'm not homicide, you know."

"I haven't said anything about homicide."

Dunlop smiled. "I heard you."

"Look," Paul said. "It's really just my own curiosity that needs satisfying, that's all. I don't mind paying something over your usual fee, but I don't think—"

"That won't be necessary," Dunlop said crisply. "Either we do it or we don't. You don't want me to do anything, right? Just get the facts?"

"I certainly don't want you to do anything."

"OK. How soon do you need the information?"

"Well, as soon as possible. Tomorrow is Christmas, of course, so . . ."

"I work holidays," Dunlop was suddenly brisk. "Bound to be somebody out there at the school. Best time, most likely."

"I don't like to spoil your Christmas."

Dunlop shrugged, "I got no family, but one thing," he added softly, "if you think you know something about a homicide, you better go to the police with it. It's nothing to fool around with, homicide isn't. In all fairness, I have to tell you."

Driving home in the Christmas Eve traffic, Paul began to think of the thing Robert had done—had, perhaps, done—more and more as a crime, less and less as a boyish prank. Al Dunlop's talk about homicide had done that to him, he supposed. He began to think of Mr. and Mrs. Spence, Johnny's parents, as people instead of just shadows.

Probably they loved their son as much, or almost as much, as Elaine loved Robert. He tried to imagine what the loss of Robert would do to Elaine. It was unthinkable. But there were Johnny Spence's parents . . .

He began to worry about Stu. If the Johnny Spence thing were true, then was Stu safe? Stu was only a boy, and a promising boy. A boy, to tell the truth, whom Paul had begun to like very much. And he was afraid of Robert. He had shown that very clearly last night at dinner and later.

THE traditional Christmas Eve dinner of spareribs and baked beans—Paul had long suspected that this had been one of Stan's favorite meals—went surprisingly well. For the first time, Stu ate the way Paul had expected him to eat, smearing his face liberally with the fat from the spareribs.

Robert and his mother did most of the talking and kept it light. Stu and Paul grinned at each other from time to time for no real reason. Paul was guilty of reflecting that with a little luck he might have had one like Stu for a stepson instead of one like Robert.

When it was over, Elaine nested together the dessert dishes.

"I'll take these out," she said. "Would you mind bringing the coffee things, Paul? Laura's so busy out in the kitchen because of tomorrow I hate to ask her to fetch and carry."

Paul stacked the cups and saucers beside the coffee-pot on the black tray and, feeling clumsy, followed Elaine out into the hallway. "It was all right for Laura to fetch and carry up to now," he said to Elaine. "What are you up to?"

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Page 93

Spoon MIRACLE WHIP over fish fingers and hot vegetables for a delectable flavour.

Serve MIRACLE WHIP Salad Dressing with fruit for an interesting taste variation.

Spread MIRACLE WHIP on sandwiches and fill with Tuna and lettuce for delicious eating.

Maybe it's mainly a salad dressing, but it's more—much more. It adds flavour and savour to almost any dish. Come on. Be surprised!

The best surprise you ever tasted: MIRACLE WHIP by **KRAFT**

"Listen." She spoke in a whisper. "I'm going to take Stuart downstairs to the rumpus-room and keep him busy playing ping-pong for a while. You go back in there. You and Robert are going to have a talk."

"Oh, now, wait just a minute! I don't know what you think—"

"You and Robert have got to get it settled! How long do you think we can go on this way?"

"But... but why tonight?"

"Why not tonight? You'd try to get out of it, no matter when I fixed it."

Paul shrugged. "All right. I'll do the best I can."

He walked back into the living-room slowly, trying to prepare himself. Robert and Stu were sitting together on the couch, not moving or saying a word to each other, and this seemed unnatural on Christmas Eve. Or any other time, given two normal 13-year-old boys.

From the hallway opening, Elaine said, "Stuart. Do you like to play ping-pong?"

"Yeah, sure, ping-pong's a great game—uh—" Stu glanced quickly at Robert—"game."

"We have a table downstairs in the rumpus-room," Elaine said.

"Well..." Stu looked at Robert again.

"Go on," Robert said. "My mother wants to play ping-pong with you."

Paul watched Stu cross the living-room to the hallway and disappear. A nice kid. And then he was alone with Robert.

"Well!" he said, and after

he had said it could think of nothing to add.

Robert said, "Mother's decided we ought to have a little talk. Right?" He lifted one corner of his mouth without really smiling. "Did you tell her how hopeless it is?"

"Well, now," Paul said, sounding stupid to himself. And not in the least sincere. "How do we know it is so hopeless? As a matter of fact, your mother's right; it is time we had a talk. We've been going along for two years or better now, sniping at each other and... well, you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean."

"And where has it ever got either of us? It's made my life pretty miserable. And your mother's, too; that's certain. And I don't see how it can have made you any happier. So I'd like to suggest a truce. Not a permanent one, if you think that's impossible, but one at least to last through the holidays. To make the holidays pleasant for your mother."

And to allow Al Dunlap time to find out about Johnny Spence. "How about it?"

"What I can't understand," Robert said thoughtfully, "is how she does it. My mother, I mean. How, every so often, she can make you come crawling to me this way."

Paul drew a deep breath. "This is why I'm here—crawling, if you like to think of it that way: I love your mother very much. I don't know whether you do or not, but I do. I don't intend to lose her."

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

"We'll see," Robert said with a calm complacency.

It was not like talking to a boy at all. It was like talking to a crafty man whose cleverness sprang from a kind of cynicism that was almost impossible to refute.

"No," he said, "you can't win this one."

Robert laughed. It was as unpleasant as any laugh Paul had ever heard. "I think when the time comes to decide—when my mother absolutely has to decide—you'll be the one to go. I'm like my father. I hate compromises."

"I don't think it's going to be so simple," Paul told him. "I don't believe—"

"My father," Robert said, interrupting firmly, "went to Hastings Military Academy. That's why I'm there, of course. He didn't fool around with football and those things, but he was the fencing champion. His last year, even the instructor couldn't beat him. Later on he didn't bother with school sports at all. He went off and hunted big game."

"Listen to me," Paul said. The boy had simply lifted the talk out of his hands. "This is not what we're here to talk about."

"He came back from Korea with a Purple Heart and a Silver Star."

So he was a hero. Paul came very close to saying it.

"He had a horse," Robert went on, "a stallion named Geronimo. Nobody could ride him but my father;

nobody else could get near him."

"Listen, Robert—"

"One day—I was watching; I was there—Geronimo stepped in a gopher hole or something. He flipped right over, like a backflip in the air, and landed on my father. Everybody came running, and there was a doctor from somewhere. But my father wouldn't let them take him away until he'd shot Geronimo himself. Because of the broken leg. He died that night. My father, I mean."

"All right," Paul said.

"So why would I want you around?"

PAUL went upstairs to wait for Elaine. He went into the master bedroom and through it to his study, which had begun life as a dressing-room. The study was a good little room, except that it was a permanent reminder of Paul's first defeat at Robert's hands.

He had wanted to make the library downstairs his study, but Elaine had refused to hear of it because of Robert's attachment to the room just as it was, just as Stan had left it. The argument had been short but bitter. It had left some scars.

The dressing-room had been large as a dressing-room, but it made a small study. Paul didn't mind that. There was room for a couch that opened up to become a

bed when it had to, a deep armchair, and a small but adequate walnut desk. Above all, it was his own place.

He sat in the armchair now, grateful for the comfort of it.

From downstairs he heard Stu shout, "Hey, Bob..." and something else indistinguishable, which meant that Elaine would be up to talk to him soon. He tried to think of something to say to her. One thing. Just one thing that would not precipitate disaster. There was no such thing, short of outright falsification.

Elaine came in and closed the door softly. "Well?"

Paul shook his head. He still couldn't think of a single acceptable thing to say.

"Does that mean you didn't get anywhere?"

"I couldn't... yes, that's about the size of it."

Her eyes were too bright. They worried Paul. She said, "You didn't make him understand?"

"I don't think there's really anything in the world that boy doesn't understand. The point is, I didn't sell him anything."

"Then nothing has changed?"

"Well, maybe things are a little worse."

"Why!" She threw her hands up in an actorish gesture. "Paul, I just can't understand why you have to quarrel with him."

He said, "There's nothing we can do but quarrel, Robert and I. He makes anything else impossible."

"He! He makes anything else impossible! Paul, you're a grown man and he's only

a little boy. If you quarrel with him, it's because you want to quarrel with him, and for no other reason!"

"He asked me what you had done to persuade me to come crawling to him."

"Well, children are like that sometimes. They can be very cruel and blunt, but you have to remember that they're only children. You have to make allowances."

"I've made all the allowances I can make. Too many, I'm very much afraid."

"I don't know what you mean by that."

"Elaine, I have very good reason to believe that something has happened at the Academy. Something very bad, I'm afraid, and I think I have to tell you about it."

"If you plan to tell me something bad about Robert, you may as well save your breath. I won't listen to any more of your lies about him. I don't want to talk to you any more tonight."

"I think you'd better."

"Why are you constantly trying to turn me against Robert? Are you jealous of him?"

"Oh, come now, Elaine."

"If you can't get yourself straightened out about this, if you can't come to some kind of terms with Robert, you know what's going to happen, don't you?"

He knew perfectly well what she meant, but he had no intention of helping her to say it. "No."

"You'll have to go. If you and Robert can't live together, then you're the one who will have to go. It's not

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How to make

THE PERFECT PAVLOVA

● It was named for a famous ballerina—and as all dancers (and desserts, too!) should be, it is light, delicate, delightful! It can also be temperamental, but this feature shows how to take the temperament from this favorite dessert so you can make it perfectly.



● DIRECTIONS AND RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

WE'VE given recipes for pavlovas using one, two, three, and four egg-whites; ingredients and method for each are slightly different. It's just a matter of choosing which type you like the best.

The ingredients

There are several different types of pavlova; recipes can vary in ingredients and in method. Below are the ingredients used and the reason for their use.

Egg-whites: Eggs a few days old are best for making pavlovas; when very fresh, straight from the nest, the egg-white is thin and does not beat up to great volume. Egg-whites should be firm, jelly-like in consistency; they should be at room temperature before beating.

Frozen egg-whites, brought back to room temperature, can be used.

In methods where whites are beaten first and sugar added gradually, beat whites until stiff and firm before adding sugar.

Once meringue is made, quickly add other ingredients; if left to stand, beaten egg-whites will lose their volume as the tiny air-bubbles collapse; once collapsed, they will not beat up again.

For the same reason, when the complete pavlova mixture is made, it should be handled quickly and baked as soon as possible.

Cream of tartar and salt: Used to strengthen and stabilise egg-whites, helping them hold their aerated volume.

Sugar: In some recipes castor sugar is used for quick dissolving; for others, granulated sugar gives a firmer result.

It is important, when beating sugar into egg-whites, to make sure all sugar is dissolved—otherwise, the undissolved sugar will melt during cooking, and give a "weepy," sticky pavlova.

Where sugar is added gradually, make sure each addition of sugar is dissolved before any more sugar is added; otherwise, the weight of undissolved sugar will break down egg-white aeration and mixture will collapse.

To test if sugar is dissolved, rub a little of the mixture between two fingers; any undissolved sugar crystals can be quickly detected.

If using electric mixer, make sure the bowl is continually rotating and evenly dissolving sugar; it may be necessary to assist the bowl gently round with your fingers—mixing may slow down as egg-whites whip up firmly and mixture becomes thick.

Like all rules, there are exceptions to it; the exception to the firm beating of sugar to dissolve all crystals completely, is the Classic Pavlova. (see recipe overleaf).

In this recipe, the last quantity of sugar is mixed with cornflour and just lightly folded in at the last minute. The cornflour prevents sugar "weeping." This method

gives a very characteristic pavlova—crisp and crunchy on outside, with soft, marshmallowy centre.

Cornflour: Helps to dry out pavlova; the more cornflour used, the drier will be the pavlova.

Vinegar and lemon juice: This combination helps to form the marshmallowy centre; also whitens the pavlova.

The equipment

Bowls: A bowl with small rounded base and deep, gently sloping sides is considered best. The small bowl of electric mixer can be used in mixtures with up to 3 egg-whites.

It is most important that all equipment—bowls, beaters, etc.—be clean, dry, free from any dust, moisture, or fat (this includes egg-yolk). These could prevent egg-whites whipping up to good volume.

Preparation of trays

There are several different methods of preparing trays; each is effective, the pavlova does not stick. They are:

Cornfloured: Cover that part of baking tray on which you are going to spoon pavlova mixture with a thick, even layer of sifted cornflour. Suitable for large or small pavlovas.

Greased and Cornfloured: Brush tray lightly with melted butter, dust with sifted cornflour; shake off excess cornflour. Best suited to small individual pavlovas.

Lined, Greased, and Cornfloured: Place sheet of grease-proof paper, trimmed to size of tray, on greased baking tray; brush paper lightly with melted butter, dust with sifted cornflour. Shake off excess cornflour. Suitable for all types of pavlova.

Aluminium Foil: Cover tray with layer of aluminium foil—there is no need to grease. Place pavlova mixture directly on foil. When pavlova has cooked and cooled, it is easy to peel off gently. Suitable for all types of pavlovas—particularly good for large pavlovas.

Removing from trays

Allow pavlova to cool completely on its tray, then loosen with spatula or broad, flat-bladed knife. Make sure spatula or knife blade is kept flat on tray—do not try to lever pavlova up, or it will break.

If syrup from undissolved sugar has "wept" out during cooking, thus making pavlova difficult to remove, place tray over low heat for a second to melt greasing, then loosen again carefully, as above.

How to bake

Baking times and temperatures vary, according to the varying recipes, and also type of oven—gas or electric.

Place baking tray with pavlova in low position in oven, leave for stipulated cooking time, then turn off heat and, if possible, allow pavlova to remain in oven until it has completely cooled. This dries it out and makes it crisp.

This method has been used for all recipes in this feature.

If you are making pavlova in a hurry, and cannot wait for it to cool in oven, allow a little longer cooking time than given in individual recipe. Remove from oven, cool on tray. Pavlovas should be light, dry, pale in color.

CLASSIC PAVLOVA is crisp outside, delightfully soft and marshmallow-like inside.

How to store

Provided pavlovas have been cooked to correct dryness, we recommend the following keeping times for recipes in this feature. Keep pavlovas in air-tight tin.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| One-Egg Pavlova: 1 to 2 weeks. | Stored Heat Pavlova: 1 week. |
| Easy 2-Egg Pavlova: 2 to 3 weeks. | Marshmallow Pavlova: 2 days. |
| Classic Pavlova: 10 days. | |

Marshmallow Pavlova is best stored in air-tight tin in refrigerator; the others can be stored in dark cupboard.

The Easy 2-Egg Pavlova, because it is a dry mixture, can be wrapped and frozen; keeps 2 months frozen.

The recipes

ONE-EGG PAVLOVA

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ th cup granulated sugar | pinch salt |
| 1 egg-white | good pinch cream of tartar |
| 2 tablespoons boiling water | |

Place all ingredients in small, deep, heat-proof basin. Stand basin over saucepan of boiling water; reduce heat, beat with electric mixer or rotary beater until mixture is stiff and glossy, approximately 7 minutes. (Do not allow water to boil; there should be just enough heat to keep water hot.) Remove immediately from hot water and spread quickly on prepared trays. This mixture makes one 8in. pavlova or 8 small individual pavlova shells.

Baking in Electric Oven: Large pavlova; bake in very slow oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, cool in oven. Individual pavlovas; bake in very slow oven 30 to 45 minutes, cool in oven.

Baking in Gas Oven: Large pavlova; bake in slow oven 1 hour, reduce heat to very slow, bake further 1 hour, cool in oven. Small individual pavlovas; bake in slow oven 45 to 60 minutes, cool in oven.

EASY TWO-EGG PAVLOVA

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2 egg-whites | 1 teaspoon vinegar |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups castor sugar | 1 teaspoon cornflour |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla | 4 tablespoons boiling water |

Place all ingredients into small bowl of electric mixer, beat on high speed until mixture is very stiff (approximately 15 minutes). Spread on to prepared trays. This mixture makes one 11in. pavlova or 15 small shells.

Baking in Electric Oven: Large pavlova; bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to slow, bake further 45 minutes, cool in oven. Small individual pavlovas; bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to slow, bake further 30 minutes, cool in oven.

Baking in Gas Oven: Large pavlova; bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to slow, bake further 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours, cool in oven. Small individual pavlovas, bake in moderate oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to slow, bake further 40 to 50 minutes, cool in oven.

Continued overleaf

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in our recipes.

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PREPARING TRAYS (left): Use brush to grease tray lightly with melted butter and then sprinkle on sifted cornflour. Shake off excess flour. This method is best when making small pavlovas.

THIS TRAY (right) has been lined with greased grease-proof paper, cornfloured, then circle marked on it (use cake tin as guide). Spread a 1/4 in. layer of meringue mixture over to fill circle.



CLASSIC PAVLOVA

- 3 egg-whites
- pinch salt
- 1/2 cup castor sugar
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon cornflour
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

Beat egg-whites and salt until stiff and dry; add castor sugar gradually, beating well between each addition. Make sure sugar is completely dissolved. Mix together granulated sugar and cornflour, lightly fold into meringue with lemon juice. This mixture will make one large pavlova. It can also be used for 2 pavlovas, and they can be arranged in tiers, as shown in color picture on previous page. To do this, mark prepared tray with 5in. circle and another prepared tray with 7in. circle. Spread approximately 1/4 in. layer of mixture to fit each circle. With remainder of mixture, pipe or spoon swirls round edges to form shell. Baking times are as for large pavlova (see below).

Baking in Electric Oven: Large pavlova; bake in slow oven 30 to 40 minutes, cool in oven. Small individual pavlovas; bake as for large pavlova.

Baking in Gas Oven: Large pavlova; bake in very slow oven 1 hour or until pavlova is dry to touch, cool in oven. Small individual pavlovas; bake in very slow oven 45 minutes, cool in oven.

To assemble the 2-tiered pavlova (as show in picture on previous page), when completely cooled, place larger shell on serving dish. Spread over generous layer of whipped cream, then any fresh fruit or well-drained canned fruit. Place smaller shell on top, fill centre with fresh or canned fruit.

STORED-HEAT PAVLOVA

(Cooks in oven overnight)

- 4 egg-whites
- 1 1/4 cups granulated sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/4 teaspoon salt

Beat egg-whites until foamy, add cream of tartar and salt; beat until stiff. Gradually add sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating well until all sugar is dissolved. Continue beating until all sugar is added and mixture is thick and glossy. Stir in lemon juice and vanilla. Spread or pipe mixture on to prepared trays, making two 8in. shells, or 15 small individual shells.

Baking in Electric Oven: Large pavlova; place in very hot oven, close door, turn off heat, leave in oven overnight. Small individual pavlovas; preheat oven to hot, place pavlovas in oven. Turn off heat, leave pavlovas in oven overnight.

Baking in Gas Oven: Large pavlova; preheat oven to very hot, place pavlova in oven, reduce heat to hot, bake 5 minutes. Turn off heat, leave pavlova in oven overnight. Small individual pavlovas; preheat oven to hot, bake 5 minutes. Turn off heat, leave pavlovas in oven overnight.

Note: It is important not to open door until it is time to take baked pavlova from oven — otherwise stored heat will be lost and pavlova will not crisp correctly.

MARSHMALLOW PAVLOVA

- 4 egg-whites
- 1 cup castor sugar
- 1 dessertspoon cornflour
- 1 teaspoon vinegar

Beat egg-whites until stiff, add 1/2 cup castor sugar, beat thoroughly until sugar is dissolved (approx. 5 minutes). Add remaining sugar, a tablespoon at a time, beating

well after each addition. Lightly fold in sifted cornflour, then vinegar. Take 30in. length of aluminium foil, fold in half lengthwise. Make circle of foil and secure. Place on thickly corn-floured tray, fill pavlova mixture into foil; level off top (do not make into a shell). This mixture will make one deep 9in. pavlova. Do not use this mixture to make small individual pavlovas.

Baking in Electric Oven: Pre-heat oven to moderate, reduce heat to slow, bake 1½ hours, cool in oven.

Baking in Gas Oven: Pre-heat oven to moderate, reduce heat to slow, bake 1½ to 1¾ hours, cool in oven.

Be very careful when peeling off collar, so as not to break crisp coating.

Note: This is a favorite type of pavlova — with its deep, soft, marshmallowy centre and crisp, slightly chewy coating. It has, when cooked, a rather "untidy" appearance, compared with other mixtures — but the taste, texture, and flavor are delightful. In the preliminary cooking, this mixture rises very high; toward end of cooking time, the centre falls, leaving a high, crisp shell around. (It will fall a little more as pavlova cools.) The filling or topping is put inside the high, crisp shell.

Fillings for pavlovas

WHIPPED cream, or ice-cream, with fresh or canned fruit is a favorite filling for pavlovas. But they can be made even more special with any of the luscious fillings given here.

CHESTNUT CREAM

9oz. can cream of chestnuts (in vanilla-flavored syrup)
½ pint cream
1 tablespoon brandy

Beat chestnuts until soft, add brandy, stir in whipped cream. Fill into 8in. pavlova shell and refrigerate.

Note: There are two types of canned chestnuts; one is pure chestnuts pureed, with no sweetening added. The second has sugar, glucose, and vanilla added; this is the best for above filling. Check ingredients on can.

LEMON CHIFFON

½ cup cold water
1 dessertspoon gelatine
juice and rind 2 lemons
2 eggs, separated
½ cup castor sugar
½ pint cream

Soak gelatine in cold water. Beat egg-yolks, sugar, and lemon rind over boiling water until thick, creamy, and pale in color. Dissolve gelatine over boiling water, add lemon juice. Add gelatine mixture to cooled egg mixture, off heat, and continue beating until mixture begins to thicken. Beat egg-whites until stiff, and whip cream; gently fold into lemon mixture. When starting to set, spoon into pavlova case, refrigerate until firm. Decorate with extra whipped cream.

FROZEN FRUIT CREAM

grated rind 2 oranges
15oz. can crushed pineapple
1 tablespoon marsala
20oz. block vanilla ice-cream
orange segments

Drain pineapple. Mix drained pineapple with grated orange rind and marsala. Fold in vanilla ice-cream, pour into freezer trays, allow to set slightly. Just before serving, arrange layer of orange segments on base of pavlova. Spoon over partially frozen pineapple cream. Decorate with extra orange segments. Serve at once.



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DECORATIVE SWIRLS (left) can be piped as shown after circle base has been filled in. Use forcing-bag or spoon to make the swirls. During baking, pavlova mixtures spread approx. ½ in.; allow for this when spreading mixture.

Continued overleaf

PAVLOVA MIXTURE (right) is spooned on to a thick, even layer of sifted cornflour, to make a deep, nestlike shell. Pile mixture on to tray, then using a tablespoon hollow out centre of mixture.





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PP12

what I ever want, but this is Robert's home, and Robert is my son."

Paul surprised himself by making a small, laughing sound. "That's exactly what Robert told me. But I don't think even he believed it would come so soon."

"No, I don't mean now!" She looked frightened, and it gave him some small satisfaction. "I only mean, if you and Robert can't work things out."

"Then it might just as well be now," Paul told her, "because we can't. But first, you're going to listen to me!" He took a long step toward her.

But then, in the midst of towering male superiority, it came to him that he was not only waging a losing battle, but that he had no ammunition in his weapons. Until he heard from Al Dunlap, he was firing blanks. "All right," he said, "forget it. Just forget it."

"Paul," Elaine said, "I want you to sleep in the library tonight."

"The library! I can sleep here in the study."

"No, Paul, the library. In here is too... it's too close."

"All right!" He went out into the bedroom. Over his shoulder he said, "Any messages you'd like me to deliver to Stan, in case I see him down there?"

Paul awakened and lay for a time without moving, letting the unhappy circumstances of the awakening soak into his consciousness. He had spent the night wrapped in a faded tan blanket that scratched. And it was Christmas morning! "Merry Christmas, Paul," he said with deep self-pity.

He had searched for bed clothing last night, determined not to go to Elaine for help, and finally finding the scratchy blanket. He shivered. Everything about the library was cold. It was a hateful room.

He found his clothes laid not very neatly across the back of the leather armchair and began putting them on at once, wanting to get out of the room. It had just begun to snow, dusting the brown lawn and the bare trees in the grove. It was going to be a white Christmas. Miserable but white.

Elaine was in the living-room fussing with the Christmas tree. She was looking somewhat forlorn. He couldn't be sure, but he thought her eyes were just a little puffy.

"Merry Christmas," he said quietly.

"Oh!" She turned and smiled at him. A shade wanly? "Merry Christmas. I decided not to wake you up. There didn't seem to be any reason to, I mean..." This

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

last quickly, as if to cover an unpleasant thought. "I mean, the boys aren't up yet, and breakfast won't be for a while."

"Do you think Laura has some coffee out there in the kitchen?"

"I'll ask her."

"No, never mind. I'll find out for myself."

Laura was standing in front of the wide white electric stove jabbing at something in a skillet. Without turning, she said, "I'm afraid the sausages will get burnt

if I don't take them up pretty quick now, Mrs. Hamilton."

Paul said, "It's Mr. Hamilton, Laura. Merry Christmas."

"Oh!" Laura whirled about, holding a spatula as if to defend herself.

"Can I have a cup of that coffee I smell?"

"Yes, sir. There's plenty, only it's not going to be very good, being made so long ago and everything. Oh, I forgot. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," Paul said again.

"Where would you want me to serve the coffee, Mr. Hamilton?"

"Would it be all right if I just had it here?" Paul drew one of the chairs out from under the enamelled table and sat down.

"Oh. Why, yes, sir." She didn't look very happy about it, though, Paul thought. "I'd better just take these sausages off the fire first. I guess they're ruined. I thought everybody'd be ready sooner."

Paul said, "When I was a kid, I was up on Christmas morning practically before it got light."

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There's more to Tasmania than just apple blossom

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"Yes, sir. Me too." Laura put the coffee on the table in front of him. "I'll just go see if there's anything I can do for Mrs. Hamilton."

"Laura." He had to say it quickly in order to catch her before she was out of the room. "You said you wanted to talk to me. Why don't you sit down and have a cup of coffee and do your talking now?"

She shook her head violently. "Not now, Mr. Hamilton," she whispered hoarsely. "Not with Mr. Robert in the house. I'll let you know when."

He wondered what he was doing in this house. He had now been rejected by everybody in

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

it except Stu, who belonged here even more tenuously than he did.

Before a lively fire in the living-room, the gift-opening ceremony had begun. Robert had already unwrapped a set of luggage, for which he had no use whatever, but for which he had given Elaine a thank-you kiss. Stu was sitting at the farthest end of the couch, feeling — or so it looked to Paul — like an intruder.

Elaine was picking her way about among the packages, making selections, and she did not

seem as gay as Christmases ordinarily made her. "Here's another one for you, Robert." Her voice sounded flat.

Robert took the package from her and kissed her cheek. From the shape of the box, Paul thought, it must be the gold pen-and-pencil set. Robert said to Elaine, "Did you wrap it, too? I almost hate to open it, it looks so nice."

Paul was not sure whether the discomfort in his stomach was because of what was going on, because he had had three cups of

coffee laced with brandy, or because he had tried to put waffles and sausages in on top of them.

Robert had opened the pen-and-pencil set. "It's beautiful, Mother," he said. "Thank you very much."

"But, Bob," Stu said, "ain't you already got a pen and pencil?"

"That old thing?" Robert laughed. "You can have that."

"I already got one of my own," Stu said stiffly. He looked so pathetic that Paul wished he had bought him the more expensive watch, the one with the days and months.

Elaine said, "I do hope we know somebody by the name of Stuart Parker." It was very

heavy humor, Paul thought, not her style at all. "Because there's a package here for somebody by that name."

"Hey, that's me!" Stu said in an astonished voice.

Elaine lifted from the confusion of packages one that was a good deal too bulky to be either a watch or a box of ties.

Stu bounced off the couch. "How about that!" It seemed never to have occurred to him that they might have got a gift for him.

"It's from me," Robert said. "Go ahead, open it."

Stu unwrapped the package clumsily to reveal a stack of comic-books a good foot high. "Hey, comic-books!" he shouted. "About a million comic-books! Gee, thanks a lot!"

"They all came out within the last week," Robert told him. "I didn't figure you'd have any of them yet."

"Gee, thanks a lot!"

Elaine said, "Somebody must think a lot of you, Robert. Here's another one with your name on it."

Robert opened two more packages. One contained ski pants, a ski sweater, and cap. In the other was a pair of skis, the outrageous cost of which Paul remembered with pain. Robert was genuinely delighted.

"My father taught me to ski. He was very good." He said this to Stu, presumably, but looked at Paul.

STU'S gift to Robert was a stereo album, on the cover of which was a photograph of some people with guitars, either young men or young women or both. They all had long hair and wore pants. "The Martians," Stu explained. "They're way out."

Robert nodded. "The Martian Motion' is on here. It's not bad at all."

Stu had bought a box of handkerchiefs for Elaine and a box of glass-encased cigars, his father's favorite brand, for Paul. Paul took a chance with his already disturbed stomach and lit one of them. Elaine took one of the handkerchiefs out of her box and held it to her nose.

Speaking through the handkerchief, Elaine said, "That Stuart Parker is pretty popular around here. There are two more packages for him."

"But I got mine," Stu said.

"All the same . . ." Elaine said. She held the two packages out to him.

Stu came off the couch more slowly this time. His face was flushed. "I only got one for everybody."

Elaine smiled at him, looking like the real Elaine. "Stuart, that isn't what matters. If people counted Christmas presents, what would become of Christmas? And even if you felt you just had to count, you gave presents to three people, and, from the way it looks, three people gave presents to you. What's wrong with that?"

"Oh, yeah. Well . . . yeah. Yes, ma'am."

Stu took the gay wrapping off the box of ties and did a very good job of looking pleased with them. Then, still seeming a little embarrassed, he plucked at the ornate knot with which Elaine had tied up the watch box. He took the paper off carefully and lifted the lid slowly. After a long pause, he said, "Jeepers!"

"What is it?" Robert asked him.

"It's a watch," Stu whispered. "Well, you haven't got a watch."



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"But . . . yeah, but . . ."
Stu looked up first at Elaine and then at Paul. "It's the kind you don't even have to wind."

"Do you like it?" Elaine asked him.

"I never had anything like this, ever," Stu said. "I mean, I don't even know any grown-ups with watches like this."

Robert laughed. "The kid's all broken up."

"Well, but . . . Jeepers!"

"There's one thing I have to tell you, Robert," Elaine said. "We just didn't have time to get your rifle."

Robert's face hardened for the briefest moment. Elaine didn't seem to notice it. "I thought maybe you could pick it out yourself when we go into the city tomorrow."

"Are we going into the city tomorrow?" Robert asked her.

Elaine plucked a gaily striped envelope off the tree itself and handed it to Robert. "Here. Open it." She looked down at Stu, frowning a little. "I'm very embarrassed about it, to tell you the truth. It's two tickets for 'I Lay Me Down.' That's a play, Stuart, and a very big hit. You have to get tickets just months in advance, and I ordered these before I knew you were coming home with Robert. So, you see, I only have two, Stuart?"

Stu was still examining his watch. He looked up at Elaine with preoccupied eyes and said, "Excuse me? Oh, that's all right, Mrs. Hamilton, I'd just as soon stay home and read my comic-books, anyway." He grinned. "And keep track of what time it is and everything."

"Maybe you could still get another ticket," Robert said. "You would like to come with us, wouldn't you, Stu?" Paul thought this last was oddly accented, as if, perhaps, it contained a secret message of some sort.

"Honest to gosh, Bob, I'd just as soon—"

"I'll call and see if there's anything available," Elaine said; then she moved outside as the front door chimes sounded.

Robert gave Stu a cold look. "What's this, you don't want to see a good play?"

"Bob, for Pete's sake, can't you see your mother wants to be alone with you for a little while? What kind of a creep do you take me for, tagging along everywhere?"

"Don't be stubborn, Stu. I want you to come with us."

Stu shook his head firmly. "I'm not going to."

"We'll see. We'll talk about it later."

Then Elaine came to stand just inside the living-room, holding an open flower box in her arms. Paul could smell the roses all the way across the room.

"Robert," Elaine said, "I

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

think you're the sweetest boy in the whole wide world!"

Robert smiled at her. "I'm glad they got here all right. I told them they had to be delivered before three o'clock this afternoon or the deal was off."

Elaine bowed her head to smell the flowers. She said, "Stan used to have roses delivered to the house every Christmas afternoon."

The Christmas dinner had seemed to be a great success, Elaine thought. Stuart, who was a very likable but a very funny little boy, had been so engrossed in his turkey breast, mashed potatoes, and cranberry sauce that he had taken time away from them for only an occasional glance at his wristwatch and not for anything else. She herself had chattered foolishly, knowing it at the time. She had almost forgotten the trouble with Paul rattling away like that.

Stu had taken an armload of new comic-books up to the guest-room as soon as dinner was over, and Paul, pleading indigestion—she knew all about the brandy with his morning coffee—had gone upstairs to lie down. Elaine, almost as if it had been planned, found herself alone with Robert in the living-room.

Robert had just put a new log on the fire, and he stood over it, making sure it caught. How very like his father Robert was going to be! Only Robert seemed to go one step beyond Stan in everything. Just a little more handsome, a little more brilliant, a little more stern when circumstances warranted it, a little more aloof with those who had not earned his warmth.

SOMEDAY, she knew, Robert was going to marry, and she hoped it would be the right girl. The girl who married Robert would have to have some special talents.

She would have to resign herself—and like it—to being ruled, as Elaine herself had been ruled by Stan. She would have to learn to match herself to his moods—they had been many in Stan's case—and to accept her role as a single and separate factor in his life rather than as an integral part of the whole.

He would give her, as Stan had given Elaine, pride in his bearing and his accomplishments; but there were things—Elaine would never have said as much aloud—that he would not give her if he followed Stan's pattern: a share in his achievements, the female satisfaction of having moulded the male at

least a little. She would have to subtract from the fine qualities those that suited a wife less perfectly and settle for the net gain.

Elaine had done so quite successfully with Stan, and she felt it would be less, rather than more, difficult with Robert.

Robert came to sit beside her on the couch. He said slowly, "Don't misunderstand me, Mother, but don't you sometimes feel . . ." He turned to look into her eyes. "Doesn't it seem dull sometimes, being married to . . . him?"

"No," Elaine said, "no, I can't say that. It's a different sort of life, yes, but that doesn't mean it has to be a bad sort."

"I just don't see how . . . well, never mind."

"Robert," Elaine said, making her voice as untroubled as she could, "have you and Paul had any words? You know, any unpleasantness or anything like that?"

"There hasn't been any pleasantness, I can tell you that. And the little talk last night didn't help, Mother."

"No, before that," Elaine said. "The night you got here."

"I didn't even talk to him that night," Robert frowned. "Why? Has something happened?"

"No, no. At least, not really."

Robert smiled at her. "That's strictly a mother answer."

"Well, actually, I guess it was just more something I felt than anything else. It was when you and Stuart went up to your room to play your records. You remember? After dinner?"

"Yes." "And when you played the music so loud—it was too loud, you know, Robert. Just ear-splitting."

"I'm sorry. I didn't realise."

"Well, anyway, Paul went upstairs to ask you to turn it down."

"Oh? He did?"

"Anyway, the music stopped. I mean, the record seemed to end. And then in a little while Paul came back downstairs, and he seemed just terribly upset."

Robert shrugged. "I didn't even see him."

"Yes, that's what he told me later. But he was terribly upset, all the same."

"Now, wait a minute. He was upstairs when the record ended? The one that was too loud?"

"That's right."

"What did he say when he came back downstairs?"

"Oh, Well, nothing really specific. He was just . . . terribly upset."

Robert said, "Of all the luck!"

"What?"

"Oh, I mean, to have something upset him just at a time like this. When we were hoping, you know, that we might be able to get things straightened out. But we weren't going to get things straightened out anyway, Mother."

"Robert, I can't understand why both of you have this defeatist attitude."

Robert sighed. "I'm sorry, Mother, but I think we have to have a serious talk, you and I."

"All right, I mean that's a very good idea."

"I know, of course, that you and Paul are married and everything, and I don't want to interfere." His voice was soft and extraordinarily persuasive. "Maybe I'm just being selfish, but I really

think you ought to know this."

"Know what, dear?"

"I'm sorry, Mother, but . . . I think Paul is trying to get rid of me."

"Get . . . rid of you?"

"Yes, Oh, I don't think he has the nerve to—you know—kill me. All the same, I'm not ruling it out completely."

"Robert!"

"I'm sorry, Mother. The thing is, I think he sees me as a threat. He loves you so much that he isn't going to let anything stand between you and him. And no matter how hard I try to make him see he's wrong, he thinks of me as something that does stand between you and him. So he thinks he has to get rid of me."

"Robert, do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes, I do, Mother. I've known about this for a long

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By RUDD



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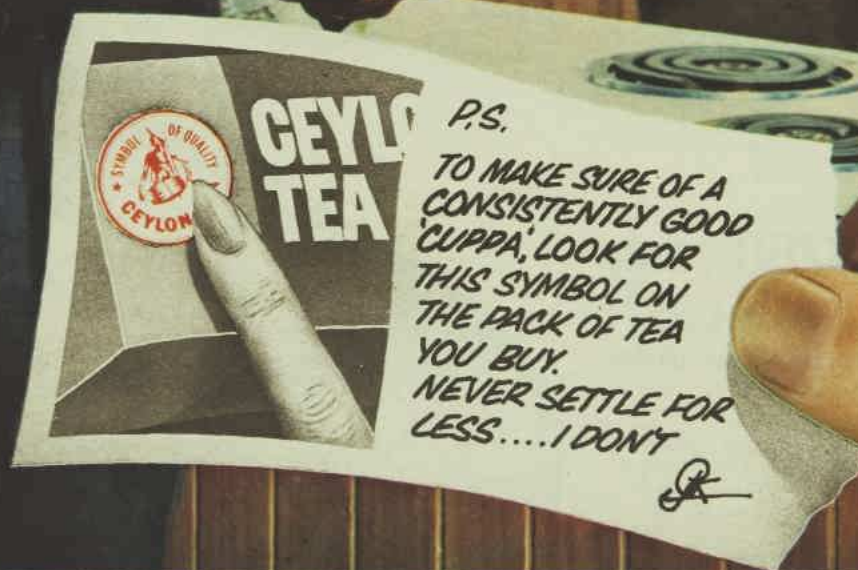
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time. But how could I come to you with it?"

"Oh, Robert!"

"I don't think he aims to kill me, Mother. If only because he doesn't have the nerve. I think he plans to—what's the word?—discredit me. I think he plans to come to you with some ridiculous story about me—maybe with faked evidence; I don't know—and turn you completely against me. He may even think he can get me committed or something. I'm not like most kids my age. Maybe it wouldn't be too hard to make out a case like that against me."

And Paul had wanted to send Robert to a psychiatrist, Elaine remembered. To one he had already selected? To an accomplice? Paul, do such a thing? Now, for the first time, she was frightened.

She said abruptly, "We have to get out of here!"

"No, that's no good." He was frowning. "Would my father run away? Besides, that would only let him know we're on to him. It would only bring things to a head before we're ready."

"Oh," Elaine said. "No, I don't want that."

"Then, let's just go on as if nothing had happened. At least, there are no secrets between us now. And it's the best thing."

"Are you sure?"

"I try to be like my father. He was always sure."

"Don't you think I ought to talk to Paul?"

"No, Mother. We don't tell him anything; he doesn't tell us anything."

"All right, then, I won't tell him any of this that we've been talking about, but I still want to see him."

"Mother, are you sure you can talk to him without letting anything slip? Any of

A LITTLE GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

this that we've been talking about?"

"For goodness' sake," Elaine said, but she smiled at him. "Who's the parent here, and who's the child?"

"I just hope you'll be careful, that's all."

They went up the stairs together, and Robert stood at the head of the stairway watching her as she opened the master-bedroom door and peeped inside. "He's asleep," she said.

"All right, let him sleep, then. I want to talk to Stu about something."

Stu was in the guest-room, curled up on the bed, reading a comic-book near-sightedly. Robert said, "About the play tomorrow, Stu. I think you'd better come with us."

"What for? Pete's sake, what are you making such a federal case out of it for?"

"I don't want to leave you alone here with him." Robert pointed back toward the master bedroom. "I don't trust you."

"That's a fine thing to say to a guy."

"If you're planning something, I'll find out about it. You know that, don't you, Stu?"

"What the heck's the matter with you, anyway? Why do I have to be planning something? I'm planning to read a mess of comic-books, that's what I'm planning. Pete's sake!"

"It would be better if you came with us."

"Well, I'm not gonna."

"All right, but he's going to be here all day. If you blab to him, Stu, I swear I'll kill you. I mean that. Not just a stupid game. I'll kill you."

Leaving Stu's door open, Robert went to his own room. He went straight to his bed, lifted the mattress, and took the thick leatherbound notebook from under it. He carried this to his desk, sat down, and opened it to a clean page. He took his new gold pen out of its box and began writing in the book.

Elaine said, "I'm sorry, but I have to wake you up. This can't wait any longer."

Paul struggled with the sluggish remnants of sleep and sat up.

"I'm sorry," she said again. "You'll have to go, Paul."

"Go where?" The conversation seemed to have begun in the middle.

"It doesn't matter where. You have to go away from here. Right away."

"What are you talking about?"

"You can just pack what you need for now. I'll help you. I imagine you can get a room at the Gladstone."

Paul pushed himself up off the bed. "What's happened? What's he told you now?"

"Told me? Who?"

"Who do you think? Robert, of course." He was so angry it almost felt good. "What's he said about me now?"

"I didn't say he'd said anything."

"Elaine, do you think I'm so stupid? Who besides Robert could make you talk to me like this?"

"Now, wait a minute," Elaine said. "What are you getting so hot under the

collar about? What's anybody done to you?"

"What's anybody done to me! A man's taking a nap after his Christmas dinner, and his wife comes in and yells 'Get out' at him, and you don't think he deserves some kind of explanation?"

"Oh, Paul, why do you have to hate the boy so much?"

There was no profit in denying the charge, he decided. "Well, primarily, I suppose, because he hates me. And because he doesn't care how unhappy you are or what becomes of you. Oh, I know, you don't see that. He's nothing but Mama's little angel whenever you're around."

"Paul!"

"But it's true. And I don't like him because he's man-

FROM THE BIBLE

• *Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?*

— Isaiah 55: 2.

aged to do this to us, you and me. Have you ever asked him why he hates me?"

"He doesn't hate you. He

"Tell me what he said about me to make you want me to leave so suddenly."

"I promised Robert I wouldn't."

"All right, I'll make you a promise. You won't get me out of here without telling me."

"All right, Robert knows you plan to get rid of him."

"Get rid of him?"

"He doesn't believe you'd go so far as to kill him, but maybe that's just because he's too charitable. I'm frightened, Paul. So is he."

"Of me? Robert is frightened of me?"

"Yes, he is, although he puts up a very brave front. What you refuse to recognise, Paul, is that he's still a boy. A child. It would be bad enough if you meant to . . . to get rid of a grown man, but to . . . He's just a boy yet, Paul."

"Do you honestly believe that I'd . . . that I could do anything like that?"

"Robert says you could."

Suddenly his anger was back, redoubled. "And if Robert says so, then it has to be gospel, is that it? You'd rather believe me capable of murder than admit to yourself that he might have told you a lie."

"That's quite enough of that, Paul."

"All right."

"You'll go?"

"I'll go. But I won't go tonight. I'm expecting a very important phone call, and I have to be here to take it. Tomorrow."

"A call from whom?"

"Under the circumstances, I think I'm justified in telling you it's none of your business. As soon as the call comes in tomorrow, I'll get out and maybe even be glad to go, but in the meantime you'll just have to put up with me."

To be concluded

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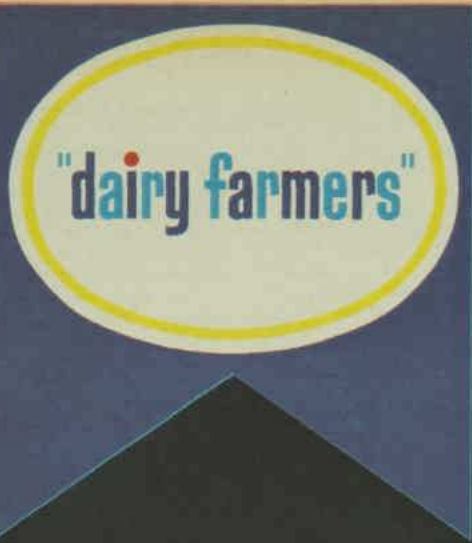
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DANISH FRUIT ROLLS

PASTRY

- 1 cup self-raising flour
- 1 cup plain flour
- 1 egg
- 4oz. butter or substitute
- 1-2 tablespoons cold water
- 1 tablespoon powdered milk
- 1 tablespoon sugar

FILLING

- 2 tablespoons raspberry jam
- 1 cup cake crumbs
- 1 cup mixed fruit
- 1 grated apple

LEMON SYRUP

- 1 cup water
- 1 tablespoon golden syrup
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Pastry: Sift flours together into mixing bowl, rub in butter, stir in powdered milk and sugar. Beat egg lightly, add to mixture with enough water to make a firm dough. Turn out on to floured board, knead lightly. Divide mixture into two. Roll out one half and line the base and sides of greased 9in. round sandwich tin. Spread the base with raspberry jam. Roll remainder of pastry into rectangular shape, approximately 4in. thick. Mix together remaining filling ingredients and spread over pastry.

Roll-up like sponge-roll, cut into 1in.-thick slices. Arrange evenly in pastry case. Carefully pour over hot lemon syrup. Bake in moderately hot oven 35 to 40 minutes or until golden brown. Serve warm with cream or custard.

Serves 6.

Lemon Syrup: Place all ingredients in saucepan. Place over low heat, bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Remove from heat.

First Prize of \$10 to Mrs. M. Bell, 46 Burcham St., Mt. Gambier, S.A. 5290.

VIENNA CHOCOLATE CAKE

- 4oz. butter or substitute
- 1 cup castor sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour
- 3 tablespoons cocoa
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Cream together butter and sugar, add vanilla. Separate eggs, add egg-yolks one at a time to creamed mixture, beating well after each addition. Sift together flour and cocoa, add to mixture alternately with milk. Beat egg-whites until stiff but not dry, carefully fold into mixture. Pour into well-greased 8in. round cake tin, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes, or until cooked when tested with skewer. Serve plain or filled with cream and iced with chocolate icing.

Consolation Prize of \$2 to Mrs. G. Henselin, P.O. Box 4, Kilkivan, Qld. 4600.

PINEAPPLE, ORANGE AND BANANA JAM

- 1 medium-sized pineapple
- 8 small navel oranges
- 3 large bananas
- 5 pints water
- 6lb. sugar

Wash oranges, slice thinly into large basin, cover, and stand overnight. Next day, place water and oranges in large preserving pan. Peel, core, and chop pineapple

finely, add to pan. Place over heat, bring to the boil, add sugar, stir until dissolved. Boil quickly 1 hour, then add peeled and thinly sliced bananas. Continue boiling until jam jells when tested on cold saucer (approximately 1 to 1 1/2 hours). Remove from heat, allow to stand 15 minutes before bottling into clean jars. Seal when cold.

Makes approximately 6 pints.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. B. A. Felstead, 91 Chapman St., Sunshine, Vic. 3020.

DANISH PIE FOR DESSERT

PINEAPPLE AND DATE SLICE

- 2 cups self-raising flour
- pinch salt
- 1/2 cup desiccated coconut
- 1 cup lightly packed brown sugar
- 6oz. butter or substitute
- 1/2 cup finely chopped walnuts
- 2 tablespoons coconut, extra

FILLING

- 1/2lb. chopped dates
- 1/2 cup lightly packed brown sugar
- 15oz. can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup pineapple syrup

- grated rind 1/2 orange
- 1 tablespoon orange juice
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped preserved ginger

Sift flour and salt into basin, in coconut and sugar; rub in butter or substitute until mixture is crumbly. With lightly floured hands press half mixture into greased 14in. x 10in. swiss roll tin. Spread with cooled filling. Stir chopped walnuts into remaining crumble mixture, spread over filling, pressing down lightly;

sprinkle with extra coconut. Bake in moderate oven 35 minutes or until lightly browned. Allow to cool in tin. When cold, cut into slices.

Filling: Combine dates, sugar, pineapple syrup, orange rind and juice in saucepan; cook over low heat until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, add crushed pineapple and preserved ginger; cool.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss V. Windmill, Elliminyt, via Colac, Vic. 3249.



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Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors — including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

Neglect — and reliance on superficial relief — invites serious medical consequences. Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets — now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading adjunct in the treatment of piles. Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

- ★ Simple and dignified treatment.
- ★ Two tablets with meals.

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The oral treatment for HEMORRHOIDS

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"SELMA."—Button-through shift is available in blue/green/white, pink/green/white, or orange/tan/white paisley printed cotton.

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Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

● NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 79. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

As I read THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting November 20

ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.

★ There could be a carryover of muddle from the day before; the 20th and morning of the 21st could prove a strain, but there's a happy emphasis on career, ambition.

TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

★ Better stars with an occasional lucky break. There's still a background mist of confusion which reaches climax on 25th, but there's no reason why you can't make a go of it, especially 23rd. The unexpected could happen, 24th.

GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ Tables are turned this week—the goodies are too strong for the baddies. Exciting and unforeseen things could occur on the romance front. However, there's danger of a quarrel with an admirer or a friend, or both, 20th.

CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.

★ If you're thinking of trying your luck, your chances are good 23rd-25th, the unexpected could happen. Cupid speaks with a forked-tongue 25th, although there's plenty of glamor around. Married life gets a happy assist.

LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ Fortunate focus on the love life, 23rd-25th, which favors the unwed, since married folk could get themselves into a matrimonial snarl-up. An unscheduled trip could prove profitable; and, if a working woman, a boost on the job.

VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 15. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.

★ Perhaps you'll need all your cool to cope with a lover's spot on 21st—and deceptive conditions could lead to wrong decisions 25th, but the week is mainly favoring, and finances take a continued and sustained turn for the better.

LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.

★ Those born at the beginning of the sign should be experiencing an exciting and fortunate time. Big, happy changes and the ability to cope better with problems and pitfalls. However, 21st is adverse for marriage, 25th for finance.

SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

★ Nice and unexpected things could happen to finances—perhaps a surprise-packet via the postcode. It's a good time for a close look-see at money matters and for constructive budgeting. The 25th is allergic to personal life.

SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.

★ You begin your cycle of expansion and progress—and what Sagittarian does not like going places? The phase begins mostly fortunately, but 21st is adverse moneywise.

CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors lilac, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Monday.

★ A gentle zephyr still blows through the personal life—giving opportunity to climb the peak of achievement—except 21st a.m., which is for routine only. There could be a spot of domestic brouhaha based on confusion 25th.

AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

★ There's a touch of the egghead in Aquarius—they want to know, and not just merely for curiosity. Many are passing through big, favorable mental changes, a sort of facelift of the mind. It's a good time for home and hearth.

PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ Fish-folk can project plans and begin new ventures with confidence—the zodiac favors imagination and vision. Help is shown by fiends, but you could lock horns with one, 21st.

"The idea of its expanding widthways really works"

New CAREFREE solves the problem of extra heavy or sudden flow better than other tampons. IT EXPANDS WIDTHWAYS, NOT LENGTHWISE, shaping itself to your exact inner contours. CAREFREE is so highly absorbent, accidents are practically impossible. And CAREFREE needs no bulky applicator. Available in two absorbencies: CAREFREE Regular, a slimmer tampon. CAREFREE Super for extra absorbency.



Carefree* Tampons
New widthways expansion—no bulky applicator

Johnson & Johnson



Heinz introduce an entirely new range of foods for pre-school children

Now you can give your pre-school child
delicious, nourishing, well-balanced lunches ...
no matter how busy you are.

Natural flavour

Heinz Pre-Schooler's Food has the same chunky meat and vegetables, the same flavour and goodness of food you prepare yourself. That's because Heinz use only prime ingredients, all carefully blended and cooked to preserve all the nourishment of a home-cooked meal.

Essential nourishment

After three years of testing and research, Heinz have developed exactly the right recipe for Pre-Schooler's Food; a careful balance of minerals, vitamins and protein to give your child the nourishment needed to build a strong, healthy body.

Grown-up taste little ones love
Only children know which flavours they

prefer, so Heinz asked children to taste-test every Pre-Schooler Dinner. They loved the fresh, natural flavour, found the chunky texture so easy to manage with a spoon. Pre-Schooler's helps your child to become accustomed to adult meals, it's the growing-up food with the grown-up taste.

Fun and games on the can

Every can has a bright colourful label, and underneath are pictures for children to colour.

Isn't it nice to know that even when you are really busy, you can give your child a tasty, nourishing meal with Heinz Pre-Schooler's Food. Now at your supermarket.

"Hooray, hooray I heard Mum say
Heinz is on for lunch today."



Vegetables and Steak.
Vegetables and Lamb.
Vegetables and Sliced Sausage.
Vegetables, Chicken and Veal.
Rainbow Fruit Salad.

Actual size shown.



HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

new
Lassie
is here

No wonder he's in a rush. New LASSIE is the best doggone news he's heard in ages.

Juicy appetising meatballs in a nourishing *vitalized* gravy, packed with all the protein a perky pup needs. LASSIE is a whole health diet in a single can. Don't let *your* dog miss out ... even if he hasn't got a skateboard.

Get him some New LASSIE today.



**LOOKS GOOD!
SMELLS GREAT!
TASTES EVEN BETTER!**

Letter of credit!



LETTERS

• This was my father's reply to my request for more pocket-money (I board away from home): "Dear Daughter, I am in receipt of your letter, which brought tears to my hard old eyes. It dawned on me that you were in fiscal trouble. However, I hope you realise the sacrifice required to give you the pocket-money. Australia's balance of payment overseas has been declining, another F-111 has crashed, the Ord River crop has failed, the bank manager has ulcers, and your father is down to his last million. If this strikes a spot in that swinging brick you call a heart, please feel free to return the cheque. Yours, in monetary depletion, Father."

—"Still Broke," Midland, W.A.

Heart failure

FROM my small country town (2000 people), I came to Melbourne to go to university. I will have to give up this lifetime ambition because I am incapable of accepting the drastic change. Even in our final year at school we were treated as children. Barely three months later, 200 miles from home

and friends, I was expected to act like an adult. I wish there was some way of getting my education without so much suffering. I think a lot of the failures at university are people like me. We are not unintelligent — just lost, lonely, and too immature to be put in this situation. — "Sara," Glen Iris, Vic.

Dear Polly,

My boyfriend says I need a 'touch of the sun'...

Q. Two years ago, I spent a lot of time at the beach. To my delight, I found that the sun had lightened my hair just a touch. My boyfriend loved it. Last summer, with less time to spare, I tried to achieve the same result with a blonding cream. The results were quite nice, but my hair was much lighter than I wanted it. How can I regain that "touch of the sun"?

A. You can achieve that pretty look you want with Polyclair Hair Lightener. Polyclair is a cream shampoo lightener which lets you lighten one or two shades with each application. Use it about once every four to six weeks—the conditioned end results will be sure to please. At the end of summer, the colour will return naturally, as it did several years ago; or, if you prefer, you can continue to use Polyclair for that "summer look" all the year round.

Q. I've decided to blonde my hair and a friend suggested I should use Polycolor Blonde Cream—she said it wasn't one of those "fast bleaches." What did she mean?

A. Some blonding preparations work very quickly, stripping the hair of colour; with these "fast bleaches," end results can be very harsh indeed. With Polycolor Blonde Cream, however, the results will always be beautiful and natural because the extra developing time allows an effective yet gentle blonding action. Then, too, there are special conditioners in Polycolor which give your hair a health treatment and a beauty treatment at the very same time. So follow your friend's wise advice—take a few extra minutes to ensure safe, gentle, natural blonding—with Polycolor Blonde Cream.

If you have a hair problem, write to Pauline ("Polly") Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W. 2163, or call her in person at Sydney, 72-0461.



At Pharmacies and Department Stores

News flash!

PARENTS complain when their teenage children listen to the radio all day. But every hour there is a news broadcast. The teenager doesn't switch off for those few minutes and then tune in again. No. They listen to the news. Since I have had my own transistor, and have listened to it every spare minute, I know more of what is going on around me than I ever did before. So, parents, there is some benefit in that noisy little box, the transistor.—R. Collett, Strathalbyn, S.A.

For teenagers

No regrets

I'M sick of hearing and reading about how sorry a person will be when he leaves school and starts work. I, for one, have never regretted this step. We have our time off, there's no studying to be done, and the hours are a thing you become accustomed to, being only one more than the average school day of seven hours. So I say "phooey" to those lecturers who preach "get a better education and you'll be better off." Up the workers! — "One of the Many," Highbett, Vic.

Dead flowers

THERE have always been, and always will be, those who rebel against traditional society and seek a new sense of values. Under whatever name they go, there will be those constructive and those destructive. I have recently returned from a year in San

Francisco, and saw the hippies of the Haight-Ashbury district in the summer of their flowering as the beautiful, kind, though somewhat bewildered, upholders of the doctrine of peace and love. I saw their withering, with the symbolic "burial" of the movement that autumn, and the ugly, rank regrowth this past summer, when anti-social bitterness replaced brotherly love. — Barbara Young, Walcha, N.S.W.

Spoilsports

I WILL probably make myself unpopular with the following remarks, but I feel Australians are too sport-minded. The proof is in our everyday living. Sport is the subject of conversation on the bus, at work, and at lunchtime — which should give a chance for intelligent and interesting conversation. In the privacy of my home I am still fed sport documentaries through radio and television. The

astonishing part is that these sports addicts live in a fatalistic incomprehension of important world events which could have a big impact on the Australian way of life.—G. Y. Berger, Gooseberry Hill, W.A.

WIDE CIRCLE

■ Friendship rings are being given freely among my friends, and I am regarded as odd because I don't want one. My reason is that many acquaintances who have had one given them shortly after lose interest in the donors, and the rings are an embarrassment. A lot of other boys do not take an interest in one if one is wearing a ring. I think an engagement ring loses its wonderful significance if it has been preceded by a — or several — friendship rings. — T. Elliott, New Farm, Qld.



"Wash up! But, Mother, we're doing our homework."

Hello Foot!



Now everybody else can see you — we're going to make you beautiful Scholl. And me.

You can make your feet beautiful. Of course you can. You and Scholl. Start by getting rid of blemishes. Think that's impossible? Oh but it isn't.

Blemishes — like corns — must go!

So nearly everybody has corns. Well — you be different! If you face up to foot blemishes you can almost always get rid of them. Did you know that Scholl Zino-Pads can ease corns away?

It's crazy not to use them! Visit your chemist right away. Ask him about Scholl corn pads. Felt or foam ones for simple corns. Zino-Pads for deeper corns! Pads for other common foot troubles (even callouses and bunions).

But do go now summer is coming. Feet just can't be beautiful with blemishes.

foot beauty starts at the

Scholl Foot Care Counter

at chemists, stores and Scholl shops.



Available from David Jones', Myers, Farmers, Kitchings and leading travel goods stockists throughout Australia.

BETWEEN THE LINES...

ROUND
ROBIN



ADAIR

For teenagers

QUITE a few stories I've heard lately have tickled my fancy. Let's have a look at them...

Mexican Olympics champion gymnast Vera Caslav-ska married another Czech

competitor, Josef Odlozil, at the Games.

I can't seem to find out what his line of sport is.

He's possibly a wrestler she twisted round her little finger, a diver who took the

plunge, or a field athlete who really headed for the high jump.

While I'm sure the couple will live happily ever after, not all Olympics weddings work out.

There was the long-distance runner who coined the expression "marathon in haste and repent at leisure."

A Toledo, Spain, young man recently dropped legal action against his fiancée, whose dog had bitten him while he was serenading her.

He agreed with her lawyer that his music was not very good and that the dog had not really done any damage.

His Bach was worse than his bite?

A concert was recently held in a cave near Bathurst, N.S.W., by a music club.

Surprisingly, there was only bush music—no rock.

Then there was the American woman who said she thought that the modern housewife, with all her training in using complex modern household appliances, would find piloting a spaceship easy.

It would probably be all right — unless she took the kids along.

How would she keep them amused in the capsule?

Imagine her saying: "Mummy's not using it at the moment, so you can play with the vacuum."

Polaroid portrait by Marie Cosindas commissioned by Helena Rubinstein Inc. © 1968 Helena Rubinstein.



I like long nightgowns,
French accents,
the first day of any vacation,
and my brother's best friend.

I like Simon and Garfunkle,
bare feet,
fake fur,
anything chocolate,
and the colour blue.

I like movies that make me cry,
small babies,
poetry that doesn't rhyme,
and my brother's best friend.

I like remembering the words to songs,

the endings of books,
the answers to tests,
and my first big crush.

I like my middle name,
old trench coats,
different noses,
and boys with long eyelashes,
(I like my brother's best friend.)

I like boys that are shy,
Girls that aren't,
And fathers with a sense of humour.

I like thinking about the things I like.
We make a fragrance for this kind of girl.
Heaven Sent.

Perfume, talcum, soap and dusting powder.



Helena Rubinstein

GO-MANGO



BUTTERICK PATTERNS

2198.—Sleepwear co-ordinates, including nightgown, brunch coat, short and long pyjamas. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 55 cents includes postage.

4860.—Mini A-line beach shift with shorts under. Shoulder-strap button at front. Shift may also be made street-length. Sizes 28, 29, 30½, 32, 33½, 35in. bust. Price 75 cents includes postage.



2198



4860



4699



4861

400

4861.—Girl's jumpsuit featuring front-zipper closing with top-stitch trim. Shoulder-strap button at front. Sizes 21, 23, 25, 27, 28½, 30in. chest. Price 65 cents includes postage.

400.—Layette pattern includes dress, nightgown, petticoat, jacket, bonnet, and panties, available in one size only. Price 50 cents includes postage.

4738.—Soft pleats falling from a high-belted waistline. Short sleeves included. Sizes 31½, 32½, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 80 cents includes postage.

4699.—Easy-to-make three-armhole dress, wrapping round to either the front or back. Made from one pattern piece only. Sizes 31½-32½, 34-36, 38in. bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-064, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

| NAME | DESIGN | SIZE | PRICE |
|---------|--------|------|-------|
| ADDRESS | | | |

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

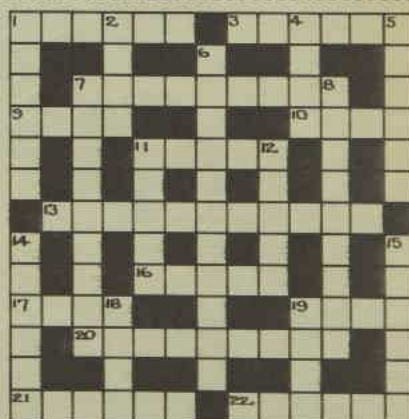
MANDRAKE has set out for Chance Cay. Meanwhile, Murch has been taken captive by Baron Chance's men, who are now looking for the magician. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Caper of a physician in prison (6).
- Communicated to the car that was in front (6).
- Fish in naval fleet makes butter from vegetable oil (9).
- Nourished about fifty, but ran away (4).
- Smack the mate's back (4).
- The premonition of a lump (5).
- Revelations record above that is south (11).
- Work for and dried up about five (5).
- Cannot speak whiningly (4).
- The young cow gets a part of the leg (4).
- Cut flea up to make a cookery measure (9).
- Seats in stable compartments (6).
- Appeared to be me in that which is sown (6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN



Solution of last week's crossword.

- A fishing-spear ruler for a foreman (6).
- A small nail makes a drab change (4).
- Prohibits a degree on different poles (4).
- A weir enclosure to make moist (6).
- Various corn changes for flesh-eating (11).
- Begging to repair one list (9).
- Lee is mixed up and feeble-minded, but essential (9).
- Chops the hired horses (5).
- Animal worth a kingdom to King Richard (5).
- Six vehicles for clergymen (6).
- Polished the color editor (6).
- A false tale about a fresh-water duck (4).
- A remedy for the French priest (4).



A MERRY GO-ROUND OF GOOD TASTE

There's an Arnott's Cream Biscuit to please everyone.

What a parade of fresh-baked delight! Tangy, chocolatey, fruity, creamy, in individual packs or the Arnott's Assorted Cream selection. In the Arnott's biscuit bar at your food store.

SHORTBREAD CREAM. LEMON CRISP. CREAMY CHOCOLATE. ORANGE SLICE.
DELTA CREAM. MONTE CARLO. CREAMY CRUNCH.

Arnott's famous **Biscuits**

There is no Substitute for Quality



The Australian
Women's

Weekly Fashion News



This Christmas fashion issue includes festive clothes for gala parties, fashions for special Christmas occasions such as speech day, plus our budget buys of the week.

- Dreamy, satin-backed rayon dress, at left, with scooped neck, in pink, aqua, black. XXSW-W. \$18.
- Man's suit in terylene, wool, mohair, centre, has black velvet detail. 38-40in. regular. \$85. White cotton turtle dress shirt, 14½-17in. \$9.

- Chiffon dress, at right, is tiered near the hemline, has a ribbon belt. XXSSW-SW. \$22. (Dresses from Grace Bros. Fashion Depts., Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands. Man's suit and dress shirt from all Grace Bros. Men's Suit and Shirt Depts.)

FESTIVE FASHIONS FOR GALA NIGHTS



At left: Fashionable waisted look in pin-tucked, full-length beige organza dress with button detail on bodice. Fluffy lace trimming neck, sleeves, and skirt is threaded with coffee-colored velvet ribbon. In range of sizes. About \$50. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)



Above: Feminine is the only word for this hail-spotted voile party dress, or hostess gown, with tiny leg-o'-mutton sleeves, soft ruffles, and velvet ribbon trim. XSSW-SW. About \$45. (Prevue Fashions, Chatswood.)

At right, above: Elegant party dress with skirt-and-blouse look joins a white organza bodice to an aqua shantung skirt. Cuffed balloon sleeves are a fashion note. Lace trim on bodice is threaded with aqua ribbon. In range of sizes, other colors. About \$49. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)



● FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS

At left: Sophisticated black look in estacel crepe with glitter buckles. Wrap-over style with deep V-neckline, at left, in natural and blue also. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -SW $\frac{1}{2}$. \$25. Design with stand-up collar, at right, in bone, aqua, pink, white also. XSSW $\frac{1}{2}$ -W $\frac{1}{2}$. \$24. (Grace Bros., Proportionate Fitting Depts., Broadway, Parramatta, Bondi, Chatswood, Roselands.)



Above: Strikingly effective black-and-white color scheme in a white linen A-line party dress, Empire-banded, with soft guipure lace trim threaded with black velvet ribbon. About \$55. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)

At right: Cool little dress of washable sheer fabric has pleated bodice with self-colored lace frill and satin ribbon bow at waist. In blue, pink, white, lemon and range of sizes. About \$26. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)



At left: Striped black-and-white cotton voile bodice with self-frill at the neck contrasts with plain voile skirt, with daisy trim under the bust and around hem, and velvet bow with tails. In size and color range. About \$30. (Wilson's Fashions, 180 Pitt Street.)

● FASHIONS IN
THE SHOPS

FASHIONS FOR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OCCASIONS



Above: Mary Quant designed this youthful Juliet style in white pique for her "ice-cream" collection. It has puff sleeves, pearly buttons, and layers of crisp white lace. XXSSW-SW. \$14.50. (Big W Peek-a-Boutique, Warrawong, Chatswood, Liverpool, Bankstown Square.)

● The three little white party dresses on this page could solve the problem of what to wear on Speech Day.



At right: Cool white pique in a youthful, sleeveless design achieves a high-waisted look with a self-tie belt. By Zal Miller. XXSSW-W. \$9.50. (Big W Peek-a-Boutique, Warrawong, Chatswood, Liverpool, Bankstown Square.)



Above: White washable crepe dress has lots of fashion interest such as a roll neck, lace inset in top, tunic-style pleats in skirt, and a tie belt. XXSSW-SW. \$11. (Big W Peek-a-Boutique, Warrawong, Chatswood, Liverpool, Bankstown Square.)



Above: Gay swing-skirted cotton/dacron party frock with shoestring straps is in a smart black-and-brown print. It is available in blue/white also, as well as mini-floral prints of pale pink and yellow. 12-16. \$10. (Farmer's, White Collar Girl Shop, 2nd floor.)

Below: Attractive nylon chiffon frock with scoop neckline and full sleeves is softly gathered and tied with a self-belt. Available with pink or green floral background. 12-18. \$30. (Farmer's, Party Shop, 2nd floor.)



Above: Designer Prue Acton's pretty pure linen shift with daisies and white trim looks cool and unflappable. In black, yellow, grey also. 10-16. \$33. (David Jones', Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)



At left: Soft, waisted dress of flower-printed crinkle cotton has a sleeveless bodice with lace and covered button trim, and slightly gathered skirt. In muted tones of beige/blue/green. 7-13. \$13.60. (David Jones', Young Idea Shop, 2nd floor.)

FOR THE OLDER WOMAN



Above: Glamorous white pique evening dress has a bodice encrusted with guipure lace daisies in a rainbow of pretty colors such as pink, yellow, blue, or avocado on white. 10-16. About \$170. (David Jones', Young Elite Shop, 6th floor.)

At left: Spectacular party gown in plain and candy-striped (hot-pink and lime-green) tulle made with a tiny Empire bodice, cut wide and deep and trimmed with self-rose and bow. In range of sizes, other colors. About \$58. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)

● FASHIONS IN THE SHOPS



Above: The movement of pleats emphasises the broken-stripe line in this smart design in pure silk with three-quarter, cuffed sleeves. A firm belt adds to the coat-frock look. In white/black. SSW-SW. About \$31.50. (Prevue Fashions, Chatswood.)



Above: Dashing, sophisticated culotte in vividly printed cotton is a surefire bet if you want to make a smash entrance at a Christmas party. Available in a range of colorful prints and sizes. About \$24. (Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street.)



At right: Smart and simple little dress in knit terylene with short sleeves and narrow belt is a great wardrobe piece for holiday wear. In bone, melon. XSSW-W. About \$26. (McDowells, Better Dresses Dept., 1st floor.)

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING IN SYDNEY

● A GALLERY EXHIBITION

● Casual clothes were the most popular choice for viewers at the opening of the Transfield Art Prize Exhibition at the Bonython Gallery.



Above: Beige thigh-high boots were an unusual accessory to the black, fine wool tent dress worn by Christine Menzies to the art exhibition and prizegiving. The dress, brought back from Europe by Christine's mother, hung in voluminous folds from a slim halter neckline and was trimmed with wide beige, brown, and black braid.



At right: "Little black dress" with a difference, worn by Mrs. Harry Seidler to the Bonython Gallery, had a V-neckline laced with heavy black cord through large gold eyelets.



Above: A crisp white collar, cuffs, and pocket flaps highlighted the black-and-white check cotton tent dress worn by Cheralyn Christensen to the Gallery. Her accessories were a black patent bag, shoes, and sheer black stockings.



Above: A fine gold chain laced up the deep slash at the front of Robin Batey's navy gabardine dress which had a stand-up collar. Her long sleeves were trimmed with golden eyelets to match the lacing on the bodice.

● AT CUP DAY LUNCHEONS

● Sydney women entered into the spirit of Melbourne Cup Day at Cup luncheons by donning elegant clothes and smart hats.



Above: St. Laurent - inspired outfit in red, white, and navy worn by Mrs. B. de Freitas to the Peter Pan Kindergarten luncheon at the Bellevue Hill home of Mrs. Roy Coote. Her military - style jacket was trimmed with gold buttons.



At right: Welted seaming at the waist, hips, and yoke were the main fashion points of the tomato wool dress by French designer Catherine Gulston worn by Mrs. John Grant Cooper for the luncheon at Mrs. Coote's home. The dress, which also had a welted belt and collar, was worn with a white flower-trimmed hat by Henriette Lamotte.



Above: Vivid yellow and white were the colors combined by Mrs. Bill Killen, president of the Flying High Committee, for the outfit she wore to the Cup Day luncheon at Randwick Racecourse. The gabardine dress, predominantly yellow, had a white trim. It was finished with a white patent belt. Her accessories: White straw hat, handbag, and gloves.

At right: French actress Mireille Darc, in black velvet pantsuit with heavy gold chain and a sorcerer's apprentice medallion, walks with actor Alain Delon (much in the news lately), right, and Rudolf Nureyev looking very Russian in white fur cosack's hat and matching fur jacket.



● The premiere of "Phedre," at L'Opera, in Paris, was the social lodestone which drew the glittering metal of the entertainment, political, fashion, and literary worlds from both sides of the English Channel. These included the former French Premier M. Georges Pompidou and his wife, Francoise Sagan, Ingrid Bergman, Maria Callas, Rudolf Nureyev . . .



Above: French actress Jeanmaire highlights her severely cut full-length black sheath dress with dazzling inset sleeves of glitter fabric. The *piece-de-resistance*, however, was the enormous medieval-design pendant, centred like a crusader's breastplate. Her escort . . . French decorator Martin Kamer.

At right: "Tres original" is the phrase for Mme George Pompidou's Bermuda rose ensemble created by Chanel. Her in-fashion pantsuit featured jacket with a Nehru collar and embroidered trim to pantlegs. She was accompanied by her husband.



Above: Irina Demick arriving with her escort. She wore a classically styled short mink jacket over her eye-catching full-length gown, heavily smothered with soft-as-down feathers. Her handbag . . . chunky and beaded, with chain handle.



At left: American singer - actress Lena Horne arrives with her husband, Lennie Hayton, musical director of "Star!", at the premiere of the Gertrude Lawrence film in New York. Her richly beaded jacket is worn over a filmy red chiffon full-length dress with generous full sleeves, outsize artist's bow, and full-gathered skirt.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING OVERSEAS



Above: Nancy Sinatra wishes American Vice-President Hubert Humphrey well for the Presidential election. Her mini-skirted black lace dress features a prim Edwardian neckline. Teamed with it are tight-fitting black patent-leather boots, pantie-hose, and a black velvet bandeau on her hair.



The Yves St. Laurent scarf is IN... worn by Elsa Martinelli at her recent wedding in Paris and by Genevieve Gilles in New York.

At left: Elsa Martinelli (with husband Willy Rizzo, actor and photographer, centre) teams hers with knee-high suede boots and non-white mini wedding dress.

At right: Genevieve Gilles (with Darryl F. Zanuck) in jet velvet Yves St. Laurent pantsuit, with beaded headband, at the premiere of the film "Star!" in New York.



OUR BUDGET BUYS OF THE WEEK

● Two versions of the popular bra-dress in print and check cotton and a co-ordinated beach set are special offers from the stores this week. Stocks are for early shoppers.



Above: Two attractive versions of the popular bra-dress in cool cotton. Floral style, at left, is pink/orange, the frilled check, at right, yellow and white. Both styles are available in assorted prints and checks. XSSW, SSW, SW. \$6.99 each. (Waltons Department Stores.)

At right: Matching bag and umbrella beach set. Gay-striped umbrella fits into slot on front of snappy bag for carrying. In black/white, yellow/white, orange/white. \$12. (David Jones', Beach Wear, 3rd floor.)



cyclops toys

for happy healthy fun for
boys and girls of all ages

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 1968



cyclops toys from your favourite store • lay-by now

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Where prices are shown they are for Capital Cities, and may be slightly higher in Country Areas.

Cyclops motor cars and tractors

Like the designers and makers of real cars, Cyclops update last year's favourites and produce new models every year. Here is the latest range for 1968 — every model is tough and strong and designed to last and last — finished in eye catching, colourful enamel (lead-free), these pedal cars feature crank drive, safety rolled edges and chrome hub caps. Models marked with asterisk are made from tough, injection moulded plastic. You cannot choose better than a Cyclops Wheel Toy for growing children.



FIRE ENGINE
Complete with bell, plastic hose on revolving drum with nozzle and tap fitting, transfers and markings; adjustable pedals. In eye-stopping fire engine red. Length 38", width 15", weight 21 lbs. Children 2 to 6 years.



BERMUDA
With futuristic body in glossy red enamel with white trim. Has adjustable pedals and backrest, chrome wire windscreen. 39" long, weighs 28 lbs., 7½" wheels. Ages 3 to 7 years.



ARMY PATROL
Has army markings, helmet, removable jerry can and aerial flag. Finished in army green enamel with 7½" white wheels and trim. Adjustable pedals. 39" long, 17½" wide, weighs 32 lbs. Ages 3 to 7.



POLICE CAR
In deep blue enamel with white wheels and grilles. Has police emblems, moulded cushion tyres, wind-shield, bell and adjustable pedals. Weighs 19 lbs., 35" long, 15" wide, 7½" faced wheels.



MIGHTY TRACTOR
"Steel strong" moulded plastic body, balloon rear tyres, tubular steel frame, mudguards, spring mounted seat, gear lever, trailer towing eye. Finished in bright red. 37" long, 25" wide, weighs 36 lbs. Wheels 10" front, 15" rear. Ages 5 to 9.



HARVESTER TRACTOR
"Tough as steel" red plastic moulded body, red enamel frame, 6" disc front wheels, 11" balloon tractor rear wheels. With adjustable pedals, nylon bearings, mudguards, large tractor seat. 28" long, 18" wide, weighs 15 lbs. For children 3 to 5.

TIP TRUCK

Has 12" x 12" x 4" deep tipping tray, red enamel body, blue tray, 7½" white artillery wheels, and adjustable pedals. 45" long, 17½" wide, weighs 29 lbs. For 2 to 5 year olds.



LIGHTNING

With adjustable rubber pedals, box section sides, heavy-duty tyres, chrome bumper, dummy lights, grille and windshield. Finished in brilliant polychromatic enamel. 39" long, 17½" high, 7½" wheels, weighs 32 lbs. Children 3 to 7 years.



COMET

For 2 to 5 year olds, with blue enamel body and white artillery type wheels. Has adjustable pedals. Length 34", width 17½", 7½" wheels, weight 25 lbs.



DART

Our famous 14 lb. lightweight model for children 2 to 4 years. 29" long, 16" wide, 7" ribbed disc wheels. Gleaming red enamel body, white wheels.



GT SPORTS

Just like a real racing car. With 8" wheels, super cushion tyres, upholstered seat, detailed dashboard and plastic steering wheel. Moulded in tough, natural finish polypropylene plastic. 39" long, weighs only 20 lbs.



TRAVELLER

With adjustable back rest and pedals, chrome grilles back and front, oval steering wheel, chrome windscreen. Finished in eye-catching polychromatic enamel with 7½" white artillery wheels. Length 39", weight 29 lbs. For ages 3 to 7.



THUNDERBIRD

Complete with cushion tyres, padded seat, oval steering wheel and adjustable pedals. Has wind-shield and chromed grille body in gleaming polychromatic enamel, 7½" white laced wheels, 35" long, 15" wide, weighs 19 lbs. Ages 2 to 6 years.



SCAMP

Ultra modern and light as a feather, only 7 lbs. Finished in natural polypropylene plastic, 6" moulded wheels with heavy section tyres, adjustable pedals and plastic steering wheel. 29" long. Age group 2 to 4.

tricycles

Built to last like all Cyclops products, Cyclops tricycles are ideal for boys and girls of all ages, from 2 years upwards. They are designed to ensure the healthy growth of young bodies.



SUPER TANDEM TRIKE

In flamboyant enamel finish, has super cushion 1½" section moulded tyres, moulded saddle, cow type front guard, over-rider, muffs and streamers. Weight 29 lbs. Wheels 16" front, 10" rear. Ages 4 to 7.



TRICYCLE 910 DE-LUXE

Two-tone enamel finish, chromed laced wheels with super cushion tyres, cow type front guard, plated handlebar with muffs and streamers. Wheels 10" front, 6" rear. Weight 14 lbs. Ages 2 to 4.



TRICYCLE 910

Two-tone red and white tube steel frame, white wheels, 10" front, 7" rear. Pressed metal footplate, front mudguard, sweep type handlebar, streamers. Nylon bearings. Weight 10 lbs. Ages 2 to 4.



TRICYCLE 912 DE-LUXE

Two-tone frame in flamboyant enamel, chromed Hi-Riser handle bar and rear surround tube, cow type front guard, heavy duty tyres, muffs and streamers. 12" front, 8" rear wheels, weight 14 lbs. Ages 3 to 5.

Cyclops tricycles and bicycles

All Cyclops bicycles have steel frames, baked enamel finish, pneumatic tyres or solid tyres and adjustable seats. Models available with trainer wheels are illustrated with them fitted. Tricycle or bicycle — if it's made by Cyclops it's built to rough it!

312 BIN TRIKE

With red frame, blue bin, white wheels, 12" front, 7" rear. Has big bin with safety, rolled edges. Weight 15 lbs. Ages 3 to 5.

TRICYCLE 916

Red and white 2-tone enamel, with chrome-plated hub caps, streamers. Front mudguard. Weight 19 lbs. Front wheel 16 in., rear wheels 10". Ages 4-7.

TRICYCLE 916 SUPER

Magnificent model featuring 1 1/2" moulded tyres, step-up footplate, moulded saddle, overriders, cowl type front guard, Hi-Riser handlebar, brilliant two-tone enamel & chrome trim. Weight 22 lbs. Ages 4 to 7.

TIPPER TRIKE 916

In red enamel with white trim. Adjustable saddle, cowl plate, muffs & streamers. Tube steel frame. Tip-ping bin 14" x 11" x 4". Wheels 16" front, 10" rear. Weight 22 lbs. Ages 4 to 7.

SUPER 20 TRIKE

In brilliant two-tone enamel & chrome trim. Tube steel frame, step-up rear foot-plate, adjustable mattress saddle, ball bearing pedals, spoked wheels, Hi-Riser handlebars, muffs & streamers. Weight 23 lbs. Ages 5 to 9.

MAJESTIC CYCLE

Converts to girl's bike by removing top tank, Has free-wheel chain drive with back pedal brake, 20" pneumatic tyres. Glossy enamel with chrome fittings, 54" long, 34" high, weighs 32 lbs. Ages 6 to 12.

PIRATE BIKE

Tube frame, front hand brake, super ball-oon pneumatic tyres, streamlined chain-guard, do-luxe down saddle, ball-bearing hubs, parcel carrier. Gay red enamel finish, chrome handle-bar. Wheels 12 1/2". Weight 14 lbs. Ages 4 to 7.

FOLDA BIKE

Folds for easy storage or travel. Adjustable height saddle and handlebar. Brilliant colours. Has handbrake, parcel carrier, chrome trim, 11" x 1 1/2" pneumatic tyres, ball bearing hubs, 40" long, weight 19 lbs. Ages 4 to 9.

BANDIT BIKE

Square section steel frame, tube handlebar, rubber pedals, adjustable chain drive, adjustable two-tone de-luxe saddle. Bright blue enamel, 12" white artillery wheels, 23 lbs. weight, Ages 3 to 5.

TIPPER TRIKE

With large capacity working bin 14" x 11" x 14". Blue enamel frame, red enamel tip bin. Adjustable saddle, cowl plate, streamers & muffs. Weight 20 lbs., wheels 12" front, 7" rear. Ages 4 to 6.

SENIOR PEDAL PUSHER

Red enamel frame, white wheels, front wheel drive, shopping basket, tail light, cowl plate, Hi-Riser handlebar, muffs and streamers. Length 40", 16" wheels, weight 23 lbs. Ages 5 to 9.

JUNIOR PEDAL PUSHER

Red enamel frame, white wheels, pressed metal forks, chrome handlebar with grips, streamers — rubber pedals, shopping basket, safety edge mudguards. Length 36", wheels 12", weight 17 1/2 lbs. Ages 4 to 7.

ATLAS TRIKE

Blue enamel tube steel frame, white artillery wheels, 12" front, 7" rear. Metal saddle, rubber pedals, moulded grips, safety edge mudguards, muffs and streamers. Weight 15 lbs. Ages 4 to 6.

TRICYCLE 912

In 2-tone red and white enamel. Front mudguard, chromed hub caps, 12 1/2 lbs. weight, front wheel 12 1/2", rear wheels 8". Ages 3 to 5.

TAXI TRIKE

Magnificent yellow enamel finish with white trim. Has rear vision mirror, electric siren, aerial flag, sewn saddle, chrome handlebars and rear seat surround. Weight 28 lbs. Ages 4 to 7.

TIGER BIKE

With safety handbrake, adjustable height handlebar and saddle, 11" x 1 1/2" pneumatic tyres. Finished in brilliant two-tone colours. Approx. 40" long, 19 lbs weight. Ages 4 to 8.

TRICYCLE 117

Flamboyant blue frame and white safety mudguards. Cycle tube frame, chrome handlebars, fully sprung adjustable sewn saddle, tail light, full enclosed chain drive (ball bearing), cycle type pedal cranks, rubber pedals. Weight 30 lbs. 17" wheels. Ages 5 to 9.

TRICYCLE 116

Red enamel frame, white mudguards, cycle tube frame and handlebar, moulded hand-grips, adjustable saddle, chain drive with guard, rubber pedals, safety mudguards, muffs, streamers. Weight 28 lbs. 16" spoked wheels. Ages 4 to 9.

MARVEL BIKE

With free-wheel chain drive and "back-pedal" safety brake. Brilliant red enamel, chrome fittings, 16" pneumatic tyres, 51" long, 27 1/2" high, 26 lbs. weight. Girl's model available. For ages 5 to 9.

SENIOR TANDEM

Brilliant red enamel frame, white seats and wheels. With enclosed passenger seat, adjustable saddle, rubber pedals, moulded grips, streamlined frame cowl, safety edge front guard, Hi-Riser handlebars, muffs and streamers. Weight 26 lbs. Wheels 16" front, rear 10". Ages 4 to 7.

dolls' prams and strollers

For dolls of all sizes Cyclops make prams and strollers of all sizes — you're sure to find the perfect one in the range shown here. Nearly all prams have enamelled steel frames and folding hoods.



PRINCESS
Beautifully moulded, one piece 34" plastic body. Tube chassis, coil springs, 7" wheels. Coloured P.V.C. hood.



LINNET
One piece moulded 20" body, with two-tone hood. Tube chassis, with coil springs. Plated handle, 8" wheels, contrasting colour tyres.



JUNIOR AIRLINE
Woven cane body, chrome handle and stays, folding handle and hood, coil springs. White with cushion tyres.



COUNTRESS
Replica of full size pram, on round steel springs. Gaily patterned P.V.C. hood, 6" wheels, contrasting colour tyres, 18" body.



ANNE
On 6" plastic wheels. Has 16" moulded plastic body with colourful P.V.C. adjustable hood, plated handle, 4 lbs.



DOLL PRAM 16
White body and wheels, red trim. Steel body, plated handle, plastic hood and cover, 16" long.



DOLL PRAM 35
White body and wheels, steel body, plated handle, printed hood and cover, 20" long.



DOLL FOLDER 18
White, steel frame and wheels, colourful fabric, russy-folding hood, storm cover, 18" long.



DOLL FOLDER 22
P.V.C. body, white steel frame and wheels, easy-folding hood with exclusive P.V.C. covering, 22" long.



DOLL FOLDER 34
Steel frame, chrome handles and stays. Easy-folding hood, storm cover, 24" long.



TEENA
Bubble fringed hood, enclosed side curtains, adjustable backrest, shopping bag.



DIANNE
Folds compactly, washable cover, detachable hood and shopping bag.



WENDY
As Toddler with detachable hood and shopping bag, of matching pattern.



TODDLER
Fold to compact size, white frame, easy clean cover, 22" high.



SUNKAR
Chrome frame, rubber tyres, easy-fold action, blossom pattern fabric.

DOLL BASKINET
21" long, 25" high, folding white enamelled frame. Flower-od pattern.

barrows and waggons



GIANT BARROW
Tray 21" x 17" x 4 1/4", tube steel frame, 10" balloon wheel, red enamel, 35" long.



GARDEN BARROW
Two front 6" yellow wheels, big steel body, blue tube steel frame, 28" long.



NURSERYMAN'S BARROW
19" x 14" x 5" moulded plastic tray, chrome tube frame, 6" wheel, 33" long.



WHEELBARROW 30
Blue enamel, with red tray, 5" plastic wheel, 25 1/2" long.



WHEELBARROW 1
Steel body 13" x 12 1/2" x 4", steel chassis, moulded grips, red body, blue chassis, yellow 6" wheel, 29 1/2" long.



WHEELBARROW 2
18" x 12 1/2" x 5" steel body, tube chassis, moulded grips, blue frame, 7" yellow wheel, 28" long.



WAGON 3
6" gold yellow artillery wheels, chrome tube handle, chrome surround wheel, red enamel body, all-steel throughout.



WAGON 4
Red body, white 4 1/2" wheels, all-steel, chrome handle with moulded grips.



WAGON 5
6" gold yellow artillery wheels, chrome tube handle, chrome surround wheel, red enamel body, all-steel throughout.



WAGON 6
Red body, white 4 1/2" wheels, all-steel, chrome handle with moulded grips.



WAGON 7
Red body, white 4 1/2" wheels, all-steel, chrome handle with moulded grips.



WAGON 8
Red body, white 4 1/2" wheels, all-steel, chrome handle with moulded grips.



WAGON 9
Red body, white 4 1/2" wheels, all-steel, chrome handle with moulded grips.



WAGON 10
Red body, white 4 1/2" wheels, all-steel, chrome handle with moulded grips.



WAGON 11
Red body, white 4 1/2" wheels, all-steel, chrome handle with moulded grips.



WALKER BLOCK WAGON
Blue enamel, 14 1/2" x 8 1/2" x 3 1/2" body, adjustable chrome tube handle, plastic grip, with playblocks.



WEE WAGON
Yellow tray, green frame, chrome handle, 5" wheels, 14" x 10 1/2" metal tray, chrome handle, 18" high.



SENIOR WALKER BLOCK WAGON
Hardwood body, tube steel handle in learn-to-walk position, with coloured set of 24 wood blocks, 20" high.

byclops scooters

A very popular present for any girl or boy. Brilliant enamel finish, all-steel construction — there are hours of healthy outdoor fun here.

SCOOTER 6
In blue enamel with yellow 6" front and 5" rear wheels. Steel frame, moulded plastic foot mat, rubber tyres. 24" long. Ages 2 to 4.

PONY SCOOTER
Steel tube frame with press steel footplate, moulded plastic horse head with "hold-on" handles, four wide track wheels.

SCOOTER 10
Red enamel with white mudguards, 10" disc wheels, rubber tyres, plated handlebar with grips, foot operated rear brake, park stand, luggage rack, mudguards 36" long. Ages 5 and over.

SCOOTER 4
Red enamel with yellow 7" artillery wheels. Steel footplate with plastic mat, rubber tyres. 24" long. Ages 2 to 4.

SCOOTER 7
Tubular front fork, strong steel frame, safety footbrake and park stand. Green with 7" yellow wheels. 24" long. Ages 4 to 7.

WEE SCOOTER
Light tube steel frame, pressed metal footplate, moulded plastic 4 1/2" wheels. 25" high, 22" long.

SCOOTER 210
Bright red enamel with white trim. 12" pressed metal wheels, balloon pneumatic tyres, nylon bearings, chrome handlebar, tube steel frame, stand, mudguards, foot brake. 45" long. Ages 5 and over.

SCOOTER 18
In flamboyant red or blue with white mudguards, chrome handlebar, ball-bearings, hand and foot brakes, park stand, pillion. Super balloon pneumatic 12 1/2" tyres. 47" long. Ages 5 and over.

SCOOTER 215
Two-tone enamel, cycle spoked wheels with 12" pneumatic tyres, mudguards, park stand, pillion, foot brake, chrome fittings. 45" long. Ages 5 and over.

byclops dinkies

Specially designed for 2 to 5 year olds, these low-cost wheel toys are fitted with rubber tyres and are designed for extra long life and safety.



DINKIE PEDAL CHAIR
With built-in safety backrest, broad safety rimmed seat, red/blue frame, white wheels, front wheel 7". Ages 1 1/2 to 3.



DINKIE 11
Artillery type wheels, front 9", rear 6". Strong steel frame in red enamel with yellow wheels. Rubber pedals, safety edged seat, nylon bearings. Ages 1 1/2 to 3.



DINKIE O
Light steel frame in blue enamel with white wheels. Rubber pedals, safety edged seat, nylon bearings, plastic handgrips, 8" front wheel. Ages 1 1/2 to 3.



GEE GEE DINKIE
With moulded pony head, plastic handgrips and streamers. Steel frame in blue enamel, yellow seat, white wheels. Rubber pedals. Front wheel 8". Ages 1 1/2 to 3.



DINKIE EXPRESS
Fitted handy carrying tray, green enamel frame, golden yellow seat and wheels, cushion tyres, rubber pedals, nylon bearings. Front wheel 9". Ages 3 to 5.



SPEEDY DINKIE
Has 9" x 7" x 2" carrying tray, all-steel construction, rubber pedals, safety edges on seat and tray, nylon bearings. Red enamel, yellow wheels. Front wheel 9". Ages 2 to 4.



DINKIE TRAILER
Attaches easily to all Dinkies without carrying bin. Tray 13 1/2" x 7" x 2". Blue enamel with 5" yellow wheels. Steel construction.



STURDY DINKIE
Tube steel frame, moulded seat with safety back, 10" front wheel, 7" rear. Glossy enamel finish. Ages 1 1/2 to 3.

playtime toys and nursery furniture



CRICKET SET
In "steel strong" plastic. 27" bat, stumps, ball. Yellow finish.



IRONING BOARD
Fum covered board, folding steel legs, adjustable height. 27" long, weight 2 lbs.



FOLDING DESK SET
Gleaming chrome tube steel frame, natural finish timber desk and seat, folds flat. 27" high.



TOY TIDY
Big 16" deep tidy bin for the nursery. Tube steel frame on casters, fold for storage.



BLACKBOARD AND EASEL
22" x 15" blackboard, 35" high, easel all tubular construction. Board is lined and has chalk rest.



MAGNETIC PLAY BOARD
31" x 23" board, one side for magnetic letters and numbers — the other is blackboard with printed alphabet.



TABLE AND CHAIR SET
Table 22" long, 16" wide, 22" high in blue and white enamel, folds flat. Chairs 22" high overall, 12" long, 14" wide. All legs of tube steel with non-slip feet.



GARDEN TOOLS
Hoe, rake and spade with wooden handles and brightly enamelled contrasting steel heads. Approx. 30" long.



VICTA STANDARD
Red enamel base plate and handle, green engine casing, replica of well-known mower. Completely safe, clicks when moved along. With puffer and air filter. 22" high.



VICTA DE-LUXE
As standard model but includes dummy starting handle and grass catcher.



KICK BOARD
18" long, plastic foam, perfect for the lines.



PADDLE BOARD
Gay coloured plastic, 18" long. Light and buoyant.

JUNIOR SURF RIDER
30" long, weight 4 lbs., moulded plastic.

SENIOR SURF RIDER
40" long, strong blow moulded plastic board. Weight 6 lbs.

rockers & pre-school 'ride-em' toys

SENIOR PRANCING PONY

Chrome tube steel frame, adjustable to child size, non-slip floor grips, moulded body, has realistic galloping action. 42" long.



JUNIOR ROCKING HORSE

Moulded rubber saddle, adjustable stirrups, tube steel frame, non-slip floor pads, detailed body. 33" long.



CAR CAR ROCKER
Brilliant enamel, white seat, curved tube frame, steering wheel, foot pedal, dashboard. 30" long.



PLUSH PONY ROCKER
Chromed tube steel frame, delightful plush pony head, jingle bells and trappings, very safe for the youngest child. 36" long.



WEE ROCKER
Pressed metal footrest, moulded plastic seat and pony head with grips and streamers, in turnary blue, yellow seat. 26" long.



TWIN ROCKER
Red enamelled tube steel frame, white seats with backrest, with pony head and steering wheel. 30" long.



GEE GEE ROCKER
Jingle bells, streamers, bridle, moulded horse head, safe steel body, bright colours. 30" long.



JUMPING JUMBO
Moulded plastic body, tube steel frame, sturdy coil spring operation, absolutely safe. 33" long.

SENIOR ROCKING HORSE
Magnificent body of moulded plastic, tube steel frame, saddle cloth, moulded saddle, adjustable stirrups, non-slip floor pads. 45" long.



melody dolls

by *Pedigree*

There are walking dolls, girl dolls, baby dolls, bride dolls, prestige dolls with modern hair styles and glamorous gowns — in fact so many that we can't possibly show them all here. Why not go to your nearest doll store and ask to see the beautiful range of "Melody Dolls by Pedigree", you'll realise immediately they're wonderful value.



MANDY
16" tall. Long hair. cotton/lace party shift. \$7.75



TRICIA
18" tall. Beautifully dressed and boxed. \$13.50

*Dolls are available with either Platinum Blonde, Coppertone, Brunette or Beige Mist hair, except negro dolls.

SANDRA
24" walking bride doll with tulle and lace gown. \$15.50



TRACEY
18" tall. Long hair. mod frock. \$7.25

MARILYN
21" bride doll with long curling hair. Satin gown, lace coat. \$13.50



JENNIFER
24" walking doll in lace and voile dress. \$12.75



KATHY
13" bride doll in black nylon gown. \$7.25



YVONNE
16" bride doll dressed in satin lace gown. Soft curly hair. \$9.25



ELIZABETH
18" tall bride. Lace gown. Long hair. \$11.25



MARY
16" doll with smocked cotton frock. lace trim. Curly hair. \$6.25



TRUDY
13" doll with Br-Nylon frock with flowered trim. Long hair. \$5.95



MARTHA
13" doll in check cotton frock. Soft curling hair. \$4.75



TWINKLE (FAIRY)
13" fairy doll with wings. \$5.15



SCURTY
9" baby doll, or chin haircut. \$3.15



KAREN
18" tall. In nylon lace frock. Presented in attractive clear display box. \$11.25



PATSY
18" new-born baby doll in lace christening gown. \$10.25



SPARKLE
Baby doll in crepe shift. \$7.50

TANYA
18" tall. In three tiered ball gown. Long curling hair. \$12.25



LIZ
16" doll. Long curling hair, hostess gown. Presented in attractive clear display box. \$10.25



BELLA
16" doll. Long curling hair, hostess gown. Presented in attractive clear display box. \$10.25



GLORIA
16" baby doll. Has smocked baby frock and bonnet. \$7.25

CELIA
21" tall. Has long curling hair. Frock with gold buttons. \$10.50

MELANIE
Sachet bed doll. Nylon frock with lace. \$10.25



NOW YOU CAN DO YOUR OWN HAIRSTYLING WITH A WONDERFUL Mr. Pierre WIG!

Now you can be your own hairdresser. Have an Edwardian style today — a "mod" style tomorrow, with a "Mr. Pierre" wig which you can shampoo, set and style just like real hair. Be a blonde, a red-head, a brunette! Look for "Mr. Pierre" Wigs in the big see-through plastic boxes — they come complete with plastic shaped head mould and base.

Price \$6.95

Lifetime TOYS

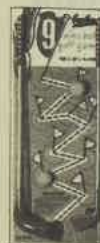
COLOURFUL — INDESTRUCTIBLE

These delightful, colourful, poly-thene toys are designed for the very young, so we made them absolutely safe and completely hygienic. There is not room to show the whole range, but be sure to ask for them by name — "Lifetime Toys".



Giant Beach Set: \$2.35

Eureka Cannon 30" long 10" diameter wheels \$7.75



Golf Set \$1.45



Home Bowls \$3.45



Hopkum Set \$2.75



"AT HOME" Party set \$7.50



"Touch and Toot" Pullalong tugboat \$1.45

K. C. Jones Train, Engine Toots, Cows Moo, Ducks Quack! 38" long. \$5.75

Hotter Cat \$1.75

Skate Board \$2.50



Pullalong Lamb \$1.15



Ridesable Jumbo \$4.50



Gyro ring 80c



6" and 9" Playballs

Pullalong Pony \$1.75



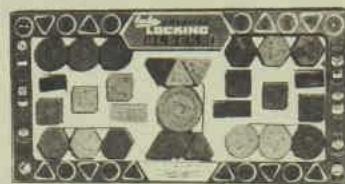
Pullalong Pop Train \$2.35

Lifetime TEACHER TOYS

In colourful, unbreakable plastic, here are some of our "put together" and education toys for the pre-school age. Always ask for "Teacher Toys".



Weigh-n-count \$1.00



Lock-a-Block \$2.00

Block Set B \$2.85



Playblocks \$1.50



Playbench \$1.75



Rollalong Clown \$2.10



Rock-a-Stack \$1.00



Turtle \$1.40



Block and Barrel Train \$2.00

Pedigree vinyl soft toys

As indestructible as any toy can be, yet cuddly, cute and hygienic. Each has built in whistle. Ask for them by name — "Pedigree".



Golly Golliwog 90c



Little Jack Horner 90c



Dog with sleeping eyes \$2.98



Scotty 80c



Cat with sleeping eyes, \$2.98



Rabbit 80c



Floaty Swan 80c



Floaty Duck 80c

*Educational Toy of the Year
Award, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968;
Outright Toy of the Year
Award 1967.*

SPIROGRAPH



This is the toy that not only swept Australia, it swept the world too in popularity. Adults and children alike find it completely absorbing. Spirograph makes literally millions of coloured patterns and every one is of geometric precision. Comes complete with full instructions, design examples and everything to start this fascinating hobby. \$6.25. Extra pen sets and paper packs are available.

FROM THE MAKERS
OF SPIROGRAPH

spiro[®]tot

*endless drawing fun
for 3 to 7 year olds*



Based on Spirograph, Spirotot is a much more simple version specially designed for the younger ones. In just minutes they can draw all sorts of interesting patterns in colour. A toy that will really keep them occupied. \$2.95



PAINT Wheels

*Rolls-on pictures,
patterns and words
in brilliant colour.*

Another fascinating toy by the designers of Spirograph and Spirotot—Paint Wheels with its special coloured ink holders and unique printing wheels makes pattern drawing and neat printing simplicity itself. Complete with all equipment and instructions. \$4.25



*A wonderful way
to make beautiful,
colourful tapestry pictures*

touch tapestry



*So easy — just tuck wool
into slots by numbers.*

Just anyone can make glorious tapestry pictures with "Touch Tapestry", just follow the printed pattern and tuck in the coloured wool according to the printed numbers, you can't go wrong. There's no sewing or stitching. Nothing else to buy, everything is in the box. Larger sizes supplied with frame for hanging. Lots of lovely designs to choose from. Ask for "touch tapestry".



**Boys' Toy of the
Year Award 1968**
IN ENGLAND.



JOHNNY ASTRO

*unique free-flight
controlled space age toy!*

The variable speed jet stream lifts the space vehicle off the launching pad, guides it up, sideways, down, to land on the simulated moon surface. Winner of the 1968 Boy's Toy of the Year Award in England, Johnny Astro is an absorbing toy — completely safe, operates on batteries or from a 12v transformer if used in conjunction with power conversion kit. Space vehicle is controlled solely by the jet stream which can be varied for speed and direction. Available at toy shops everywhere. Price \$10.25

Buddy L

*All steel
unbreakable,
authentic, scale models*

Built to stand up to the roughest play, these imported American toys are of all-steel construction, and finished in double-dip mirror enamel.



BUDDY L FIRE ENGINE
27" long, 20" high. Rotating elevating ladder goes up to 44". \$9.95.



BUDDY L AUTO WRECKER
14 1/2" long, 6 1/2" high. Crank operating boom for lifting and towing. \$5.75.



BUDDY L HUSKY 5412
15" long, 8 1/4" high. Easy dumping action, with large steel shovel. \$4.50.



BUDDY L HYDRAULIC HUSKY DUMPER
15 1/2" long, 9 1/2" high. Tip tray operates by real hydraulic cylinder. \$6.25.



BUDDY L ZOO WAGON
13 1/4" long, 6 1/4" high. Separate animal compartments, sliding doors. \$4.95.



MR. BUDDY ICE CREAM
11 1/2" long, 6" high. Operating bell, sliding doors and windows. \$4.95.



BUDDY L CEMENT MIXER
16 1/4" long, 8 1/4" high. Fully operating cement mixer. \$8.95.

Buddy L Jr.

These are tough, snub nose kid brothers of the senior range — just as tough and beautifully finished.



Buddy L Jr. Pony Trailer with Sportster, \$2.95.



Buddy L Jr. Giraffe Truck, \$1.85.



Buddy L Jr. Cement Mixer, \$1.95.



Buddy L Jr. Pick-Up, \$1.45.



Buddy L Jr. Dumper, \$1.85.



Buddy L Jr. Scoop-n-Moe, \$3.25.



Buddy L Jr. Fire Snorkel, \$3.75.



Buddy L Jr. Fire Emergency, \$1.95.



Buddy L Jr. Sportster, \$1.55.

Trik-Trak

indoors or outdoors
goes the Trik-Trak car—
it never runs out of track!

Under the table, round the chair, into the hall or anywhere, goes the Trik-Trak car, the trick is in the track. Battery operated car zooms round bends, along the straights, over bridges and under tunnels — just as fast as the track is laid in front of it. Trik-Trak with all accessories \$7.95.



the TRIK
is in
the TRAK



CHAPARRAL 2D



LOTUS SLOT CAR



FORD GT SLOT CAR



CORSAIR FLYING MODEL



AMERICA'S
most famous
powered
slot cars and
aeroplanes

Beautiful, authentic scale models including some of the fastest slot cars in the world and ground-controlled model aircraft that fly just like the real thing, are available in the Cox range. Just a few of the models are shown here — be sure to ask for Cox by name.



HELLDIVER FLYING MODEL



STUKA FLYING MODEL



SPITFIRE FLYING MODEL



MUFFLER EQUIPPED TRAINER

When it gets to the end of the track it boomerangs back!

THE 'BIG BIG' TRAIN

It's big, it's blue, it's British engineered

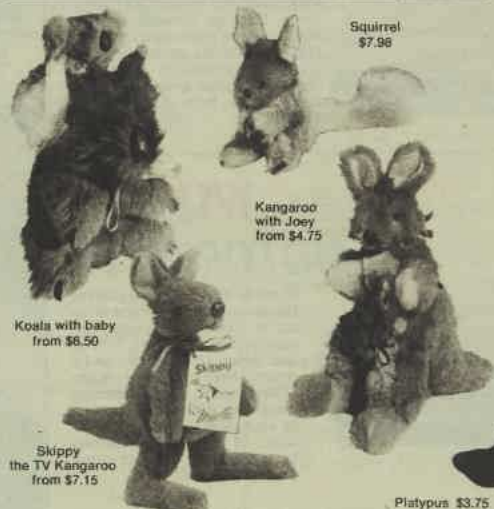


The go anywhere train. It's big too — locomotive 14" long and smartly finished in blue and white. Plastic track can be laid anywhere, indoors or out. Special trip switches can be placed anywhere on track, as soon as the train touches the switch it boomerangs back in the opposite direction. Runs on batteries. In two sizes: big set with 18' of straight and curved track and 4 trucks; smaller set with 12' of curved track and two trucks. Extra track can be purchased separately.

Set 2 — RV.279 — \$8.95

Set 3 — RV.267 — \$11.95

Yellow Shunter set No. 1 also available. Has diesel shunting locomotive, 2 trucks and 15' of track. RV.278 — \$7.95.



Squirrel
\$7.98

Kangaroo
with Joey
from \$4.75

Koala with baby
from \$6.50

Skippy
the TV Kangaroo
from \$7.15

Platypus \$3.75

MORELLA Soft, safe hygienic Blue Gum Fur Toys

The original "Blue Gum" babies, cuddlesome and cute, they're foam filled and made from real fur. Ask to see the full range.



ASK YOUR TOYSHOP OR
HOBBY SHOP FOR YOUR
COPY OF THIS
CATALOGUE



MINIC RACEWAYS

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD
OF MINIATURE MOTOR RACING
FITS ON A DINING TABLE

Here are the smallest of all slot cars, yet they are just as thrilling and exciting to race as the larger models. A full size track layout fits on your dining table and accessories include Fly Over Bridge, Automatic Starting Gate, Hump Back Bridge, Heliport with Flying Helicopter and hundreds of other items. Cars go forward and reverse and are mini replicas of the real thing. Tracks can be made up just like Silverstone, Le Mans, Monza and other great raceways. Boxed sets from \$14.25, plus transformer.



Y MINIC
Motorways



Tri-ang MINIC
MOTORWAYS

Made to the same scale as the Raceways and Tri-ang Hornby trains, these delightfully realistic sets include cars, trucks, and buses all of which can be driven onto specially made rolling stock, using loading ramp and adding true realism to your train layout. Plus hundreds of detailed accessories to make your layouts completely authentic.

Boxed sets from \$20.95 and you can use the same transformer as for Tri-ang Trains or Scalextric.

Page 14

Tri-ang HORNBY

the most lifelike model trains in the world

Trains that puff real smoke, passenger trains, goods trains, shunters, diesel trains, suburban trains, overhead electric trains, container trains, old-time trains, models with Magnadhesion for greater rail grip. You'll find them all under this famous brand name. And there are literally hundreds of scale model accessories which you can add piece by piece to build up wonderful layouts. You can choose from 17 different sets, with electric trains from \$11.50, clockwork sets from \$3.95.



RADA TRANSCONTINENTAL EXPRESS

This detailed replica of the Transcontinental Express contains one R150A double ended diesel loco with working headlight and three R444A passenger coaches complete with seats. Eight R483A double curved track, two R481A straight track, one R487A power clip, one R488A uncoupling ramp.



R651A FREIGHTMASTER

The Freightmaster set contains one R357A diesel loco, one R15A milk wagon, one R113A goods wagon with drop sides, one R122A cattle wagon, one R123A horse box, one R340A three container wagon, one R561A container wagon, one R16A guards van. Eight R483A double curved track, two R481A straight track, one R487A power clip, one R488A uncoupling ramp.



R588A CLOCKWORK GOODS SET

An ideal train set for the young beginner. Contains one R660A clockwork loco, one R10A open wagon, one R113A goods wagon with drop sides, one R211A "SHELL" lube oil tank wagon, one R568A bogie bolster wagon with three cars, one R495A single track level crossing. Eight R483A double curved track, two R481A straight track.



LOOK FOR THESE EXCLUSIVE TRI-ANG
HORNBY FEATURES

MAGNADHESION

Symbol used in Catalogue to denote locomotives equipped with MAGNADHESION

SMOKE

Symbol used to denote Locomotives equipped with SYN CHROSMOKE

CLIP-FIT

Symbol used to denote items which CLIP-FIT to Super 4 Track.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 1968

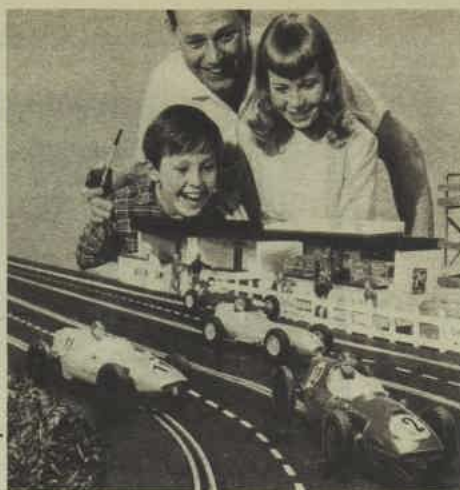


**LEO
GEOGHEGAN**

— TOP AUSTRALIAN RACING DRIVER SAYS —

*"You get
all the excitement
of real motor
racing with*

SCALEXTRIC Regd.



FORD GT \$3.65



SUPER JAVELIN \$4.50



ASTON MARTIN GT \$6.25



AC COBRA \$3.65



OFFENHAUSER R/E \$3.65



OFFENHAUSER F/E \$3.65



TRIUMPH TR4/A \$2.98



SUNBEAM TIGER \$2.98



D' TYPE JAGUAR \$5.25



The most realistic home slot car racing you've ever seen — authentic scale models of real racing cars, plus hundreds of different accessories so that you can add to your set to make up replicas of famous race tracks. Scalextric is world famous, in the comfort of your own home the whole family can enjoy the thrills, spills and excitement of the race track. Scalextric is an absorbing hobby for everyone from nine to ninety. Two lane starter set with hand controllers and two race tuned cars only \$11.50 (Transformer extra).

Why *Cyclops*

toys are Australia's favourites!

The reasons for Cyclops constant popularity isn't hard to find, thousands of people who grew up with Cyclops toys now see their children enjoying the same pleasures as they did — only the toys have changed, being made for the newest generation by a Company that has been designing and manufacturing toys for Australian children for well over fifty years.

Since the production of the first tricycle in 1913, the Company has grown to the stage where it is now manufacturing and distributing some 2,000 different products. In many cases they are wholly designed and produced in Australia, in others they are the choice of buying on world markets the finest toys available through Cyclops' own network of overseas offices and factories.

In this way Australian children get the best of both worlds and purchasers of Cyclops products know that they are getting the best that money can buy, backed by a Company with a wealth of experience.

Cyclops products are available throughout Australia at toy shops, hobby shops and stores everywhere. For value for money, quality and service you'll find Cyclops is the name you can trust.



Quad Swing \$36.95



Family Gym \$73.95



Ranger Tower \$50.95

CYCLOPS OUTDOOR EQUIPMENT

Designed for years and years of fun-in-the-sun play and for the development of healthy young bodies. Only a part of the full range is shown.

- ▲ Takes Adda Ladder, no adaption kit required.
- Takes Adda Ladder, with use of adaption kit No. 2.
- ✱ Takes Adda Ladder, with use of adaption kit No. 1.



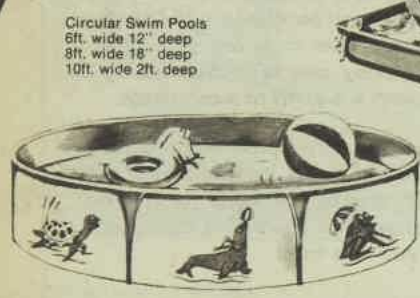
Lawn Swing \$40.95



Slide \$36.95



Tot Swing \$12.25



De-Luxe Wading Pool \$25.50
(Standard \$21.50)

The Australian Women's Weekly presents . . .

Holidays in Australia

Australia is a land of vivid
contrasts, and in this booklet
we give you some idea of the
vast range of opportunities
for an all-Australian holiday.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 27, 1968



HOLIDAYS IN AUSTRALIA — Page 1

Where will we go on holidays?

HOLIDAYS are becoming big business. We have more leisure time now than ever before. We've also more money to spend.

This is resulting in an upsurge of holidaymakers heading farther afield in our vast country, wanting to get off the beaten track and explore or lap up sheer luxury in sophisticated surroundings.

Travel east, west, north, or south on your holidays. Go for many hundreds of miles and you're still in Australia. The sheer size of the country lends itself to a vast range of widely differing holidays. Holidays as far apart as big-game fishing off the Gulf of Carpentaria to exploring green and lovely Tasmania.

The holiday stories in this booklet are all very different. Some we received in the office as Travellers' Tales, others were written as specific assignments, but all will give you ideas for holidays in Australia and the north appealing to a wide variety of tastes and pockets.

The main holiday goals are still the Barrier Reef, New Guinea, Central Australia, the Gold Coast, Tasmania, and the various capital cities, with Sydney always heading the list of holiday venues for holidaymakers from other States.

Newer areas are places such as the Ord River Scheme in north-western Australia, the Snowy Mountains in the summer (they're always popular in winter), the Gulf Country or parts of the Northern Territory for the intrepid safari maker, or even some of the inland towns of historic or scenic interest in most States.

One of the most interesting historic towns is Swan Hill on the Murray River. The old part of the town has been completely restored, almost in the manner

of one of America's colonial towns, to allow one to see what country towns in Australia were like in the early days.

Beechworth, an old gold town in north-eastern Victoria, is also being restored in a similar manner.

Speedy methods of modern transport, whether you prefer to travel independently or on an arranged tour, make it possible now to see virtually every part of the country on a holiday. People are demanding excellent air, sea, road, rail, hotel, and restaurant service, and increasingly they are getting it.

ARRANGED HOLIDAYS

If you prefer to have somebody else take the responsibilities and worries of arranging your holiday, you can take conducted tours. These are popular in New Guinea. From Sydney 15-day tours cost around \$580 and visit many of the places mentioned in the story on New Guinea and Papua in our booklet.

On many holidays you can fly one way and return by sea, or vice versa. Air-sea holidays can take you round Tasmania, crossing Bass Strait by ship.

Or you can fly one way and come back by coach. Many tours of Central Australia operate this way. Or perhaps fly to your destination and pick up a car or caravan.

Recently the airlines have introduced special "explore" tours of Australia, aimed at showing you as much of the continent as possible for as little as \$193. The journey must be completed within 90 days.

One of these is the Inner Circle Tour, covering 4000 miles and visiting 14 towns and cities on the east coast and Central and South Australia.

Another is the Outer Circle Tour for \$362, covering 7500 miles of Western Australia (the Ord River Scheme, Kununurra, Broome pearling areas, Port Hedland—the commercial port for the

Hamersley region — Learmonth, and Exmouth Gulf, where the U.S. Navy Communications Centre is located, Carnarvon, where the old whaling station is now a prawn-processing factory, and Central Australia).

Shorter air tours range from a 14-day Wildflower Tour of Western Australia from \$364 ex-Sydney to an air-fares-inclusive one-week holiday in Coolangatta for \$67 from Sydney.

For those wanting to get away from it all out into the open air, several sheep and cattle stations now provide holiday accommodation.

Or you might like to show some profit from your holiday, so what about opal-mining in Central Australia? All you need is a miner's right and some luck.

And, for a cool place in summer heat, visit Victoria's limestone Buchan Caves or the equally famed Jenolan Caves near Sydney.

If you're interested in wildlife, the islands off Australia's southern coast will appeal. Kangaroo Island, where seals play on the rocks and in the sea; Phillip Island, where the stately penguins waddle about in spruced-up black-and-white costumes; King Island, home of the muttonbirds.

Accommodation in these places is frequently limited, so it's wise to book in advance.

And for those who want their holidays to coincide with special events, look up the dates of the Festival of Adelaide, South Australia's Barossa Wine Festival, the New Guinea Highlands Show, the Melbourne Cup, and city festivals such as Melbourne's Moomba and Sydney's Waratah.

But if it's sheer natural beauty you want to see when you go holidaying, blossom-time in all southern States, the autumn tints of the Adelaide Hills area, and the magnificent colors of Central Australia are unequalled in the world.

SYDNEY—

How well do you know Sydney? If you're a visitor to the city, or even a resident, the experiences of Mrs. G. L. Foster, of Emu Plains, N.S.W., give an idea of the scope for sightseeing.

TWO days before they were due to arrive, I received a letter from a pen-friend in America saying her aunt and uncle were on a tour of the South Pacific. They would be spending two days in Sydney. Could we show them round?

A hurried trip to the N.S.W. Tourist Bureau and we had lots of brochures and suggestions for day trips. While reading through the brochures that night, my husband and I, migrants to this country, began to realise something. Though we had travelled over a lot of Australia, except for picnics and going to the beaches we seemed to have neglected our local history and beauty spots.

So here was our chance to become tourists in our own city. We began planning. As we lived in an outer suburb, over an hour's journey from the city, we decided to book overnight at the same hotel as our visitors, thus saving much precious time.

Feeling almost like tourists ourselves, we arrived at the hotel with overnight bags to meet our guests for the first time.

We were delighted to find they were about our own ages and eager to see everything possible in the short time available.

They had loved Canberra with its planned layout and modern buildings,

FRONT COVER: The thatched roof island bar which sits in the middle of the huge swimming-pool at Daydream Island is reached by arched bridges.

SIGHTSEEING PLANS

so we felt sure that Sydney's lovely harbor and older history would provide an interesting contrast.

Our sightseeing began. It was Saturday morning, so a quick look round the bustling shopping area came first. Then we quickly explored some of the older parts, Macquarie Place, where the colony's roads were measured, Parliament House, the G.P.O., and the University, and some of the old terrace houses. These were comparable, so our friends said, to those in the old part of New Orleans.

Over to Manly by ferry was next. We wanted to show our guests round using public transport instead of the car so they could see more clearly something of the Australian way of life.

SURF CARNIVAL

Sydney Harbor turned on its best. The sun was dancing on the water among the hundreds of sailboats. Whether you are on a luxury yacht or a chugging ferry, the scenery is still the same.

Happy youngsters with towels or bathing-bags laughed and waved to passing ships. Our guests were enchanted.

At Manly a surf carnival was in progress, and its thrills and spills were another attraction.

Our journey back to the city was by hydrofoil, in time to view the whole scene of city and waterways from the top of the AMP building. Our visitors' cameras worked overtime as we pointed out the landmarks, part of The Rocks, the domed tower of the Lands Department building soon to be demolished, modern towers of steel and glass dwarfing buildings of Victorian grandeur. Right to the distant Blue Mountains, where our home is in the foothills.

That night we had dinner at the hotel, one which compares very favor-

ably indeed with any in the world, according to our guests. Then we went to a showing of the film "A Safari Into Aboriginal Country," which gave us all an insight into the lives of today's Aborigines, and some idea of the wonderful scenery of Arnhem Land and the wildlife of Australia's north.

Next day we took a tour by coach through the city to Parramatta, with beauty spots along the route being pointed out by the driver, the older homes and settlements of Castle Hill, market gardens, and then rural land.

We crossed Berowra Waters by punt and on to Kuringai Chase, with its natural bushland and koalas and kangaroos. From Bobbin Head to Patonga we went by launch, passing orange groves and lovely inlets.

Finally we reached the wide waters of Broken Bay and then beautiful Palm Beach, Narrabeen Lakes and the many other beaches and the beautiful homes and gardens near them enchanted us all.

As we returned to Sydney, the lights were coming on and the sun was setting for a scene of further enchantment.

The evening was spent in Kings Cross, wandering past the fountain and brightly lit shops. We strolled through the small square of little shops and open-air coffee houses known as The Village and then up to the roof of the hotel, where we dined.

The lights of both city and waterways stretched before us in every direction, and the Bridge glowed with light. Two days is not enough to see the beauties of our city.

Returning home after farewelling our friends, we made up our minds to be local tourists more often. For a few hours we had seen familiar landmarks through the eyes of others and learned so much and felt so proud of our adopted country.



A well-known Sydney landmark, El Alamein fountain in Kings Cross.



Stalactite formations in the Jenolan Caves in the Blue Mountains, N.S.W.

A HOLIDAY FOR ONE

● Don't deny yourself a holiday because your friends cannot go at the same time. Maisie Chivers, of Box Hill, Melbourne, believes taking a holiday on one's own has advantages.

FOR five years I juggled my yearly vacation to fit in with a friend.

We never seemed to be able to settle on a destination, and spent hours poring over brochures and phoning agencies.

I suffered this frustration annually until her youngest son released me by obligingly getting mumps the week before we were due to go to Queensland.

From that day on I have taken my holidays alone. I make up my mind, consult my employer, and away I go.

It is important to give some thought to your destination. A guest house for a lone traveller might not be the ideal holiday, as other guests usually have cars and don't spend much time at the house. It can be a long, solitary walk across the dining-room floor for the first two days.

Equally, a sun-drenched beach resort might not be a wise choice if you're not the sun-worshipping, lively type. You would be better to settle for a quieter holiday where you are not required to be vivacious.

Organised holidays are good. Everything is planned for you. If you travel by coach, accommodation is arranged, and the coach captain is an entertaining person with a good knowledge of local history.

Likewise, a Murray River cruise is enjoyable, with the added advantage of being able to keep the same cabin during the entire holiday.

My first tour was of 14 days to Queensland, and since then I have been to the Snowy Mountains, Tasmania, and

Central Australia, the latter a combined air and coach tour.

It seems to me that the people who book for these tours are congenial, pleasant folk who are ready to fit in with others.

There are several points which I have discovered about taking an organised tour holiday. For a start, just because you are alone, don't rush friendships. It takes several days for people to adjust, and if you bide your time you are more likely to discover someone with tastes similar to yours.

And move about freely among your fellow passengers at stopping-places. This way you get to know them. Another important point is to be independent. Insist on paying for your morning and afternoon teas even if some other passenger makes a pretence of playing host by taking charge of the docket.

TRAVEL LIGHT

If going on a coach tour, take only as much luggage as you can carry comfortably. Porters are not always available, especially when a forty-five-passenger coach arrives at six p.m. with ninety-odd pieces of luggage to be sorted out and moved.

If you still cannot bring yourself to venture so far away from a friendly face, you might do what an acquaintance of mine did recently. During the time her husband was interstate on business, she locked the house and booked in for four days at one of our city's most modern hotels. She enjoyed the luxury of room service, spent her days shopping, saw several shows at night, and came home completely refreshed.

IN SEARCH OF THE

● Ingrid Finke, born in Hamburg, Germany, had been in Sydney a little less than a year when she decided to have a look at the "real Australia." Ingrid didn't do her travelling in comfort. She booked herself to travel through Queensland and the Northern Territory by coach. The passengers, equipped with camping gear and tents, slept each night "under the stars." Here are parts of letters she wrote describing her trip to her sister Helga, in Hamburg.

HELGA, dear, I am embarking on the most wonderful and adventurous trip I have ever made!

As I told you in my previous letter, ever since I came to Australia I wanted to see the real Australia, the outback. Now it has become true! I am on my way!

Our first night under the stars was at Augathella. It was a warm night and in the soft, dark blue sky myriads of glittering stars were suspended above us in delightful disarray. Our campfire glowing, we all sat around and talked. Our coach captain, Pat, loves the country and knew so much about it that he became the butt for all our question on the trip.

The big windmills, he told us, were really fans to keep the cattle cool! Or, when we got to Ayers Rock he told us about the ghost who appears every full moon. Sure enough, at midnight, the day we arrived, there was a rattling and moaning going on which scared us out of our sleeping-bags. Later we found that he had collected empty cans on the trip and let them rattle down the stony surface of the Rock!

When we left Augathella the following morning, the heavens opened up and there was mud everywhere. We were 30 miles short of Winton on our way to Cloncurry when we became well and truly bogged. It was late at

night and pitch-dark outside, so we settled down for the night in the coach.

Luckily, we had bogged alongside a railway track and the next afternoon a train from Rockhampton to Winton pulled up to take us on board. You should have seen us, a muddy and soaked lot of tramps surrounded by suitcases, swags, pots and pans. The poor conductor looked somewhat sour. Let's face it, we messed up his train.

THE WILD LIFE

It was still raining when we arrived in Winton, and I decided to find a hotel, as I was suffering from a cold. The taxi delivered me to Tom Graf's Private Accommodation — the hotel, he thought, had too many drunks at night!

Tom Graf is a very interesting person, full of interesting stories and "yarns."

Charlie, an Aboriginal stockman, was also there, and he told us some remarkable stories of how he caught snakes with a hat and how he had always been successful using this method. I think the stories were mainly directed at me, the foreigner, and they tried to pull the wool over my eyes. "Fair dinkum," they always said, but I wonder.

I met another interesting person when we stopped at Larrimah, a little village on the Stuart Highway, and called into the little pub for a drink. Peter, the carpenter, was from Germany and had spent ten years in Australia. He couldn't praise his new country enough.

"REAL AUSTRALIA"

"Here I do what I like. Work is good, and fishing, ah, yes, that is really something. I go up to the Katherine River and catch barramundi. And you know how I catch them? With an old doorknob, just twisted a little so that it moves in water."

On the way to Darwin we called into Mary Kathleen, a little town set in a beautiful hilly countryside. It is a near ghost town, with only 34 inhabitants. When you arrive here and see the beautifully laid-out gardens and crescents you expect the people to arrive at any moment, but, no, the houses are empty and the few people who live there hide away as if to avoid the question WHY?

At last we crossed into the Northern Territory. It was early in the morning. As we drove on, the scenery changed from hilly, softly sloping grazing land into vast, flat land covered with tiny shrubs and I got my first glimpse of the red soil. The road was a straight line heading, it seemed, into eternity.

Ten miles before we reached Katherine Gorge the suspension spring broke and we made camp again in the bush. I will never forget that night. It was mild, a million stars glittering high above in the dark blue sky. It took me a long time to go to sleep.

About five o'clock in the morning I watched the night fade and dawn break. Those beautiful pastel colors in the sky! Blue, orange, and yellow, the trees still in the shadow of the night, then all of a sudden aglow in the first rays of the rising sun. Hesitatingly, awed by so much beauty, I finally crawled out of my sleeping-bag, had a wash in the brisk morning air, and sat waiting to go to the Katherine Gorge.

We went on a boat trip through two of the Gorges and saw rugged cliffs rising vertically up on both sides of the riverbanks, casting dark shadows on to the calmly flowing waters. Now and then little palm trees, their trunks slim and graceful growing out from the

rocky soil, reached toward the sky, the sunlight filtering through their leaves.

Darwin was fascinating with its lovely houses all on stilts, surrounded by gardens of tropical flowers. In the evening we went to a restaurant and I tasted barramundi, a delicious fish that grows up to three feet in length.

An early start the next morning and we headed for Alice Springs. The Devil's Marbles, which were visible on the horizon for a long time before we reached them, look at first as small as golfballs. Gradually, as we came nearer, they grew into huge boulders. It fascinated me to see these enormous rocks just lying there in the middle of flat country. They looked for all the world like marbles, dropped there by a giant who had grown tired of his game. What a strange and beautiful country.

AN ENCHANTING LAND

We had quite a day at Alice Springs. We started off early in the morning to go to Simpson's Gap, a rock formation set in hilly countryside, then on to Stanley Chasm. Two huge vertical walls of rock, changing their color from a dull grey mauve to a fiery red as the sun moved, were thrilling.

I met an artist, Peter Halstead, living in the Alice. He told me that once you go there and stay for a while you will stay for ever.

I believe him. I, myself, was enchanted by the beauty of that part of Australia. Australians are inclined to talk about the "dead" centre, but to me it is not dead; it is alive, and its beauty held me spellbound.

Alice Springs also has a river, the Todd, but there is rarely any water in it. Pat told us a delightful story about it and swore it was true. Each year there is a Henley-on-Todd Regatta, a boat race. Only the boats have no bottoms. The "sailors" STAND up in them, grip the planks on each side, and run! If

Tom Graf, a real gnarled oldtimer who had been in the outback for 35 years.



the river should have any water, well, the regatta is postponed!

Leaving the Alice we started off for Ayers Rock, and, on the way, we called into "Mt. Ebenezer Station," where we bought some Aboriginal souvenirs from some lubras who seemed to have been waiting for us.

We arrived at Ayers Rock very late and put up camp, had our dinner, and went to bed. But I couldn't sleep. I lay in my sleeping-bag, the starlit sky being my tent, the moon my lantern, looking at that immense, brooding rock.

I got up long before sunrise and took my camera on walkabout to watch the night fade and the dawn take over. The shrubs and the Rock were dark shadows, but as the light of the day progressed they gradually became aglow in the rising sun, mauve, then pinkish brown, until at last it looked as if the whole desert was on fire.

If anyone were to ask me to picture the creation of the world, it would be Ayers Rock before the break of dawn.

After breakfast we went to see the Olgas, which are breathtaking. Whereas Ayers Rock is one solid monolith, the Olgas are a collection of round and oval-shaped rocks, forming little chasms and valleys full of shrubs and trees.

Climbing Ayers Rock? Having been in the Swiss Alps, the Rock in comparison looked small and easy to climb. But, I tell you, it was hard work to

get up there, just as hard as it is to climb to the first hut on the Matterhorn. I think I lost a stone on the way up and another on the way down.

Early next morning we farewelled the Rock and set out for Coober Pedy. We stopped for coffee at a place called Curtin Springs, and, sitting in the lounge, I noticed that around the ceiling little string ends were hanging over a panel. When I asked their purpose I was told they were mice's tails.

The people who owned the place said that a few weeks before they had had a plague of mice. When the mice ate the poison laid for them, they died behind the wall's panelling, their tails hanging out along the wall. As the fiercely dry weather had mummified them completely, it had not been necessary to rip the panelling away!

Finally Coober Pedy, and everyone anxious to get out and search for opals.

Here we met Fay and Ettie, who have their own opalmine and an underground flat, which they dug with their own hands. Years of hard work had brought them success, and they now own an opal shop as well, and are considered local "high society."

But all the people I met on my trip personified that beautiful part of Australia, each an individual, each bearing the brand of the outback.

Continued over the page

HOLIDAYS IN AUSTRALIA — Page 5

IN SEARCH OF THE "REAL AUSTRALIA"

Continued



Above: View from Ayers Rock. "An experience I will never forget. As far as the eye could reach, land as flat as a disc, the only interruption being the Olgas in the distance, which seemed like sand-pebbles."

Left: Central Australia. "A particularly big group of Aborigines crossed our path on a walkabout. We stopped, and Pat (the bus driver) handed out clothes he collects for them from friends in Sydney."



Pitchi Ritchi, Alice Springs, a garden where sculptor Robert Ricketts exhibits his work. As he believes himself to be re-incarnated from an Aborigine his sculptures deal only with them.



Left: Coober Pedy, where everyone got out to search for opals. "It was a funny sight to watch nineteen people, all bottoms up, prospecting in the field. We were all lucky and found chips."

Above, mealtime: The group used to pitch their tents in the bush. Ingrid said it was quite a joke to find a suitable tree to hide behind and have a "shower" out of a bucket of water.



TASMANIA'S HISTORY IN STONE

"Poets with chisels" is how Mrs. Noel Rait, of Sydney, describes the men who fashioned Tasmania's wealth of fine colonial carvings.

THE island State is a treasure-store of colonial carvings which decorate the many stone buildings.

Angels and roses, acorns and pouncing falcons, gargoyles grinning in sly mockery, kings and queens, strange half-dolphin, half-man creatures, an Aztec sun god's head carved on a country barn, a sheep and bale of wool to symbolise the new wealth of the pioneer colony. Treasures from the hands of the long-ago convict artisans.

I came across them on an unforgettable holiday spent searching for these fascinating stone carvings.

You need little money, infinite patience, a camera, and a pair of strong boots to embark on the search.

I began my pilgrimage at Government House, Hobart, surely the loveliest of all official residences in Australia. Its stone carvings include a superbly ornamented stone fence patterned with roses and stone gargoyles grinning with sly secret gothic mockery.

Those were the days of the harsh regime of a penal colony. Grim days, at first, of famine and bushranging, convicts in chain gangs and pioneer settlers.

Grim days, yet how they glow with color and romance. Many of the settlers eventually prospered and their wattle-and-daub huts were replaced by fine stone farmhouses, cottages, and country mansions with the great walls, barns, dovecotes, and parklands reminiscent of English country estates.

Not all the soldiers and colonial officials were harsh and callous, nor were all the convicts potential bush-rangers and murderers. James Blackburn, architect of so many lovely colonial churches, was a convict when he planned some of his finest work.

At "Greenhill," near Campbell Town, there is a keystone carving in freestone with a design said to have been inspired by a sun-god motive from Spanish Mexico on some old coin.

And what dream-like myth of the sea or fantastic image of the mind inspired a column carved with a strange sea-serpent or dolphin, part man, part fish, found in a garden at Koonya, once a penal establishment?

Tools were scarce and primitive, yet with incredible skill the convict artisans chiselled the hint of a smile, a wistful poignancy and a mysterious peace in the faces of the angels and cherubs on the graves of the babies and children who died in scores from the terrible "jail typhus" which swept the colony from the plague ships of the convicts.

THE FAMILY CREST

Many of the pioneers ordered their family crests to be carved upon the gates and over the doorways of their mansions, while others, proud of a home and land literally hacked out of the bushland, preferred a new emblem symbolic of a new country and chose the wattle, emu, waratah, or kangaroo.

Fantasy with history and the story of the land are blended in carvings on the Ross Bridge.

These carvings were fashioned,



Head of sun god on a stone stable.



A dolphin-like creature at Koonya.



A cherub carved on a gravestone.

according to an expert, by Northumbrian highwaymen who were granted a free pardon for their exquisite handiwork. One of them, Daniel Herbert, a gifted draughtsman, musician, poet, and sculptor, is buried on the hill overlooking the bridge and the Macquarie River.

Time and long exposure to winter floods have weathered the bridge, but the carvings still remain—the playing-card images of a king and a queen, a schoolmaster, and a philosopher, strange fish of the sea, sheep, and wool bales.

Tradition has it that in the images of king, queen, and schoolmaster Herbert satirised the judge who sentenced him, Governor George Arthur, grim despot of the colony, and the Governor's lady.

The Ross Bridge and its enigmatic carvings set me in search of yet another story. And I recalled that John Mitchell, famous leader of the seven Irish rebels exiled for life to Tasmania in the 1840s, had hidden beneath the Ross and Campbell Town bridges when he met some of his fellow exiles and planned a daring escape.

Turning off the Midland Highway through the Clyde Valley, I discovered the stone township of Bothwell, with its heritage of Georgian-Colonial buildings.

Rich embellishment by the carver's imagination and gifted hands has fashioned a message of hope and inspiration in the stonework of a lovely church here. And curious carvings ornament barns, gates, and farmhouses.

One is the face of the "jolly miller" on an old mill at Nant, where John Mitchell himself once lived.

The military regime in early Tasmania is recalled by old military barracks and cottages, and here again the carver's skill has chronicled the history of the early regiments in the island.

At Ross, over the old military barracks, is the coat of arms of the Royal Engineers. And on old cottages at the historic village of Richmond are carved the acorn insignia of the regiment under the Governor's command.

This is only a beginning, for there is so much to discover in carvings upon buildings of mellow freestone, carvings that depict the pioneer epic of a gallant little colony.

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The Barrier Reef Salad

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Mix together liberally surfing, snoozing, sun-baking, bird-watching, cruising, water skiing, golfing, party-hopping, night-clubbing, reefing, with any other form of island life you desire and toss in an island or two. Then serve up the kind of tropical holiday you desire and Ansett have it—just for you.

"Lindeman Leilani" on Lindeman Island

Take a grass skirt, a midnight Luau barbecue, shake well. Then mix in swimming, sailing, fishing in clear blue waters, and exotic shell hunting. Great!

"Tropic Isle Holiday" on Dunk Island

A true tropic paradise treat. Fishing, swimming, reefing, water skiing. At night, beach barbecues and dancing. Wow!

"Happy Bay Holiday" on Long Island

Just the place for family holidays. Prices are geared for this. Sheltered and perfect for cruising, skiing, swimming and fishing. And warm white sands just for lazing on.

"Carousel '69" "Capricornian Carousel" both on Hayman Island

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"Heron Island Holiday" on Heron Island

If your palate fancies a clean, uncluttered island, Heron will be preferred by you. It is the closest coral island to our Southern cities—and one of the only two inhabited coral cays right on the Barrier Reef.

This tempting holiday dish includes everything you expect to find on a fabulous Barrier Reef Holiday.

"Dreamtime" on South Molle Island

For a dreamy holiday. But you'll be too busy to dream with all the feasting, swimming, skiing and night life. You stay in a self-contained cabin with a magnificent view.

"Magnetic Holiday" on Magnetic Island

Off Townsville. 23 sheltered beaches. Coconut palm groves and rugged pine-clad slopes. There's a bowling green and golf course. And the reef's most modern Marine-Land.

"Daydream Holiday" on Daydream Island

Take a lazy island, place it in the Whitsunday Group, and you have the ideal. Place a modern hotel right on the beach front, garnish with safe blue water, swimming, exciting night entertainment, cruises and water skiing (all day and every day).

"Tropic Vista Holiday"

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Cruises hors d'oeuvre: "Tropicruise" Holiday —

from Townsville to magic Magnetic Island.

"Tropiclander Holiday"

Taking you to South Molle, Hayman, Magnetic and Green Islands as well as famous resort spots along the Queensland Barrier Coast.

Whatever you desire

to relax or fun it up Ansett can arrange — just for you. The holiday you have dreamed about, including holidays on the wonderfully relaxing islands, such as: Great Keppel, Brampton and Orpheus.

Cruises:

Also available to most of the Barrier Reef islands. Cruises on the 'Roylen', 'Esmerelda', 'New Endeavour' and 'Eveley'.

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Catch a big wave and a golden suntan at Surfers



Take your time exploring Tasmania's picturesque rivers (above) and historic buildings (like this church at Port Arthur, below)



Tasmania: Emerald Isle Greens

Here's a fresh green Tasmanian holiday recipe. With convict ruins. Beautiful mountain lakes. Pretty villages and noble forests. In fact majestic and yet charming views everywhere. Ah — Tasmania.

At Ansett we can arrange for a chauffeur driven car (surprisingly cheap) or an Avis rent-a-car or caravan. Or arrange a scenic coach tour. Whatever you desire in the way of a Tasmanian holiday we can work out a recipe that will make you want to come back again and again to see the beauty that is Tasmania. Or, if you prefer, a packaged, all inclusive holiday. We have many of these that will leave you breathless.

The "Wayfarer Special Interest" Tour

This wonderful tour of total Tasmania includes an Avis car, marked road maps, reserved accommodation, and an itinerary specially designed to let you see and enjoy all Tasmania has to offer.

Special interest drive yourself tours may be your choice. How about these —

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'Big Game Fishing', 'Snow Skiing', 'Gemstones', 'Pheasant Shooting', 'Historic Homes and Buildings around Launceston', 'Port Arthur', 'Hobart's Historic Battery', 'Gordon River Cruise', 'Savage River Iron Ore Project', 'Cradle Mountain—Lake St. Clair National Park' and many others.

Ask about these famous tours:

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You can fly both ways — and save time for more sightseeing, or fly over and take the ferry back at your leisure, whichever you prefer, we will arrange it.

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Stay at fabulous Broadbeach Hotel, one of the brightest spots on the coast.

Paradise Party

Stay at the 'Sea Breeze'. And live it up.

Gold Coast Caper

Stay at the fabulous Chevron Paradise Hotel in Surfers Paradise. Sun, surf, sports, Night life.

Bombora Guest House

Coolangatta's newest Holiday Lodge, with motel-type units.

"Paradise Towers Holiday"

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7 fabulous days on Daydream Island, coupled with 7 exciting days on the Gold Coast (where you stay at the place of your choice).

Two-in-one Holiday The "Hayman/Gold Coast" Holiday

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Golden sands, rolling surf. Bronzed skin. What are you waiting for?

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Choose between accommodation at Surfers Paradise and Coolangatta. Stay at Tiki Village, Beachcomber or Ski Lodge at Surfers. Or Beachcomber Motor Lodge at Coolangatta.

Other Golden Jet Holidays on the Gold Coast are the 'Surfers Paradise' Holiday, 'Paradise Court', 'The Sands', 'Lido Sunset Court', 'Burleigh Heads', 'Las Palmas', 'Kirra Beach', 'Ocean Court' holidays.

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Hand-feed wild parakeets at the Gold Coast's Currumbin bird sanctuary



The Australian Women's Weekly — November 1965



Choose a muu-muu at Surfers Paradise
Gilltrap's Auto Museum, Gold Coast





The moving sun colours Ayers Rock like a giant chameleon



Tropical fish abound around the Great Barrier Reef. Hire a Scuba set, and explore the Reef.



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An excellent main course garnished with cave paintings, cattle stations, deserts, gorges, rock pools. With your guides to personally serve you. If you please, on to Darwin for the next course. Come - adventure in Central and Northern Australia. Go coach/fly mixture - or fly straight.

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The Academy of Science—just one of Canberra's unique buildings



Sydney's magnificent Opera House will soon resound with the world's great music
Find yourself dwarfed by Western Australia's massive Karri forests



Western Australia Garni

If you want a calm, sunny, friendly holiday Western Australia is waiting for you. A word of warning about Western Australia! Some people have gone for a holiday in the West and stayed to live. Will you be tempted?

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Up north in the clear sunshine through Geraldton, Carnarvon and on to Exmouth Gulf and the vast mineral development of the Hamersley range.

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Scenic tours south and inland, through National Parks and Karri forests.

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10 days along the magnificent Southern coast.

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Along the south coast to Esperance Bay then inland where the gold towns of Kalgoorlie and Coolgardie await you.

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By coach from Darwin to Port Hedland, camping out overnight. Tour takes in Ord River and famous North Western gorges.

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From Darwin down the coast to Perth, stopping at Derby, Broome, Port Hedland and Ord River for sightseeing. Great days lazing on the decks, wonderful ship-board night life. Sightseeing at every stop.

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Whatever you fancy, name it, we've got it.

At Ansett we have a million ideas waiting for you. It doesn't matter if you're not sure where you'd like to go — or what you'd like to do. Our Travel Department can mix up a holiday to suit your budget exactly, your time limit and your personal taste. Or we can explain to you the dozens of packaged tours and holidays that we have covering every part of Australia.

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Brilliant New Guinea tribesmen perform their ceremonial dance



Barakau Village, Papua-New Guinea (left)



Tribeswomen daub themselves with exotic colours . . . (below)
Feathers of Birds of Paradise (right)



New Guinea Native Dish: "Papua/New Guinea Holiday"

A personally escorted Adventure into the primitive — to savour the jungle and its colourful wildlife. The freshness of mountain villages. The spirit of the Kokoda Trail. Exotic wildflowers in profusion. Sprawling plantations. Visits to native schools. Strange tribal rites and dances. A very adventurous mixture.

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August '69. Incredible native dress. Ceremonial dancing. The greatest attraction in the Territory. Personally escorted.

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Whilst you enjoy New Guinea, take an extra weekend, and slip over to these fascinating Islands. Friendly Islanders. Outrigger canoes, traditional carvings. Dense jungle. Fantastic!

"Rabaul and Wanigela":

Magnificent Rabaul Harbour. Japanese wartime tunnels. War Cemetery. Over to Papua and Wanigela—with its unique native atmosphere. Personally escorted.

"Anzac Tour":

A pilgrimage to the Territory taking in the Anzac Day Dawn Service at Port Moresby — and visits to Highland villages. Personally escorted.

We wish to thank the Australian Tourist Commission for the use of their photographic library

"Highlands and Sepik River:"

Including 3 days on the Sepik River on a house boat. Fantastic! Visits to Highland villages. Personally escorted.

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The Australian Women's Weekly — November 27, 1968

ISLANDS IN THE QUEENSLAND SUN

● Reporter Gloria Newton and staff photographer David Schmidt visited the Barrier Reef islands to get this report for us on holidaymaking on some of the small islands off the Queensland coast.

I LEFT Sydney in a Boeing 727, heading to Brisbane.

From there a friendly little Fokker Friendship took me leisurely up the fascinating Queensland coast to set me down at Proserpine.

Our craft for the 20-minute journey from Proserpine to Hayman Island was a helicopter which flew at only 1500 feet giving a magnificent view of the islands in the Whitsunday Passage. Rugged, mountainous, the pale outline of the coral that surrounds them glistening through the pale turquoise-colored water.

The island, 22 miles from the mainland, is a horseshoe-shaped mountain of some 800ft. with a long, tree-clad flat fronted by a sandy beach facing south over a lagoon. Here, the hotel, flanked on either side by rows of lodges, stretches out before the incredibly blue lagoon.

HOLIDAY TRAIN

And when you step out of the helicopter to find the cutest little striped train waiting to take you and your luggage up the hill to the hotel, you start to feel in a holiday mood.

The hotel's lodges, built in pairs, are cooled by ceiling fans and their tiled floors are covered with straw mats. One wall of glass doors opens on to a small private patio facing the tranquil lagoon. Perfect for just sitting and doing absolutely nothing.

Alone, you open the doors wide to a picture of blue sea, skies, and green mantled islands all around and

suddenly you are in a different world. The clothes you thought so cool in Sydney become stifling.

So, into the shower, into a comfortable, loose shift, sandals on bare feet, and out into the late afternoon to look around.

The beach along the lagoon is long and wide and, coming from the crowded Sydney beaches, it was a delight to get up early in the morning and go for a quiet, solitary sunbake. And the soft blue lagoon is delightfully warm to swim in.

Also, very early in the morning when the tide is out, it is fun to walk right out and explore the exposed coral reef.

You can cruise around on the island's catamaran, go off for a spot of deep-sea fishing or, for those who prefer it, hand-line fishing; cruises are arranged to take you on a visit to the other islands or the Barrier Reef, 46 miles away; you can go skindiving, play tennis, badminton, or simply sunbake by the side of the large, salt-water swimming-pool that sits in the middle of a large, tiled courtyard at the back of the hotel.

There are several walks around the island, which, by the way, is a fully protected national park.

Butterflies of all colors are there in profusion and I remember being completely enchanted one morning when I walked up from the beach surrounded by a cloud of them.

The seagulls have a wonderful time living and gossiping and squabbling, in their own inimitable way, around the lagoon's foreshores. And their talent for

predicting the lunchtime barbecues held on the hotel's front lawns was truly remarkable.

Even before the fire was started, the long tables carried out to be set up with a variety of mouth-watering salads, the seagulls, their bibs all cleaned, were ready and waiting for any tasty morsel tossed their way. And, who indeed, could ignore the urgent, hungry appeal of an eager seagull?

Dinner each night was different and exciting. After a long day in the sun and the water it is a beautiful feeling to shower, dress up in a long cotton patio frock, stick a hibiscus behind your ear, sit in the cabaret bar or at the little bar in the courtyard for a drink or two to stimulate an already healthy appetite.

ENTERTAINMENT

Then into the dining-room to see just what sort of a night is being turned on for you. The waitresses always gave you the answer. If it was to be a Calypso night they wore frilled tops to their short, short skirts; a French night and they whisked around in long, black net stockings, black satin skirts, and cheeky little midriff tops.

After dinner it is in to the cabaret lounge for coffee and if, after your day of swimming, cruising, skiing, skindiving, fishing, sightseeing, you feel like playing and dancing, there is plenty of variety here.

Life on Hayman Island, I found, is so arranged that you can be on the go from morning until the early hours of the following morning if you like, or you can simply lie around all day soaking up the sun and getting a good quota of early nights.

My first night on Hayman was Meeting your Neighbor night when the band invite a young couple—preferably a honeymoon pair—to start dancing. After a few seconds they stop the music and ask the young couple to pick a

partner from the crowd. This theme goes on until everyone in the room is up and everyone just knows everyone.

An excellent scheme on Hayman is the existence of Hernando's Hideaway! This is a small hut right at the far end of the lagoon which opens nightly at midnight. So dimly lit that it is hard to know just who is there and who is not, the band will play for as long as the enthusiasts keep on dancing.

In this way guests who are tired and have taken themselves to bed can sleep on quite undisturbed by any sounds of late revelry.

But, somehow, no matter how late the night, how gay the party, you always seem to wake up feeling pretty fit. I suppose it is the clean, pure fresh air that is nectar to anyone used to the smog of a large city.

If you are feeling especially elegant one night, you can have dinner in the Gold Room. Quiet, small, and glittering with chandeliers, its menu is a la carte—but the prices are kept fairly reasonable. For instance, \$2.50 for chateaubriand for two.

There is no enforced togetherness on Hayman. Its sprawling gardens, the bars, the large main dining-room with its two sittings keeps you seeing new faces. Yet, on the other hand, if you like meeting people it is only a matter of hours before you have made many friends.

DANISH VISITORS

The people I met on Hayman—and many of them were on their fourth or fifth visit—ranged in ages from three months old to 70! Honeymooners, young couples and their children on second honeymoons, older people just holidaying, young single people just holidaying. The charming Danish

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HOLIDAYS IN AUSTRALIA—Page 9

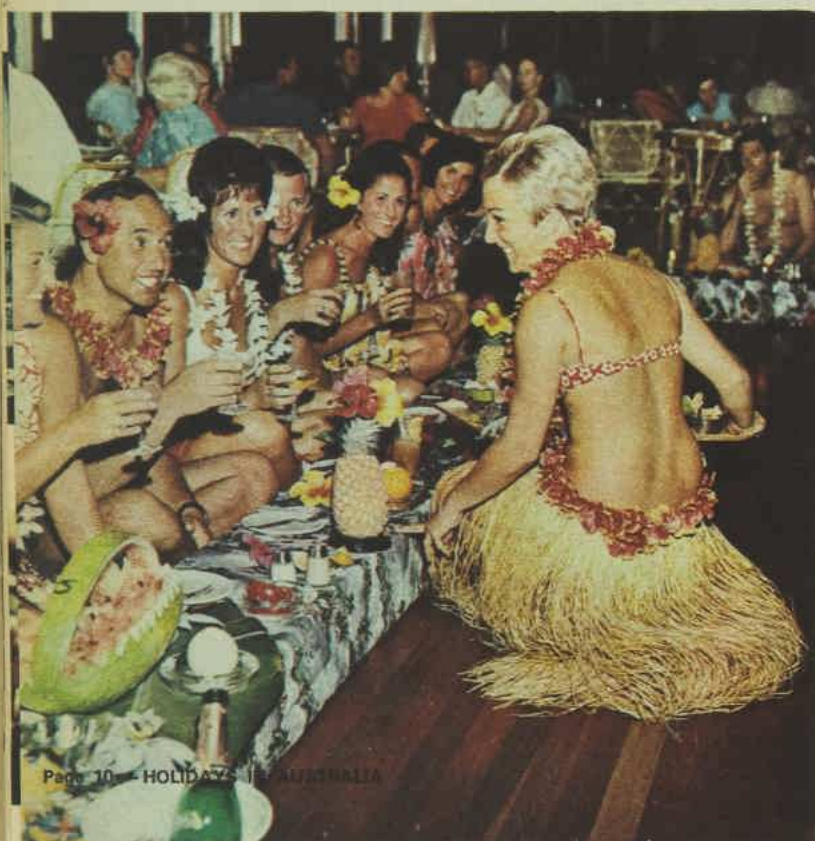
ISLANDS IN THE QUEENSLAND SUN

Continued

Water-skiing in the lagoon at Hayman Island; a speed-boat is on hand for skiing each morning. If you haven't tried the sport before, Alfredo, who drives the boat—and leads the band in the cabaret lounge at night—will patiently instruct you.



At left: Saturday night on Daydream Island. A special Hawaiian evening was arranged for the entertainment of the hotel guests.

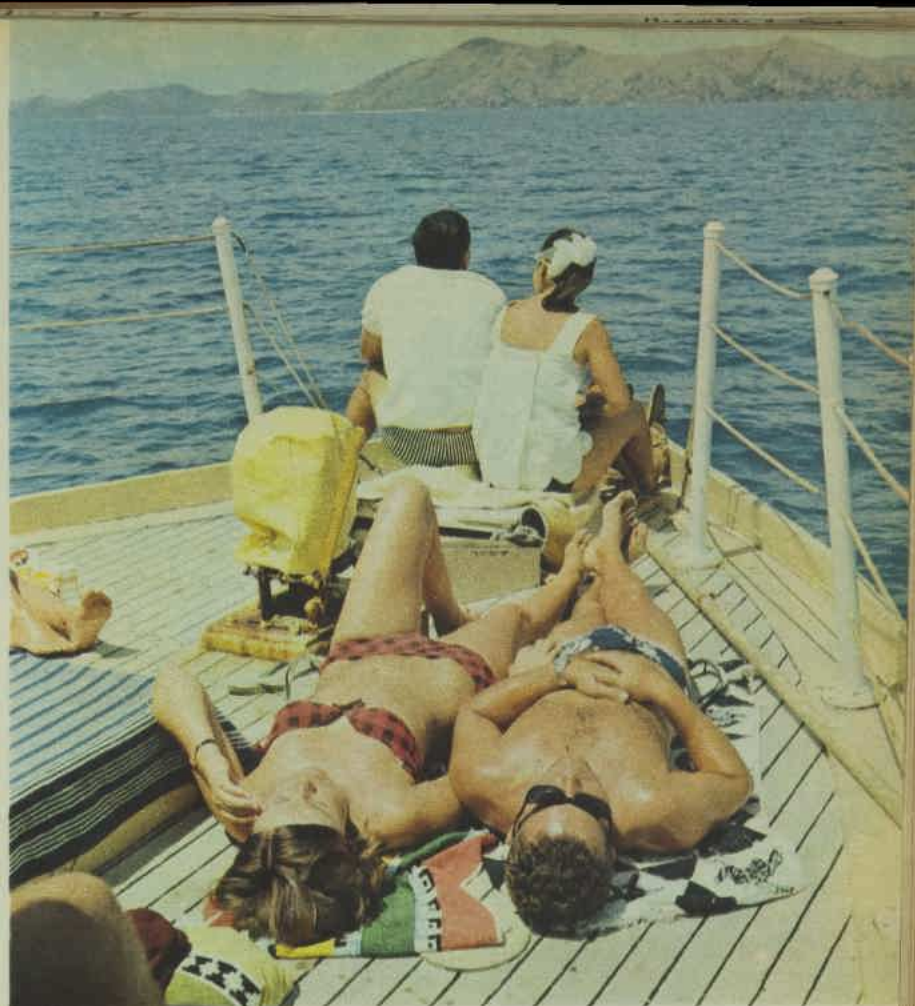
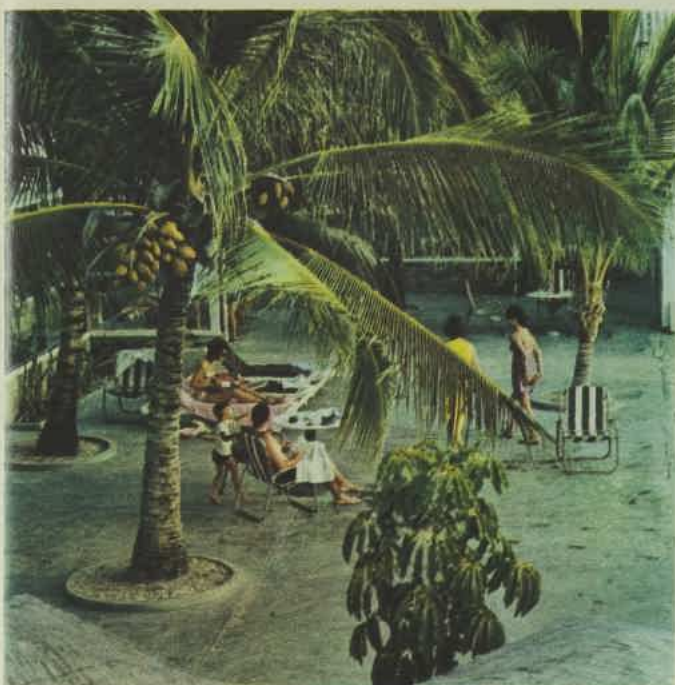


Right: The gaily striped sails of the Hayman Island catamaran, which takes guests on daily trips, makes a colorful picture against the turquoise-blue waters of the lagoon.



Below: Hayman Island's favorite "before lunch" and afternoon spot. Coconut palms set round the swimming-pool courtyard give you the shade you need as you sit and sip a cool, refreshing drink.

At the right: Hayman Island guests sunbaking on the deck of the cruiser which took them on an all-day tour of South Molle and Daydream Islands. South Molle is visible in the distance.



Continued over the page

ISLANDS IN THE QUEENSLAND SUN

Continued

couple who shared my table were on the last leg of a five months' world tour, and told me that Hayman was the most beautiful spot they had visited.

I went along on a cruise to visit South Molle Island — the oldest resort island in the area — and Daydream, the newest, which had been opened only nine weeks before.

Daydream, about two miles from the mainland, is quite small. About a mile long, 500ft. wide, heavily timbered with a 200ft. high hill in the middle, it boasts the biggest swimming-pool (250ft.) in the southern hemisphere.

The living units, each with its own bathroom, are similar to motel rooms with windows looking out on the ocean one side and down on to the magnificent swimming-pool on the other side.

Daydream is also a protected national park and one of its lovely features is the hundreds of small golden orchids that cling to the trees. Also, although unfortunately I didn't have time to visit it, Daydream's specialty is a Sunlover's Beach.

A secluded little cove, accessible only by launch, you can, by arrangement, sunbake there in the nude. Joy Collins, the manageress of the island, told me that up until then it had been used mainly by family groups.

As on Hayman there is water-skiing, skindiving, boats to take you cruising around the Passage and out to the Barrier Reef — and every night is a cabaret night.

Grouped along the foreshore of the beach are a shop, a pharmacy, hair-dressing salon, and a thatched roof grill which serves lunch each day around the swimming-pool.

A riot of color, of glamor, of sophistication it really looks the part of a South Pacific island even down to the

unique stair rails which are made of highly polished coconut husks.

About ten minutes away is South Molle is the large, airy Coral Bar, which going for over 20 years. Here cabins are dotted, almost invisible, among thick, tropical foliage. Beachcomber bungalows, doubles or for families, are air conditioned and have their own bathroom and toilet.

For the young and single there are cabins which share a shower and toilet block and, the management told me, cost less to stay in than it does to get to the island.

The main meeting place on South Molle is the large, airy Coral Bar, which is open on two sides—one looking out over the ocean, the other facing the freshwater, half Olympic-size pool.

24-HOUR SERVICE

The bar is open 24 hours a day on South Molle. When the Coral closes for a couple of hours in the early morning to be cleaned, the Smugglers' Den, an interesting piratical bar, is there for drinks and snacks.

Upstairs the Loft Bar gave me a breathtaking hibiscus-framed view of Whitsunday Passage and all its soft, green islands. And, I was told, the sunset seen from these windows is one of the most beautiful sights of the area.

South Molle has cruises going out every day and one of their main attractions is the fun of playing in the foam of a boom-net lowered over the side of their 72ft. cruiser, the Crest. You hang on to a rope, lower yourself over the side, and dunk yourself in the surging frothy wake of the boat.

The island also has a very good nine hole golf course built on a filled-in lagoon. Called the Arch McArthur Golf Course, after a famous Brisbane golfer, it is often visited by the Australian Professional Golfers' Association.



Hayman Island guests of all ages on the nearby tiny island of Bali H'ai for a barbecue in the sun.

The worst memory of my holiday on Hayman was the day I left and I stood facing the trappings of civilisation. Stockings, girdle, gloves, tight-fitting dress. You feel so healthy, so rested — and so relaxed.

Speaking of clothes, I was told there were a few misconceptions held by some people going up there for a holiday. While the days are definitely casual and most of the nights, take a few long patio dresses for special nights.

Kurt, the assistant manager on Hayman, told me of one woman who really bemoaned the fact she hadn't brought along a glamorous cheongsam she had had made in Hong Kong, when the hotel announced it was holding an oriental night.

Then they have a Paris Right Bank night when you can climb into your most elegant long or short frock.

On Daydream Island every night is a dress-up night when you can wear a long patio dress or your most elegant summer evening gown.

For men there would never be the need for a black tie, but there are some nights when you may need a full suit. Mostly for dinner men are asked to wear a tie with their shirt — or a cravat — and although shorts are all right for breakfast and lunch, trousers are the "thing" at night.

On South Molle, where the atmosphere is aimed at a more casual life, there is no need for special clothes except on some fancy-dress nights when improvisation is in order.

As for the shops on Hayman and Daydream? Well, you could take yourself off to either without even a toothbrush and fit yourself out with a full night-and-day wardrobe from both. And the fashions they sell are right up to this very minute.

CLIMBING THE GLOUCESTER TREE

● The scenery in Western Australia's south-west corner is magnificent and awe-inspiring, as Mrs. D. Shea, from Warwick Farm, New South Wales, discovered on a holiday there.

AS you travel south from Perth everything seems to grow bigger.

Gradually you leave behind the rather stunted growth of scrub. You come into a world of giant trees that tower above you and you feel incredibly small.

The two main areas of forest are the Kingdom of the Karri and the Perongerups. Tall trees rear up out of the ground, sunshine filters down through their leaves and falls on the bracken and wildflowers below.

You seem to be in another world, an ancient land of great quietness and stillness where the slightest noise seems almost to infringe the laws of nature. It was in this world of giant trees that we finally came to the Gloucester Tree.

The Gloucester Tree is a fire lookout. A giant in a world of giants, it towers above the surrounding forest. Those intrepid enough to do so are invited to climb the tree, which is 212ft. high.

It doesn't seem much when you say it, so, of course, we all decided to make the attempt. The ladder consists of spikes driven into the tree at regular intervals, and there is a protective wire-netting fence all the way up.

We started readily enough with everyone shouting cheerful insults at the others. Round and round. Up and up. Round and round. Very soon the laughter and joking died away. At about 20ft. I grimly resolved not to look down any more. The few glances I dared to cast toward the ground made me wish I was last in line, not first.

Then I could have said I was going

down and left the others to it. But I kept on, trying to think of other things, looking at the branches as I climbed past, looking beyond to the foliage of the other trees. I told myself that it was perfectly safe or the Forestry Department would not allow tourists to make the climb.

Then, to my horror, the tree began to sway. Not much but it was definitely moving. I felt sick, convinced that the top of the tree was going to snap off and we would crash to our deaths.

ABOVE THE TIMBER

But now we were above the tops of the other trees. There above us was a little building, perched on the topmost branches.

Somehow I got myself into that little box, my foremost thought being that at least I had a solid floor beneath my feet. Relatively solid, anyway, for the tree was still swaying.

The lookout man laughed when we tentatively asked if it was dangerous when such a wind was blowing. The tree, he said, could swing through an arc of 12ft. when there were strong winds. It was only a very gentle breeze today, nothing to worry about.

Despite his reassuring words we were all rather wary of our unstable resting place and held very firmly to the sides of the lookout. Very little of the ground was visible from our lofty perch. There like toys were our car and caravan and a few dots moving around that were people. Stretching away on every side were the trees. A few drifts of smoke broke the blue dome of the

sky overhead. The lookout man explained that these were nothing to worry about. They were controlled fires lit by the Forestry Department.

Before we began our descent we were each given a small certificate. The wording ran thus: "This is to certify that (name) climbed the Gloucester Tree (212ft.) on (date) with courage and decorum."

I clutched that piece of paper like a talisman as I wriggled out of the hole in the floor down on to the ladder again. I had climbed the tree so therefore I must be able to come down. My knees were shaking, and now I daren't look down. Just carefully putting one foot down, then the other, I was filled with an overwhelming sense of relief each time my foot made contact with the next rung.

When we were about half way down we met another party going up. As it is impossible for anyone to pass on the narrow ladder, one party would have to retrace its steps. Before we could even offer, however, the others were on their way down and with much relief we followed.

On reaching the bottom we found that their relief was even greater than ours. Nothing could persuade them to resume their climb.

It was a strange feeling to have one's feet on solid earth again, but I leaned nonchalantly against the car (I had to for I still felt weak at the knees) and tried to look blasé about the whole affair. After all, what was a mere 212 feet! And, besides, in my pocket there was that scrap of paper saying that "with courage and decorum..."

Then I looked up at the tree, so tall and straight, proudly bearing the lookout, and suddenly I felt very humble.

The Gloucester Tree fire lookout that the author climbed in timber country south of Perth.



The annual Highlands Agricultural Show, held alternately in Hagen and Goroka. Thousands of natives in traditional dress travel to the show to take part in the intertribal "sing-sing" of dance and song.



Above: A beach on the Trobriand Islands. The people of the Trobriands are among the most attractive and artistic in the Territory, still deeply involved in their traditional culture.

Right: Village on Egum Atoll. Modern life has not intruded visibly on the Egum way of life, and a few yards of "lap-lap" material and some tin plates were all the author noticed.



FIRST

Papua and New Guinea have great potential as holiday areas. American Jude Ainsworth, who used to be on our Sydney staff, now lives in Port Moresby and sent us this report and photographs mentioning some of the opportunities for holidays.

WITH a severe dry season like northern Australia's, Moresby is admittedly not as luxuriantly picturesque as some other Territory areas, but it is built on hills around a beautiful harbor, with mountains lining the inland horizon.

Boats are for hire, and there is a thriving marine population on nearby reefs. Idler's Bay, named when horses were the principal transportation along the 12-mile road, is a lovely crescent, with beautiful coral for snorkellers to observe on the reef close to shore.

For tourists, the most interesting place in Moresby is the Museum and Art Gallery, with extensive collections of artifacts from everywhere in the Territory. For years, planters, judges on circuit, patrol officers, and health and educational officials on duty tours of their areas have been sending old or unusual items to the Museum.

Moresby is the point of origin for flights all over Papua. Kokoda is only a short flight away. No accommodation is available, but it is possible to fly in and out on the same day, or, indeed, to walk out to Moresby.

Mekeo country is only 60 miles from Moresby, with an airstrip at Bereina.

The Australian Women's Weekly — November 27, 1968

STOP PORT MORESBY

The Mekeos are independent and dignified people, with a great reputation for sorcery. Their life is still very traditional, with vast numbers of betel-nut trees producing daily plane-loads to be sold in Moresby's Koki Market.

Round the coast from Moresby, off the eastern tip of Papua, is Samarai Island. It is a delightful period piece with long-established gardens, enormous English trees, wide verandas on the stores, and views of the China Straits and islands. Most people walk on Samarai. It takes only about 20 minutes to walk leisurely round the raked, gravelled drive that circumnavigates the island.

The Pacific View Guest House is high on Samarai's central hill, with a superb view from the garden terrace.

Samarai is approachable only by sea. Visitors land at Gurney airstrip on the mainland, and then chug for four hours in a chartered Kwato Mission boat down Milne Bay to Samarai—still marked "Dinner Island" on yachting charts—usually just in time for dinner.

In June I took a week's trip on a small trading vessel operating out of Samarai, connecting the 160 named islands in the district. We called at East Cape, Normanby Island ports, and passed Dobu Island, once noted for its cannibals and sorcerers and now a stronghold of the United Church.

Late one afternoon we sighted a small island group, which was a classic atoll: Egum. This tiny spot is rarely visited by ships. Its intrepid seafarers travel in their sailing canoes to Samarai, Woodlark Island, Misima—to socialise, trade, or partake in the semi-trading, semi-religious ceremonies of their traditional Kula Ring Cycle. All the islands in Eastern Papua have a traditional role in the Cycle, passing certain sacred objects from one member to the next each year around the islands.

Rows of gleaming white cowrie shells festooned the traditionally designed

carved prows of several 40-odd-foot canoes pulled up on the beach.

Leaving Egum, we ran through to Woodlark Island, where we were to collect some huge ebony logs for export to a Japanese furniture firm. Supplies and mail come to the island once a month when the ship calls for timber.

North-east of Woodlark are the Trobriand Islands, opened by the Administration to tourists only nine years ago. Traditional crafts are plentiful—grass skirts, carved tortoiseshell earrings, shell necklaces, and carved wooden bowls and walking sticks.

The local hotel has two vehicles to take visitors to the carving villages, beaches, and caves, and a speedboat for fishing and crocodile-hunting.

Weekend charters to the Trobriands are run from Moresby with \$40 covering the flight and hotel accommodation. The normal return air fare is \$94.

Only 190 air miles over the Wharton Range from Moresby, Lae has a wetter climate with the Territory's lush Botanical Gardens. "There isn't a dry in Lae. There's a wet and a very wet. When it's very wet, you feel as if you're breathing water," a Lae resident said.

TO THE HIGHLANDS

Lae is the jumping-off point for travel on the N.G. side. By road, visitors can drive to Bulolo and Wau, once gold-rush towns, and see the extensive timber business at Bulolo. There is a pleasant lodge there, with extremely good food.

From Lae, the Highlands Highway (virtually impassable from November to March) leads through the Kassam Pass to Kainantu, Goroka, the 8125-foot Dualo Pass, Kundiawa, the Wahgi Valley, and Mt. Hagen. These towns are also accessible by air.

The Highlands were unexplored until 1933 when the Leahy-Taylor expedition discovered a way through to the upland valleys. The rapid development of the area has been made possible only

by daring pilots who navigated the tricky terrain in war surplus planes, without many navigational aids.

Because planes were often the only contact with the outside world, Stone Age Highlanders considered planes to be commonplace, while still finding can-openers and such of great interest.

The broad, fertile Wahgi Valley would certainly rank among the world's most beautiful high-country scenery. The Wahgi River curving through the valley is fed by streams pouring down the near side of the Sepik Divide.

In the early 1950s Europeans took up land leases and started coffee plantations. New Guineans learned how to grow coffee by working on the plantations, and many went home and started their own.

Tea is being planted in several Highlands areas now and some plantations are already in production.

Minj Government Station is near the plantations. A pleasant hotel there accommodates visitors in native hut-type cabins with modern facilities.

Driving at a leisurely pace through Banz, which consists of an airstrip, club, post office, coffee-processing factory, garage, and school, it takes about three hours to reach Hagen.

The local people around Minj are about the most colorfully dressed of all New Guineans. They sport bird-of-paradise plumes in their headdresses, armbands of yellow "cus-cus" (possum) fur, pigs' tusks or shell rings in their noses, and pearl-shell necklaces.

The Minj-Banz air route, about ten miles, is one of the world's shortest scheduled commercial air routes.

Since 1965, the Highland town of Hagen has increased its population by half and undergone a building explosion. The annual Highlands Agricultural Show, held alternately in Hagen and Goroka, is a great stimulus to the economy. The next Hagen Show will be in August, 1969.

Goroka is neatly laid out on the valley floor, surrounded by the 13,000-foot-high Bismarck Ranges. A short drive brings visitors to pleasant villages, plantations, and bushland views.

The weaving centre at the show-ground is the training school and workshop for Highlanders who are learning to weave wool into beautiful and unusual blankets and rugs.

The closest port to the Highlands, Madang, is the most beautifully situated of the mainland coastal centres. It is the ideal spot for fishermen, skin-divers, or shell collectors. Boats can be hired; one interesting trip is along Astrolabe Bay to the site of Old Madang, where the Germans settled first.

A HAREM

Only an hour by boat from Madang is the quite unspoiled island of Kar Kar. A few years ago the young men there complained to the mission about an old headman with more than ten wives, claiming there weren't enough girls to go round. The old headman retorted, "I'm just a mere man. If I stroll in the moonlight and they call me inside, I'm not to blame if I go."

The Sepik people are considered the most artistic in the Territory. Wewak is the centre of the district. Maprik, a short flight away, has some of the most striking "haus tambarans" or "spirit houses." These buildings, used for ceremonies, are usually full of carvings and paintings, and possibly string bags full of ancestors' bones.

The Sepik River is navigable for about 500 miles inland in shallow-draft boats. Angoram, about 100 miles inland, is an old-time river trading post, with a tin-roofed Somerset Maugham style hotel perched on a 40-foot rise overlooking a row of crocodile hunters' houseboats moored on the riverbank.

If you're wondering about clothes, light things are suitable for day wear everywhere. But at night in the Highlands it can get quite cold. Men wear ties and jackets to dinner in most hotels. Women find hats helpful in the sun.

Continued on back page

FIRST STOP PORT MORESBY

Continued



Children of the island of Egum. The people are friendly and pleased to show visitors their village. The children have an exquisite natural grace, "enough to make any stranger feel this must be Paradise."



Above. The Highlands. Coffee has brought a fortune to the area, but may be supplanted by a newer crop, tea.

Below: Kar Kar Island beach. The island is full of copra plantations, which are owned by islanders and Europeans.

